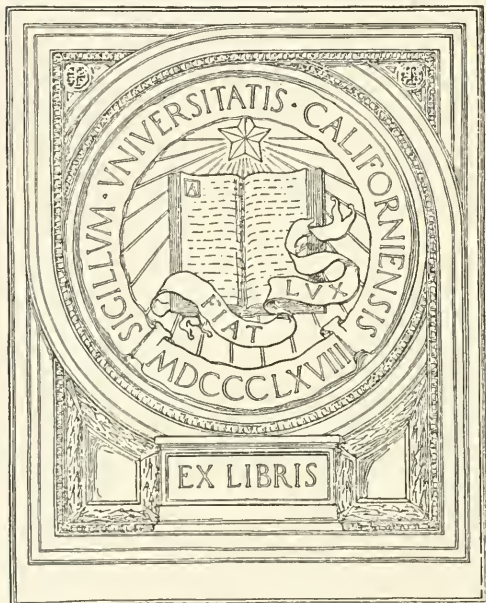




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SHAKESPEARE'S
COMPLETE WORKS

EDITED, WITH NOTES

BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT. D.

VOL. IV.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

ILLUSTRATED



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SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY
OF
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS



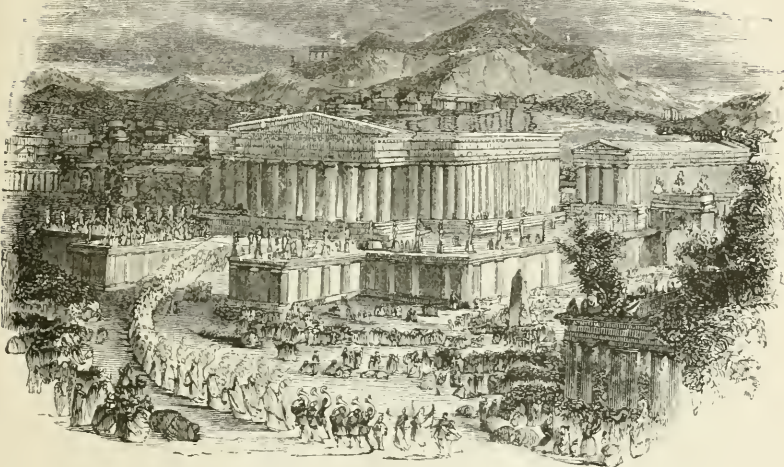
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EPHESUS.



TEMPLE OF DIANA AT EPHEBUS.

INTRODUCTION
TO
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

ALL the critics agree that the *Comedy of Errors*, though first printed in the folio of 1623, is one of the earliest of the plays. It is mentioned by Meres (see *M. N. D.* p. 9), and

is probably the "*Comedy of Errors*, like to Plautus his *Menæchmus*," which, according to the *Gesta Grayorum*, was "played by the players" at Gray's Inn, one night in December, 1594. The pun in iii. 2. 121 on France "making war against her heir" would seem to show that the play was written between August, 1589, when the civil war about the succession of Henry IV. began, and July, 1593, when it ended.* Furnivall makes the date 1589, Collier "before 1590," Chalmers, Drake, Delius, and Stokes 1591, Malone 1592, Fleay (*Chronicle Life of Shakespeare*, 1886) 1594, the play having been revised, as he thinks, from the original version of 1590, which may have been partly from another hand.

The *Comedy of Errors* is the shortest of the plays, having, according to Mr. L. M. Griffiths (*Evenings with Shakspere*, Bristol and London, 1889), only 1778 lines ("Globe" ed.), while *Hamlet*, the longest, has 3930, *Richard III.* 3620, etc. The next shortest is the *Tempest* with 2065, the next *Macbeth* with 2108, and the next the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* with 2180.

II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

"The general idea of this play," as Singer remarks, "is taken from the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, but the plot is entirely recast, and rendered much more diverting by the variety and quick succession of the incidents. To the twin brothers of Plautus are added twin servants, and though this increases the improbability, yet, as Schlegel observes, 'when once we have lent ourselves to the first, which certainly borders on the incredible, we should not probably be disposed to cavil about the second; and if the spectator is to be en-

* A writer in the *North British Review*, April, 1870, attempts to show that events in French history of earlier date are alluded to. Henry of Navarre, he says, became *heir* to the throne on the death of the Duke of Anjou in 1584, and remained so until he became king on the murder of Henry III., Aug. 2, 1589.

tertained with mere perplexities, they cannot be too much varied.' ”

On the question whether the poet drew his plot directly from the Latin of Plautus or from some earlier dramatization of the story (it is pretty certain that the play was written before he could have seen Warner's translation of the *Menæchmi*), see the quotation from Verplanck below. Knight also believes that Shakespeare may have read Plautus in the original, and Hudson (in his “Harvard” ed.) takes the same ground.

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[From Drake's “*Shakespeare and his Times*.”*]

This drama of Shakespeare's is much more varied, rich, and interesting in its incidents than the *Menæchmi* of Plautus; and while, in rigid adherence to the unities of action, time, and place, our poet rivals the Roman play, he has contrived to insinuate the necessary previous information for the spectator, in a manner infinitely more pleasing and artful than that adopted by the Latin bard; for whilst Plautus has chosen to convey it through the medium of a prologue, Shakespeare has rendered it at once natural and pathetic by placing it in the mouth of Ægeon, the father of the twin-brothers.

In a play, of which the plot is so intricate, occupied in a great measure by mere personal mistakes and their whimsical results, no elaborate development of character can be expected; yet is the portrait of Ægeon touched with a discriminative hand, and the pressure of age and misfortune is so painted as to throw a solemn, dignified, and impressive tone of colouring over this part of the fable, contrasting well with the lighter scenes which immediately follow—a mode of relief which is again resorted to at the close of the drama,

* *Shakespeare and his Times*, by Nathan Drake, M. D. (London, 1817), vol. ii. p. 288.

where the reunion of Ægeon and Æmilia, and the recognition of their children, produce an interest in the denouement of a nature more affecting than the tone of the preceding scenes had taught us to expect.

As to the comic action which constitutes the chief bulk of this piece, if it be true that, to excite laughter, awaken attention, and fix curiosity, be essential to its dramatic excellence, the *Comedy of Errors* cannot be pronounced an unsuccessful effort: both reader and spectator are hurried on to the close, through a series of thick-coming incidents, and under the pleasurable influence of novelty, expectation, and surprise; and the dialogue is uniformly vivacious, pointed, and even effervescing. Shakespeare is visible, in fact, throughout the entire play, as well in the broad exuberance of its mirth, as in the cast of its more chastised parts—a combination of which may be found in the punishment and character of Pinch, the pedagogue and conjurer, who is sketched in the strongest and most marked style of our author.

If we consider, therefore, the construction of the fable, the narrowness of its basis, and that its powers of entertainment are almost exclusively confined to a continued deception of the external senses, we must confess that Shakespeare has not only improved on the Plautian model, but, making allowance for a somewhat too coarse vein of humour, has given to his production all the interest and variety that the nature and the limits of his subject would permit.

[From Verplanck's "*Shakespeare*." *]

There are about ten or twelve plots of comic accident that have come down to our times from remote antiquity—some in the narrative form and others in the dramatic—which are so rich in unexpected or ludicrous situations and circumstances, so fertile in new suggestions and combinations, that

* *The Illustrated Shakespeare*, edited by G. C. Verplanck (New York, 1847), vol. ii. p. 5 of *C. of E.*

they have passed along from generation to generation, through various languages and widely differing forms of society, always preserving the power of interesting and amusing, and affording to one race of wits and authors after another a happy groundwork for their own gayety or invention.

Among these is the story of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, founded on the whimsical mistakes and confusion arising from the perfect resemblance of twin brothers. Plautus is to us the original author of this amusing plot; but it is quite probable that the old Latin comic writer stands in the same relation to some Greek predecessor that the moderns do to him. There are some Greek fragments preserved of a lost play of Menander's, entitled *Didymi*, or the Twins, which, there is great probability, was the original comedy here adapted by Plautus, as it is known he did other Greek originals, to the Latin stage. The subject became a favourite one among the dramatists of the Continent at an early period of our modern literature. A paraphrastic version or adaptation of the *Menæchmi* was, it is supposed, the very earliest specimen of dramatic composition in the Italian language; and, in various forms and additions, more or less fanciful, the subject has kept possession of the Italian stage. There is also a Spanish version of it about the date of the *Comedy of Errors*. In France, Rotrou, the acknowledged father of the legitimate French drama, introduced a free translation or imitation of Plautus's original upon the French stage. La Noble farcified it some years after into *The Two Harlequins*; and, finally, Regnard, in a free and spirited imitation, transferred the scene from Asia Minor to Paris, adapted to French manners and habits, clothed his dialogue in gay and polished verses worthy of the rival of Molière, and made the *Menæchmi* a part of the classic French comedy.

Such was the early and wide-spread popularity of this plot, before and soon after Shakespeare's time, which I mention

rather as a curious fact of literary history, or perhaps of the philosophy of our lighter literature, than as directly connected with Shakespeare's choice of a subject; for, indeed, there is no clear indication that he had recourse to any other original than the Latin of Plautus himself. Of this there was, indeed, a bald and somewhat paraphractical translation by Warner, which it is possible (though there is little probability of it) that Shakespeare may have seen in manuscript. This was published in 1595, which is later than the probable date of the *Comedy of Errors*. There is also evidence of the existence of an old play called *The Historie of Error*, which was acted at court in 1576-7, and again in 1582, and is conjectured by the critics to have been founded on the same plot; but this seems a mere gratuitous conjecture, for which no reason but the use of the word "error" in the title has been assigned. That title would rather designate a masque or allegorical pageant of Error than a comedy of laughable mistakes. There is no resemblance between Warner's translation and the *Comedy of Errors*, in any peculiarity of language, of names, or any matter, however slight, which could not (like the main plot) have been drawn from the original by a very humble Latinist. The accurate Ritson has ascertained that there is not a single name, or thought, or phrase peculiar to Warner to be traced in Shakespeare's play. Steevens and others maintain the opinion (to which Collier also seems to incline) that the old court-drama of *The Historie of Error* was the basis of the present play, that much of the dialogue, incident, and character is retained, and that Shakespeare merely remodelled the whole, and added some of those scenes and portions which bear their own evidence that they could have come from his pen alone.

All these conjectural opinions, though made with great confidence by several critics, seem to me wholly unfounded. There is no external evidence whatever of the existence of any such play as is alleged to have been incorporated in

this comedy, and the internal evidence seems to me equally clear against a double authorship by writers of different times and tastes. The whole piece is written in the same buoyant spirit, with no more pause to its gayety than was needed to add to the interest by graver narrative dialogue. Broad and farciful as much of it is, it has as much unity of purpose and spirit as *Macbeth* itself. The dramatist used the Latin comedy (whether in the original or a translation is immaterial on this occasion), as he afterwards did Holinshed's history, using the incidents only as the materials of his own invention; and this was done in an unbroken strain of merry humour, as if the author enjoyed all the while his own frolic conceptions and the puzzle of his audience. Plautus had on his stage a pair of resembling brothers, to form the central action of his plot. Such a resemblance, though rare, is not out of the ordinary probability of life. Resemblances sufficient to puzzle strangers and occasion ludicrous mistakes are by no means uncommon; while the judicial annals of France (see *Causes Célèbres*) in the case of Martin Guerre, and of New York in that of Hoag (1804), exhibit a well-attested chain of perplexities arising from such similarity of person, etc., even surpassing those of the *Menæchmi*, or the *Antipholuses* and *Dromios*. Such a resemblance then, however rare, is within the legitimate range of classic comedy as a picture of ordinary social life; and Regnard has treated the subject accordingly in a pure vein of chastised comic wit. But Shakespeare, writing for a less polished audience, and himself in the joyous mood of frolic youth, boldly overleaped these bounds, added to the twin gentlemen of his pages a pair of undistinguishable buffoon servants, and revelled in the unrestrained indulgence of broad drollery. . . .

The date of 1593, placing this among the author's earlier works, corresponds with various other indications of style and versification, and cast of thought, not decisive in them-

selves. Thus the alternate rhymes in which the courtship of the Syracusian Antipholus is clothed is in the taste of Shakespeare's earlier poems, and corresponds also with the versification of some of the love-scenes in the first edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, as well as with passages in *Love's Labour's Lost*. The long doggerel lines, in which so much of the more farcical part is written, is a vestige of the older versification still used on the stage at the commencement of Shakespeare's dramatic career. This, in various forms of the longer rhythm, had come down through English literature even from Saxon poetry, and had been employed for the gravest subjects, as not unworthy of epic, narrative, or devotional poetry. It had gradually given way, for such purposes, to more cultivated metres, such as are now in use; but was still used in dramatic composition by Shakespeare's immediate predecessors, for all purposes of dialogue, whether grave or gay. Shakespeare (so far as I can trace the subject) seems to have been the first who perceived the peculiar adaptation of these long hobbling measures for ludicrous effect, and who used them for nothing else.

[From Knight's "*Pictorial Shakspeare*."*]

Coleridge has furnished the philosophy of all just criticism upon the *Comedy of Errors* in a note, which we shall copy entire from his *Literary Remains*:

"The myriad-minded man, our, and all men's, Shakspeare, has in this piece presented us with a legitimate farce in exactest consonance with the philosophical principles and character of farce, as distinguished from comedy and from entertainments. A proper farce is mainly distinguished from comedy by the license allowed, and even required, in the fable, in order to produce strange and laughable situations. The story need not be probable, it is enough that it

* *Pictorial Edition of Shakspeare*, edited by Charles Knight (2d ed. London, 1867), vol. ii. of *Comedies*, p. 256 fol. (by permission).

is possible. A comedy would scarcely allow even the two Antipholuses; because, although there have been instances of almost indistinguishable likeness in two persons, yet these are mere individual accidents, *casus ludentis naturæ*, and the *verum* will not excuse the *inverisimile*. But farce dares add the two Dromios, and is justified in so doing by the laws of its end and constitution. In a word, farces commence in a postulate, which must be granted."

This postulate granted, it is impossible to imagine any dramatic action to be managed with more skill than that of the *Comedy of Errors*. Hazlitt has pronounced a censure upon the play which is in reality a commendation: "The curiosity excited is certainly very considerable, though not of the most pleasing kind. We are teased as with a riddle, which, notwithstanding, we try to solve." To excite the curiosity, by presenting a riddle which we should try to solve, was precisely what Plautus and Shakspeare intended to do. Our poet has made the riddle more complex by the introduction of the two Dromios, and has therefore increased the excitement of our curiosity. But whether this excitement be pleasing or annoying, and whether the riddle amuse or tease us, entirely depends upon the degree of attention which the reader or spectator of the farce is disposed to bestow upon it. Hazlitt adds, "In reading the play, from the sameness of the names of the two Antipholuses and the two Dromios, as well as from their being constantly taken for each other by those who see them, it is difficult, without a painful effort of attention, to keep the characters distinct in the mind. And again, on the stage, either the complete similarity of their persons and dress must produce the same perplexity whenever they first enter, or the identity of appearance which the story supposes will be destroyed. We still, however, having a clue to the difficulty, can tell which is which, merely from the contradictions which arise, as soon as the different parties begin to speak; and we are indemnified for the perplex-

ity and blunders into which we are thrown, by seeing others thrown into greater and almost inextricable ones." Hazlitt has here, almost undesignedly, pointed out the source of the pleasure which, with an "effort of attention"—not a "painful effort," we think—a reader or spectator of the *Comedy of Errors* is sure to receive from this drama. We have "a clue to the difficulty;" we know more than the actors in the drama; we may be a little perplexed, but the deep perplexity of the characters is a constantly increasing triumph to us. We have never seen the play; but one who has thus describes the effect: "Until I saw it on the stage (not mangled into an opera), I had not imagined the extent of the mistakes, the drollery of them, their unabated continuance, till, at the end of the fourth act, they reached their climax, with the assistance of Dr. Pinch, when the audience in their laughter rolled about like waves."* Mr. Brown adds, with great truth, "To the strange contrast of grave astonishment among the actors with their laughable situations in the eyes of the spectators, who are let into the secret, is to be ascribed the irresistible effect." The spectators, the readers, have the clue, are let into the secret, by the story of the first scene. Nothing can be more beautifully managed, or is altogether more Shakespearian, than the narrative of Ægeon; and that narrative is so clear and so impressive that the reader never forgets it amidst all the errors and perplexities which follow. The Duke, who, like the reader or spectator, has heard the narrative, instantly sees the real state of things when the denouement is approaching:

"Why, here begins his morning story right."

The reader or spectator has seen it all along—certainly by an effort of attention, for without the effort the characters would be confounded like the vain shadows of a morning

* *Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems*, etc., by Charles Armitage Brown.

dream ; and, having seen it, it is impossible, we think, that the constant readiness of the reader or spectator to solve the riddle should be other than pleasurable. It appears to us that every one of an *audience* of the *Comedy of Errors*, who keeps his eyes open, will, after he has become a little familiar with the persons of the two Antipholuses and the two Dromios, find out some clue by which he can detect a difference between each, even without "the practical contradictions which arise, as soon as the different parties begin to speak." Schlegel says, "In such pieces we must always presuppose, to give an appearance of truth to the senses at least, that the parts by which the misunderstandings are occasioned are played with masks ; and this the poet, no doubt, observed." Whether masks, properly so called, were used in Shakspeare's time in the representation of this play, we have some doubt. But, unquestionably, each pair of persons selected to play the twins must be of the same height—with such general resemblances of the features as may be made to appear identical by the colour and false hair of the tiring-room—and be dressed with apparently perfect similarity. But let every care be observed to make the deception perfect, and yet the observing spectator will detect a difference between each ; some peculiarity of the voice, some "trick o' the eye," some dissimilarity in gait, some minute variation in dress. We once knew two adult twin-brothers who might have played the Dromios without the least aids from the arts of the theatre. They were each stout, their stature was the same, each had a sort of shuffle in his walk, the voice of each was rough and unmusical, and they each dressed without any manifest peculiarity. One of them had long been a resident in the country town where we lived within a few doors of him, and saw him daily ; the other came from a distant county to stay with our neighbour. Great was the perplexity. It was perfectly impossible to distinguish between them, at first, when they were apart ;

and we well remember walking some distance with the stranger, mistaking him for his brother, and not discovering the mistake (which he humoured) till we saw his total ignorance of the locality. But after seeing this *Dromio erraticus* a few times the perplexity was at an end. There was a difference which was palpable, though not exactly to be defined. If the features were alike, their expression was somewhat varied; if their figures were the same, the one was somewhat more erect than the other; if their voices were similar, the one had a different mode of accentuation from the other; if they each wore a blue coat with brass buttons, the one was decidedly more slovenly than the other in his general appearance. If we had known them at all intimately, we probably should have ceased to think that the outward points of identity were even greater than the points of difference. We should have, moreover, learned the difference of their characters. It appears to us, then, that as this farce of real life was very soon at an end, when we had become a little familiar with the peculiarities in the persons of these twin-brothers, so the spectator of the *Comedy of Errors* will very soon detect the differences of the Dromios and Antipholuses; and that, while his curiosity is kept alive by the effort of attention which is necessary for this detection, the riddle will not only not tease him, but its perpetual solution will afford him the utmost satisfaction.

But has not Shakspeare himself furnished a clue to the understanding of the *Errors*, by his marvellous skill in the delineation of character? Some one has said that if our poet's dramas were printed without the names of the persons represented being attached to the individual speeches, we should know who is speaking by his wonderful discrimination in assigning to every character appropriate modes of thought and expression. It appears to us that this is unquestionably the case with the characters of each of the twin-brothers in the *Comedy of Errors*.

The Dromio of Syracuse is described by his master as

“A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.”

But the wandering Antipholus herein describes himself: he is a prey to “care and melancholy.” He has a holy purpose to execute, which he has for years pursued without success:

“He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water
That in the ocean seeks another drop.”

Sedate, gentle, loving, the Antipholus of Syracuse is one of Shakspeare’s amiable creations. He beats his slave according to the custom of slave-beating; but he laughs with him and is kind to him almost at the same moment. He is an enthusiast, for he falls in love with Luciana in the midst of his perplexities, and his lips utter some of the most exquisite poetry:

“O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister’s flood of tears;
Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o’er the silver waves thy golden hairs.”

But he is accustomed to habits of self-command, and he resolves to tear himself away even from the syren:

“But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I ’ll stop mine ears against the mermaid’s song.”

As his perplexities increase, he ceases to be angry with his slave:

“The fellow is distract and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence.”

Unlike the Menæchmus Sosicles of Plautus, he refuses to dine with the courtesan. He is firm yet courageous when assaulted by the Merchant. When the errors are clearing

up, he modestly adverts to his love for Luciana ; and we feel that he will be happy.

Antipholus of Ephesus is decidedly inferior to his brother, in the quality of his intellect and the tone of his morals. He is scarcely justified in calling his wife "shrewish." Her fault is a too sensitive affection for him. Her feelings are most beautifully described in that address to her supposed husband :

"Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine :
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine ;
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate :
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss."

The classical image of the elm and the vine would have been sufficient to express the feelings of a fond and confiding woman ; the exquisite addition of the

"Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss,"

conveys the prevailing uneasiness of a loving and doubting wife. Antipholus of Ephesus has somewhat hard measure dealt to him throughout the progress of the errors ; but he deserves it. His doors are shut against him, it is true ; in his impatience he would force his way into his house, against the remonstrances of the good Balthazar :

"Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown."

He departs, but not "in patience;" he is content to dine from home, but not at "the Tiger." His resolve—

"That chain will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)
Upon mine hostess—

would not have been made by his brother, in a similar situation. He has spited his wife ; he has dined with the courtesan. But he is not satisfied :

“Go thou
And buy a rope’s end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates.”

We pity him not when he is arrested, nor when he receives the “rope’s end” instead of his “ducats.” His furious passion with his wife, and the foul names he bestows on her, are quite in character; and when he has

“Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,”

we cannot have a suspicion that the doctor was practising on the right patient. In a word, we cannot doubt that, although the Antipholus of Ephesus may be a brave soldier, who took “deep scars” to save his prince’s life, and that he really has a right to consider himself much injured, he is strikingly opposed to the Antipholus of Syracuse; that he is neither sedate, nor gentle, nor truly loving; that he has no habits of self-command; that his temperament is sensual; and that, although the riddle of his perplexity is solved, he will still find causes of unhappiness, and entertain

“a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures.”

The characters of the two Dromios are not so distinctly marked in their points of difference, at the first aspect. They each have their “merry jests;” they each bear a beating with wonderful good temper; they each cling faithfully to their master’s interests. But there is certainly a marked difference in the quality of their mirth. The Dromio of Ephesus is precise and antithetical, striving to utter his jests with infinite gravity and discretion, and approaching a pun with a sly solemnity that is prodigiously diverting:

“The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold.”

Again:

“I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
 Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
 But not a thousand marks between you both.”

He is a formal humourist, and, we have no doubt, spoke with a drawling and monotonous accent, fit for his part in such a dialogue as this :

Antipholus of E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dromio of E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Antipholus of E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dromio of E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Antipholus of E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dromio of E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.”

On the contrary, the “merry jests” of Dromio of Syracuse all come from the outpouring of his gladsome heart. He is a creature of prodigious animal spirits, running over with fun and queer similitudes. He makes not the slightest attempt at arranging a joke, but utters what comes uppermost with irrepressible volubility. He is an untutored wit; and, we have no doubt, gave his tongue as active exercise by hurried pronunciation and variable emphasis as could alone make his long descriptions endurable by his sensitive master. Look at the dialogue in the second scene of act II., where Antipholus, after having repressed his jests, is drawn into a tilting-match of words with him, in which the merry slave has clearly the victory. Look, again, at his description of the “kitchen-wench”—coarse, indeed, in parts, but altogether irresistibly droll. The twin-brother was quite incapable of such a flood of fun. Again, what a prodigality of wit is displayed in his description of the bailiff! His epithets are inexhaustible. Each of the Dromios is admirable in his way; but we think that he of Syracuse is as superior to the twin-slave of Ephesus as our old friend Launce is to Speed, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. These distinctions between the Antipholuses and Dromios have not, as far as we know, been before pointed out; but they certainly do ex-

ist, and appear to us to be defined by the great master of character with singular force as well as delicacy. Of course the characters of the twins could not be violently contrasted, for that would have destroyed the illusion. They must still

“Go hand in hand, not one before another.”

[From Ulrici's "*Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*"*]

The *Comedy of Errors* is evidently one of Shakspeare's youthful works, and was probably written about 1591. This is supported not only by the frequent occurrence of rhymes and the long-drawn Alexandrines (doggerel verse) employed by the earlier English dramatists, but also by the greater carefulness and regularity of the language and versification. . . . Another proof of its early origin is the fresh, youthful atmosphere of joke and jest which pervades the whole, a naïve pleasure in what is jocose and laughable for its own sake, and which, not being yet burdened by the weight of years, moves more lightly and more on the surface of things, and without that power and depth of humour which distinguishes the poet's maturer works. . . . Even the striking psychological improbability that the one of the two Menæchmi—Antipholus of Syracuse—should go forth with the express purpose of seeking his lost brother, and that, in spite of all the obvious mistakes of his identity with another exactly like himself, it should never occur to him that he is in the very place where his twin-brother had been cast—might be cited as a proof of the early origin of the piece, were it not so gross, so self-evident, that it could not possibly have escaped the notice of young Shakspeare. This improbability is accordingly made a characteristic feature of the piece, and points to a definite intention on the part of the poet. Why, we have to ask, why did Shakspeare intentionally ignore this improbability? Why did he not give the journey

* *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art*, by Dr. Hermann Ulrici; translated by L. D. Schmitz (London, 1876), vol. ii. p. 24 fol. (by permission).

of Antipholus to Ephesus some other motive? Perhaps because he did not consider it necessary in mere comedy — where all is intended for pure fun and laughter — to take any heed of things which would only strike and offend mere reflecting reason, and not at all affect the poetical conception; perhaps, however, for another and deeper reason.

If we regard the whole as a whole, as the poetical picture of human doings and actions, the comedy appears to be an amusing satire on man's power of observation and recognition. The accidental resemblance of two pairs of twins suffices to put almost a whole town into confusion. Life itself is conceived, so to say, as a great and many-jointed mistake, encountered by ignorance and blunders in all possible forms. Hence at the very outset we find the life of the father of the two twin-brothers in danger, owing to an ignorance of the Ephesian law—a secondary motive of the action which might otherwise appear a mere superfluous appendage. Hence Adriana's unreasonable jealousy of her husband, which again is but a mistake and gives rise to further mistakes. Hence the perpetually increasing complication, which in time deprives all the dramatic characters of their proper consciousness, and which accordingly is not solved till the two pairs of twins stand face to face, although the possibility of two such pairs of twins being confounded is sufficiently obvious. Under the cloak of the comic we have striking evidence of the, in reality, very serious experience in life, that human knowledge and human ignorance dovetail into one another and are mixed up together; that it is very easy for that which we suppose ourselves to know most surely and distinctly to turn out erroneous and delusive. The wife mistakes her husband, the master his servant and the servant his master, the sister-in-law her brother-in-law, the friend his friend, and finally even the father his son. In this way the simplest, most natural, and most important relations of life become a chaotic complication and dispute. We are shown

how quickly every thing becomes confused and perverted as soon as one of the laws of life—a perfectly external and apparently unimportant law—is broken by a freak of nature; as soon as but the difference of the outward form—by means of which the perception of the senses distinguishes one individual from another—is destroyed. The psychological improbability spoken of above is introduced into this general confusion and complication like an integral part of the whole. . . .

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that I do not at all wish to maintain that these more philosophical than poetical considerations—although in my opinion they are not very different—were the directly conscious motives that induced the young poet to choose the subject, and that guided him in its development. But I do believe that his innate appreciation for the beautiful, his fine feeling for unity and harmony, or, in other words, that a genial instinct (it may be unconsciously) compelled him to make the attempt even to outdo Plautus's "Comedy of Errors," by introducing a second and exactly similar pair of twins; by this means, as well as by a number of secondary motives, he was able to carry the errors and confusion to the highest possible pitch, and to make them affect all the circumstances and relations of life. It is only by means of this exaggeration that the subject obtains that deeper significance already alluded to, and thereby a central point which gives unity to the confused variety of persons, scenes, relations, and incidents, and which holds all the several parts together. Of course, in such a state of things, it could not be devoid of improbabilities, devoid of strange occurrences and wonderful coincidences. But Shakespeare, by the very foundation which he has given to the whole—the romantic history of the family of Ægeon, and the distant, foreign locality which he makes the scene of the play—has taken care that common reality is removed from our sight, and has given us to understand that the question here

does not concern this world, but a free, poetical creation, the picture of life, so to say, in the mirror of an unbridled fancy. It is only in the mirror of fancy that life could appear so perfectly dependent upon external form and sensuous observation; only within the comic view of life that this conception could be right; only when regarded from the one point of view, from the comic side, that it could appear so. For, true as it is that life is thus dependent, still it is not true that life is *merely* and *wholly* dependent upon sensuous experience; it is not true that human knowledge is *only* sensuous, a perception dependent on the eye and ear. The one-sidedness of this conception, therefore, contains within itself its own corrective; "error" in the end destroys itself, and a scene of general recognition brings every thing into order and into the right groove. We see that "error" may indeed, as it were, momentarily take entire hold of life, but must ultimately give way to truth, which eventually not only carries off the victory, but also leads us out of the darkness of delusion and confusion to where we recover the good which had long been missed and sought for in vain.

[From Charles Cowden-Clarke's "*Shakespeare-Characters*."*]

The *Comedy of Errors* is principally derived from the *Mænæchmi* of Plautus; and Hazlitt says it is "not an improvement on it." The plot of the original play consists in the perplexities occasioned by the two principal characters being so like each other as to defy all discrimination; and to this perplexity Shakespeare has added a "confusion worse confounded" in giving to each of the brothers Antipholus a servant—the two Dromios—equally verisimilar with their masters; and in thus heaping improbability upon improbability he has extended a comedy into a legitimate farce.

* From the *unpublished* "Second Series" of the *Shakespeare-Characters* (see 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 18), kindly sent to us by Mrs. Mary Cowden-Clarke for publication here.

The reading of the play is like threading the mazes of a dream; where people and things are the same and not the same in the same moment. The mistakes, crosses, and vexations in the plot so rapidly succeed that to keep the course of events distinct in the mind is almost as desperate an achievement as following all the ramifications of a genealogical tree; and—may it be said?—about as useful. The piece, however, is amusing; and although our intellectual remuneration for the time expended is not remarkable, yet we should bear in mind that it is essentially a drama of *action* and circumstance; and if it could be effectually represented, the result would be infinitely ludicrous.

Hazlitt speaks of the “formidable anachronism” committed by Shakespeare in introducing Pinch, the schoolmaster and conjurer, in Ephesus. It should appear, however, that our Poet has offered a greater violence to consistency in establishing a convent and a lady abbess under the nose of the goddess Diana. Nevertheless, there is an admirably characteristic dialogue, and quite in his own manner, between the Abbess and Adriana, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus, in which the shrewd old lady makes the jealous woman confess that her own injudicious treatment of her husband’s vagaries has driven him mad:

“*Abbess.* How long hath this possession held the man?

Adriana. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne’er brake into extremity of rage.

Abbess. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray’d his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adriana. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abbess. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adriana. Why, so I did.

Abbess. Ay, but not rough enough^h.

Adriana. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abbess. Haply, in private.

Adriana. And in assemblies too.

Abbess. Ay, but not enough.

Adriana. It was the copy of our conference :

In bed he slept not for my urging it ;

At board he fed not for my urging it ;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme ;

In company I often glanced it ;

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abbess. And thereof came it that the man was mad.

The venom clamours of a jealous woman

Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,

And thereof comes it that his head is light.

Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings :

Unquiet meals make ill digestions ;

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred ;

And what 's a fever but a fit of madness ?

Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls :

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue

But moody and dull melancholy,

Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,

And at her heels a huge infectious troop

Of pale distemperatures and foes to life ?

In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest

To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast.

The consequence is then thy jealous fits

Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits."

Luciana, the sister of Adriana, says in exculpation :

"She never reprehended him but mildly,

When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.—

Why bear you these rebukes and answer not ?

Adriana. She did betray me to my own reproof."

Balthazar, the sober, sedate friend of Antipholus of Ephesus, is like a first sketch of the staid and serious Antonio, the "Merchant of Venice." He commences with a similar air of sadness; and the judicious remonstrance which the

Ephesian merchant addresses to his young friend, bidding him have patience and forbearance with his wife's apparent caprice, is in the same tone of quiet resignation of character which distinguishes the Venetian merchant.

Pinch (whom we cannot afford to part with for the sake of avoiding the anachronism pointed out by Hazlitt—who, by the way, was himself too good a judge of excellence seriously to give up the character on that score) affords a pleasant instance of Shakespeare's gay exaggeration in humour; the high spirits of an author taking shape in his writing, as it were. The description of the fellow is capital:

“Along with them

They brought one Pinch, a hungry, lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. This pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with *no face*, as 't were, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd.”

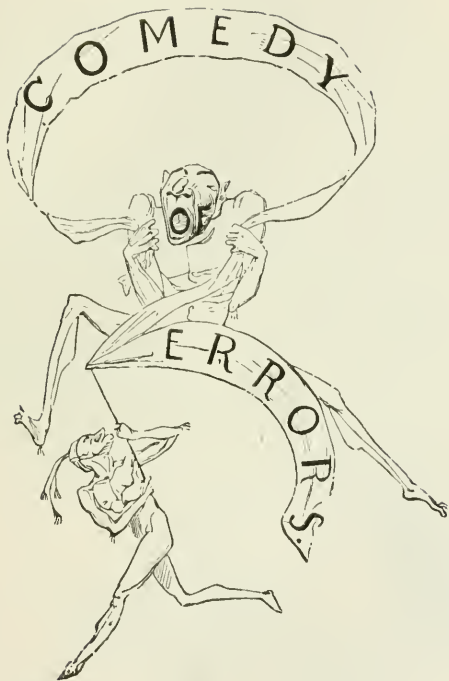
That touch of the “no face” sets the man, with his attenuated vacant countenance and gloring eyes, palpably before us.

It forms an interesting examination to observe the way in which the two greatest comic dramatic geniuses that ever lived—Shakespeare and Molière—have each treated a similar subject. Both writers have taken a comedy of Plautus; a comedy curiously alike in main particular—that of perfect resemblance of person in the pairs of heroes. Shakespeare took the Roman's comedy where the likeness between the twin brothers Menæchmus forms the groundwork; and Molière took the play where the precise doubling of the parts of Amphytrion and Sosia by Jupiter and Mercury occasions the dramatic intrigue. The task of adapting the Latin author's humours to English apprehension of drollery, and the rendering them appreciable to French taste, has been felici-

tously achieved in both instances; and while the fine philosophic gravity of Shakespeare has thrown that intermixture of poetic feeling into the piece with which his large soul could not help investing every thing he touched, by the introduction of old Ægeon's opening story and the Lady Abbess's admonition, Molière's refined wit has retained his version throughout in the enchanted region of mirth and vivacity. In Shakespeare's play there is precisely that serious charm added which we find in Nature herself throughout her works; while in the delightful mercurial-spirited Frenchman's play, every scene floats in an atmosphere of brilliancy and buoyancy which suits the sportive theme he treats. No dramatic writer comes so near to Shakespeare's excellence as the great Molière; and even he only approaches him on one ground—comic humour. But in his wit—in the grace and wondrous naturalness of his wit—he vies with the Prince of Dramatists.

A main interest attaching to this play of the *Comedy of Errors* is in the evidence it presents that Shakespeare's earlier taste led him to classical ground for subjects. His choice of the *Venus and Adonis* and of the *Lucrece* as poems, and his selection of one of Plautus's dramas for the plot of this comedy—most probably one of Shakespeare's youngest written plays—show his student tendency for Greek and Roman themes; a tendency often evinced by youthful worshippers of the muse. That the *Comedy of Errors* is one of Shakespeare's less good productions may be accounted for by the stiffness and cramp belonging to such a selection of dramatic materials; while the skill with which he even then worked them together gave early token of his perfection in the dramatic art.





DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SOLINUS, duke of Ephesus.

ÆGEON, a merchant of Syracuse.

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, } twin brothers, and sons of
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, } Ægeon and Æmilia.

DROMIO of Ephesus, } twin brothers, and attendants

DROMIO of Syracuse, } on the two Antipholuses.

BALTHAZAR, a merchant.

ANGELO, a goldsmith.

First Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.

Second Merchant, to whom Angelo is a debtor.

PINCH, a schoolmaster.

ÆMILIA, wife to Ægeon.

ADRIANA, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.

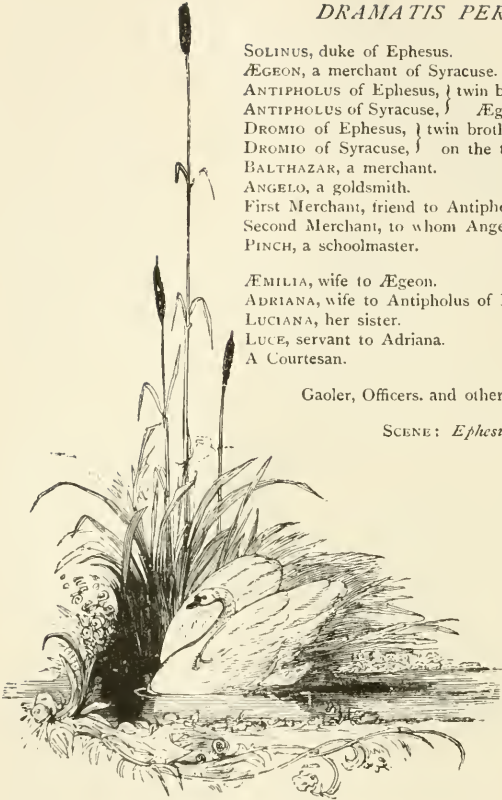
LUCIANA, her sister.

LUCE, servant to Adriana.

A Courtesan.

Gaoler, Officers. and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Ephesus.*





SYRACUSE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Hall in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Ægeon. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more.
I am not partial to infringe our laws;
The enmity and discord which of late

Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
 To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
 Who wanting guilders to redeem their lives
 Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
 Excludes all pity from our threatening looks. 1c
 For, since the mortal and intestine jars
 'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
 It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
 Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
 To admit no traffic to our adverse towns.
 Nay, more, if any born at Ephesus
 Be seen at Syracusian marts and fairs,—
 Again, if any Syracusian born
 Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
 His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose, 2c
 Unless a thousand marks be levied,
 To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
 Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
 Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
 Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet this my comfort: when your words are done,
 My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusian, say in brief the cause
 Why thou departedst from thy native home,
 And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus. 3c

Ægeon. A heavier task could not have been impos'd
 Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable;
 Yet, that the world may witness that my end
 Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
 I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
 In Syracuse was I born, and wed
 Unto a woman, happy but for me,
 And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
 With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd
 By prosperous voyages I often made 4c

To Epidamnum, till my factor's death
And the great care of goods at random left
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse ;
From whom my absence was not six months old
Before herself, almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon and safe arrived where I was.
There had she not been long but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons ;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour and in the self-same inn
A meaner woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return.
Unwilling I agreed ; alas ! too soon
We came aboard.
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm :
But longer did we not retain much hope,
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;
Which though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was, for other means was none :

The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
 And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us.
 My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
 Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
 Such as seafaring men provide for storms ;
 To him one of the other twins was bound,
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
 Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast,
 And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
 Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
 At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
 Dispers'd those vapours that offended us,
 And, by the benefit of his wished light,
 The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
 Two ships from far making amain to us,
 Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this ;
 But ere they came,—O, let me say no more !
 Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man ; do not break off so,
 For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Ægeon. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
 Worthily term'd them merciless to us !
 For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
 We were encounter'd by a mighty rock,
 Which being violently borne upon,
 Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst ;
 So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
 Fortune had left to both of us alike
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
 Her part, poor soul ! seeming as burdened
 With lesser weight but not with lesser woe,
 Was carried with more speed before the wind ;
 And in our sight they three were taken up

80

90

100

110

By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
 At length, another ship had seiz'd on us ;
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
 Gave healthful welcome to their shipwrack'd guests,
 And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
 Had not their bark been very slow of sail ;
 And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
 Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss,
 That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
 To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

120

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
 Do me the favour to dilate at full
 What hath befallen of them and thee till now.

Ægeon. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
 At eighteen years became inquisitive
 After his brother, and importun'd me
 That his attendant—for his case was like,
 Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name—
 Might bear him company in the quest of him ;
 Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
 I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.

130

Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
 Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus ;
 Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
 Or that or any place that harbours men.
 But here must end the story of my life ;
 And happy were I in my timely death,
 Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
 To bear the extremity of dire mishap !
 Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
 Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee.

140

But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
 And passed sentence may not be recall'd
 But to our honour's great disparagement,
 Yet I will favour thee in what I can.
 Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day
 To seek thy help by beneficial help.
 Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
 And live: if no, then thou art doom'd to die.—
 Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

150

Gaoler. I will, my lord.

Ægeon. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
 But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Mart.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE, DROMIO OF SYRACUSE,
and First Merchant.

I Merchant. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum,
 Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
 This very day a Syracusian merchant
 Is apprehended for arrival here,
 And not being able to buy out his life
 According to the statute of the town
 Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
 There is your money that I had to keep.

Antipholus of S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we
 host,

And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
 Within this hour it will be dinner-time;
 Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
 Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
 And then return and sleep within mine inn,
 For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
 Get thee away.

10

Dromio of S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [Exit.

Antipholus of S. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy, 20
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn and dine with me?

1 *Merchant.* I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consort you till bed-time;
My present business calls me from you now.

Antipholus of S. Farewell till then; I will go lose myself
And wander up and down to view the city. 31

1 *Merchant.* Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[Exit.

Antipholus of S. He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water
That in the ocean seeks another drop,
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself;
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself. 40

Enter DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.—
What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?

Dromio of E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek.
She is so hot because the meat is cold;

The meat is cold because you come not home ;
 You come not home because you have no stomach ;
 You have no stomach having broke your fast ; 50
 But we that know what 't is to fast and pray
 Are penitent for your default to-day.

Antipholus of S. Stop in your wind, sir. Tell me this, I pray :
 Where have you left the money that I gave you ?

Dromio of E. O !—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last
 To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper ?
 The saddler had it, sir ; I kept it not.

Antipholus of S. I am not in a sportive humour now ;
 Tell me, and dally not, where is the money ?
 We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust 60
 So great a charge from thine own custody ?

Dromio of E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.
 I from my mistress come to you in post ;
 If I return, I shall be post indeed,
 For she will score your fault upon my pate.
 Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
 And strike you home without a messenger.

Antipholus of S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out
 of season ;
 Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
 Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee ? 70

Dromio of E. To me, sir ? why, you gave no gold to me.

Antipholus of S. Come on, sir knave, have done your fool-
 ishness,
 And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

Dromio of E. My charge was but to fetch you from the
 mart
 Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner ;
 My mistress and her sister stays for you.

Antipholus of S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me
 In what safe place you have bestow'd my money,
 Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours

That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd. 8a
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dromio of E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Antipholus of S. Thy mistress' marks? what mistress, slave,
hast thou?

Dromio of E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the
Phœnix;

She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner. 9a

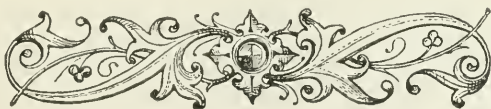
Antipholus of S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

Dromio of E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold
your hands!

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [Exit.

Antipholus of S. Upon my life, by some device or other
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.

They say this town is full of cozenage,
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body, 100
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin;
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear my money is not safe. [Exit





REMAINS OF GATE AT EPHEBUS.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The House of Antipholus of Ephesus.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adriana. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luciana. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he 's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine and never fret.

A man is master of his liberty;
Time is their master, and when they see time
They'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.

Adriana. Why should their liberty than ours be more? 10

Luciana. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adriana. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luciana. O, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adriana. There 's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luciana. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
 There 's nothing situate under heaven's eye
 But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky.
 The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls
 Are their males' subjects and at their controls;
 Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
 Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,
 Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
 Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
 Are masters to their females, and their lords :
 Then let your will attend on their accords.

20

Adriana. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luciana. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adriana. But, were you wedded, you would bear some
 sway.

Luciana. Ere I learn love, I 'll practise to obey.

Adriana. How if your husband start some other where?

Luciana. Till he come home again, I would forbear. 31

Adriana. Patience unmov'd ! no marvel though she pause ;
 They can be meek that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
 We bid be quiet when we hear it cry ;
 But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
 As much or more we should ourselves complain :
 So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
 With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me ;
 But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
 This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

40

Luciana. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.
 Here comes your man ; now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

Adriana. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dromio of E. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adriana. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

Dromio of E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear. Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it. 49

Luciana. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

Dromio of E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce understand them.

Adriana. But say, I prithee, is he coming home? It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dromio of E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adriana. Horn-mad, thou villain!

Dromio of E. I mean not cuckold-mad; But, sure, he is stark mad.

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner, 60

He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

'T is dinner-time,' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he:

'Your meat doth burn,' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he:

'Will you come home?' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he,

'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?'

'The pig,' quoth I, 'is burn'd;' 'My gold!' quoth he:

'My mistress, sir,' quoth I; 'Hang up thy mistress!

I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!'

Luciana. Quoth who?

Dromio of E. Quoth my master: 70

'I know,' quoth he, 'no house, no wife, no mistress.'

So that my errand, due unto my tongue,

I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adriana. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dromio of E. Go back again, and be new beaten home? For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adriana. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dromio of E. And he will bless that cross with other beating.

Between you I shall have a holy head. 80

Adriana. Hence, prating peasant ! fetch thy master home.

Dromio of E. Am I so round with you as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus ?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither ;
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. [*Exit.*

Luciana. Fie, how impatience lowereth in your face !

Adriana. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek ? then he hath wasted it. 90
Are my discourses dull ? barren my wit ?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait ?
That 's not my fault ; he 's master of my state.
What ruins are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd ? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair :
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale 100
And feeds from home ; poor I am but his stale.

Luciana. Self-harming jealousy ! fie, beat it hence !

Adriana. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage other where,
Or else what lets it but he would be here ?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain ;
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed !
I see the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty ; and though gold bides still 110
That others touch, yet often touching will

Wear gold : and so a man that hath a name,
 By falsehood and corruption doth it-shame.
 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
 I'll weep what 's left away, and weeping die.

Luciana. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Public Place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Antipholus of S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
 Safe at the Centaur ; and the heedful slave
 Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
 By computation and mine host's report,
 I could not speak with Dromio since at first
 I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.—

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

How now, sir ! is your merry humour alter'd ?
 As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
 You know no Centaur ? you receiv'd no gold ?
 Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner ?
 My house was at the Phœnix ? Wast thou mad,
 That thus so madly thou didst answer me ?

Dromio of S. What answer, sir ? when spake I such a word ?

Antipholus of S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dromio of S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
 Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Antipholus of S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
 And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner ;
 For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dromio of S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein ;
 What means this jest ? I pray you, master, tell me.

Antipholus of S. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth ?
 Think'st thou I jest ? Hold, take thou that, and that.

[*Beating him.*

Dromio of S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest.

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Antipholus of S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

30

Dromio of S. Sconce call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head. An you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head and insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Antipholus of S. Dost thou not know?

40

Dromio of S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Antipholus of S. Shall I tell you why?

Dromio of S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath a wherefore.

Antipholus of S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

Dromio of S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,

When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

Antipholus of S. Thank me, sir! for what?

50

Dromio of S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Antipholus of S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dromio of S. No, sir ; I think the meat wants that I have.

Antipholus of S. In good time, sir ; what 's that ?

Dromio of S. Basting.

Antipholus of S. Well, sir, then 't will be dry.

Dromio of S. If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.

Antipholus of S. Your reason ?

60

Dromio of S. Lest it make you cholerick, and purchase me another dry basting.

Antipholus of S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time ; there 's a time for all things.

Dromio of S. I durst have denied that, before you were so cholerick.

Antipholus of S. By what rule, sir ?

Dromio of S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Antipholus of S. Let 's hear it.

70

Dromio of S. There 's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Antipholus of S. May he not do it by fine and recovery ?

Dromio of S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Antipholus of S. Why is 'Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement ?

Dromio of S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts ; and what he hath scanted men in hair he hath given them in wit.

80

Antipholus of S. Why, but there 's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dromio of S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Antipholus of S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dromio of S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost : yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Antipholus of S. For what reason ?

Dromio of S. For two ; and sound ones too.

90

Antipholus of S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dromio of S. Sure ones then.

Antipholus of S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dromio of S. Certain ones then.

Antipholus of S. Name them.

Dromio of S. The one, to save the money that he spends in trimming ; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Antipholus of S. You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

100

Dromio of S. Marry, and did, sir ; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Antipholus of S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dromio of S. Thus I mend it : Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Antipholus of S. I knew 't would be a bald conclusion.— But, soft ! who wafts us yonder ?

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adriana. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown :

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects ;

110

I am not Adriana nor thy wife.

The time was once when thou unurg'd wouldst vow

That never words were music to thine ear,

That never object pleasing in thine eye,

That never touch well welcome to thy hand,

That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,

Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.

How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,

That thou art thus estranged from thyself ?

Thyself I call it, being strange to me,

120

That, undividable, incorporate,

Am better than thy dear self's better part.

Ah, do not tear away thyself from me !
 For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
 A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
 And take unmingled thence that drop again,
 Without addition or diminishing,
 As take from me thyself and not me too.
 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
 Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious, 130
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate !
 Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me,
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,
 And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
 And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
 And break it with a deep-divorcing vow ?
 I know thou canst ; and therefore see thou do it.
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot ;
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust : 140
 For if we two be one and thou play false,
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh.
 Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed ;
 I live unstain'd, thou undishonoured.

Antipholus of S. Plead you to me, fair dame ? I know
 you not.

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
 As strange unto your town as to your talk ;
 Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
 Want wit in all one word to understand. 150

Luciana. Fie, brother ! how the world is chang'd with you !
 When were you wont to use my sister thus ?
 She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Antipholus of S. By Dromio ?

Dromio of S. By me ?

Adriana. By thee ; and this thou didst return from him,—

That he did buffet thee, and in his blows
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Antipholus of S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentle-
woman?

What is the course and drift of your compact? 160

Dromio of S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Antipholus of S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very
words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dromio of S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Antipholus of S. How can she thus then call us by our
names,

Unless it be by inspiration?

Adriana. How ill agrees it with your gravity

To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,

Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!

Be it my wrong you are from me exempt, 170

But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine;

Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,

Whose weakness married to thy stronger state

Makes me with thy strength to communicate.

If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,

Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;

Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion

Infect thy sap and live on thy confusion.

Antipholus of S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her
theme! 180

What, was I married to her in my dream?

Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?

What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?

Until I know this sure uncertainty,

• I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luciana. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dromio of S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.

This is the fairy land: O spite of spite!

We talk with goblins, owls, and sprites:

If we obey them not, this will ensue,—

190

They 'll suck our breath or pinch us black and blue.

Luciana. Why prat'st thou to thyself and answer'st not?

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dromio of S. I am transformed, master, am I not?

Antipholus of S. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

Dromio of S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

Antipholus of S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dromio of S.

No, I am an ape.

Luciana. If thou art chang'd to aught, 't is to an ass.

Dromio of S. 'T is true; she rides me and I long for grass.

'T is so, I am an ass; else it could never be

200

But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adriana. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,

To put the finger in the eye and weep,

Whilst man and master laughs my woes to scorn.

Come, sir, to dinner.—Dromio, keep the gate.—

Husband, I 'll dine above with you to-day,

And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.—

Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,

Say he dines forth and let no creature enter.—

Come, sister.—Dromio, play the porter well.

210

Antipholus of S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?

Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advis'd?

Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!

I 'll say as they say and persevere so,

And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dromio of S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adriana. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luciana. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*]





RUINS OF AQUEDUCT AT EPHEBUS.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before the House of Antipholus of Ephesus.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS, DROMIO OF EPHEBUS, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.

Antipholus of E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;

My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours.

Say that I linger'd with you at your shop

To see the making of her carcanet,

And that to-morrow you will bring it home.

But here's a villain that would face me down

He met me on the mart, and that I beat him

And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold,

And that I did deny my wife and house.—

Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this? 10

Dromio of E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know;

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show.

If the skin were parchment and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Antipholus of E. I think thou art an ass.

Dromio of E. Marry, so it doth appear

By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.

I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels and beware of an ass.

Antipholus of E. You 're sad, Signior Balthazar; pray God
our cheer

May answer my good will and your good welcome here. 20

Balthazar. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Antipholus of E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Balthazar. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl
affords.

Antipholus of E. And welcome more common; for that 's
nothing but words.

Balthazar. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry
feast.

Antipholus of E. Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing
guest.

But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

But, soft! my door is lock'd.—Go bid them let us in. 30

Dromio of E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian,
Ginn!

Dromio of S. [*Within*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, cox-
comb, idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door or sit down at the hatch.

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such
store,

When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door.

Dromio of E. What patch is made our porter? My mas-
ter stays in the street.

Dromio of S. [*Within*] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.

Antipholus of E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door!

Dromio of S. [*Within*] Right, sir; I 'll tell you when, an you 'll tell me wherefore.

Antipholus of E. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day. 40

Dromio of S. [*Within*] Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

Antipholus of E. What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

Dromio of S. [*Within*] The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dromio of E. O villain! thou hast stolen both mine office and my name.

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,

'Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*Within*] What a coil is there, Dromio? who are those at the gate?

Dromio of E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. [*Within*] Faith, no! he comes too late; And so tell your master.

Dromio of E. O Lord, I must laugh! 50

Have at you with a proverb—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. [*Within*] Have at you with another; that 's—When? can you tell?

Dromio of S. [*Within*] If thy name be call'd Luce,—Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Antipholus of E. Do you hear, you minion? you 'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. [*Within*] I thought to have ask'd you.

Dromio of S. [*Within*] And you said no.

Dromio of E. So, come, help! well struck! there was blow
for blow.

Antipholus of E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. [Within] Can you tell for whose sake?

Dromio of E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. [Within] Let him knock till it ache.

Antipholus of E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the
door down.

Luce. [Within] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks
in the town? 60

Adriana. [Within] Who is that at the door that keeps all
this noise?

Dromio of S. [Within] By my troth, your town is troubled
with unruly boys.

Antipholus of E. Are you there, wife? you might have
come before.

Adriana. [Within] Your wife, sir knave! go get you from
the door.

Dromio of E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would
go sore.

Angelo. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would
fain have either.

Balthazar. In debating which was best, we shall part with
neither.

Dromio of E. They stand at the door, master; bid them
welcome hither.

Antipholus of E. There is something in the wind, that we
cannot get in.

Dromio of E. You would say so, master, if your garments
were thin. 70

Your cake is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and
sold.

Antipholus of E. Go fetch me something; I'll break ope
the gate.

Dromio of S. [*Within*] Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dromio of E. A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind.

Dromio of S. [*Within*] It seems thou want'st breaking; out upon thee, hind!

Dromio of E. Here 's too much out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

Dromio of S. [*Within*] Ay, when fowls have no feathers and fish have no fin.

Antipholus of E. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow.

Dromio of E. A crow without feather? Master, mean you so? 80

For a fish without a fin, there 's a fowl without a feather;
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Antipholus of E. Go get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Ballhazar. Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so!

Herein you war against your reputation,

And draw within the compass of suspect

The unviolated honour of your wife.

Once this,—your long experience of her wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,

Plead on her part some cause to you unknown; 90

And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the doors are made against you.

Be rul'd by me: depart in patience,

And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;

And about evening come yourself alone

To know the reason of this strange restraint.

If by strong hand you offer to break in

Now in the stirring passage of the day,

A vulgar comment will be made of it,

And that supposed by the common rout 100

Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon succession,
For ever hous'd where it gets possession.

Antipholus of E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,

And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.

I know a wench of excellent discourse,

Pretty and witty, wild and yet, too, gentle;

There will we dine. This woman that I mean,

110

My wife—but, I protest, without desert—

Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;

To her will we to dinner.—[*To Angelo*] Get you home

And fetch the chain; by this I know 't is made.

Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;

For there 's the house. That chain will I bestow—

Be it for nothing but to spite my wife—

Upon mine hostess there. Good sir, make haste.

Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,

I 'll knock elsewhere, to see if they 'll disdain me.

120

Angelo. I 'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

Antipholus of E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The Same.*

Enter LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Luciana. And may it be that you have quite forgot

A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,

Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?

Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?

If you did wed my sister for her wealth,

Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness:

Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;

Muffle your false love with some show of blindness.

Let not my sister read it in your eye ;
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator ; 10
 Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty ;
 Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger ;
 Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted ;
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint ;
 Be secret-false : what need she be acquainted ?
 What simple thief brags of his own attain't ?
 'T is double wrong, to truant with your bed,
 And let her read it in thy looks at board :
 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed ;
 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word. 20
 Alas, poor women ! make us but believe,
 Being compact of credit, that you love us ;
 Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve ;
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
 Then, gentle brother, get you in again ;
 Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife :
 'T is holy sport to be a little vain,
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
Antipholus of S. Sweet mistress,—what your name is else,
 I know not,
 Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,— 30
 Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
 Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.
 Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak ;
 Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,
 Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
 The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
 Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
 To make it wander in an unknown field ?
 Are you a god ? would you create me new ?
 Transform me then, and to your power I 'll yield. 40
 But if that I am I, then well I know
 Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,

Nor to her bed no homage do I owe ;

Far more, far more to you do I decline.

O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.

Sing, siren, for thyself and I will dote ;

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

And as a bed I'll take them and there lie,

And in that glorious supposition think

50

He gains by death that hath such means to die :

Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink !

Luciana. What, are you mad, that you do reason so ?

Antipholus of S. Not mad, but mated ; how, I do not know.

Luciana. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Antipholus of S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luciana. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Antipholus of S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luciana. Why call you me love ? call my sister so.

Antipholus of S. Thy sister's sister.

Luciana.

That 's my sister.

Antipholus of S.

No ;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part,

61

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,

My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luciana. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Antipholus of S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee.

Thee will I love and with thee lead my life ;

Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.

Give me thy hand.

Luciana.

O, soft, sir ! hold you still ;

I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.

[*Exit.*

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Antipholus of S. Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st thou so fast? 72

Dromio of S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Antipholus of S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dromio of S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Antipholus of S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself? 80

Dromio of S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Antipholus of S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dromio of S. Marry, sir, such a claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me, but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Antipholus of S. What is she? 89

Dromio of S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of without he say sir-reverence. I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Antipholus of S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

Dromio of S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wench and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to but to make a lamp of her and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags and the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter; if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world. 101

Antipholus of S. What complexion is she of?

Dromio of S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like

so clean kept: for why, she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Antipholus of S. That 's a fault that water will mend.

Dromio of S. No, sir, 't is in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Antipholus of S. What 's her name?

Dromio of S. Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters, that 's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip. 112

Antipholus of S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dromio of S. No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Antipholus of S. In what part of her body stands Scotland?

Dromio of S. I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.

Antipholus of S. Where France? 120

Dromio of S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her heir.

Antipholus of S. Where England?

Dromio of S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Antipholus of S. Where Spain?

Dromio of S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Antipholus of S. Where America, the Indies? 130

Dromio of S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose.

Antipholus of S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dromio of S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had

about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck,
the great wart on my left arm, that I amazed ran from her
as a witch: 141

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith and
my heart of steel,

She had transform'd me to a curtal dog and made me turn
i' the wheel.

Antipholus of S. Go hie thee presently post to the road.

An if the wind blow any way from shore,

I will not harbour in this town to-night.

If any bark put forth, come to the mart,

Where I will walk till thou return to me.

If every one knows us and we know none,

'T is time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone. 150

Dromio of S. As from a bear a man would run for life,

So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.

Antipholus of S. There 's none but witches do inhabit
here;

And therefore 't is high time that I were hence.

She that doth call me husband, even my soul

Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,

Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,

Of such enchanting presence and discourse,

Hath almost made me traitor to myself;

But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong, 160

I 'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO with the chain.

Angelo. Master Antipholus,—

Antipholus of S. Ay, that 's my name.

Angelo. I know it well, sir. Lo, here is the chain.

I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine;

The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Antipholus of S. What is your will that I shall do with
this?

Angelo. What please yourself, sir ; I have made it for you.

Antipholus of S. Made it for me, sir ! I bespoke it not.

Angelo. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it and please your wife withal ; 170
And soon at supper-time I 'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Antipholus of S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

Angelo. You are a merry man, sir ; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Antipholus of S. What I should think of this, I cannot
tell ;

But this I think, there 's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts. 180
I 'll to the mart and there for Dromio stay ;
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*





RUINS OF THE GYMNASIUM AT EPHEBUS.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Public Place.*

Enter Second Merchant, ANGELO, *and an* Officer.

2 Merchant. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you ;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia and want guilders for my voyage.
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I 'll attach you by this officer.

Angelo. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing to me by Antipholus,
And in the instant that I met with you
He had of me a chain ; at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same.

Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond and thank you too.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS and DROMIO OF EPHESUS,
from the courtesan's.*

Officer. That labour may you save ; see where he comes.

Antipholus of E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go
thou

And buy a rope's end ; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But, soft ! I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone ;
Buy thou a rope and bring it home to me.

20

Dromio of E. I buy a thousand pound a year ! I buy a
rope ! *[Exit.*

Antipholus of E. A man is well help up that trusts to you !
I promised your presence and the chain ;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

Angelo. Saving your merry humour, here 's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more

30

Than I stand debted to this gentleman.
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea and stays but for it.

Antipholus of E. I am not furnish'd with the present
money ;

Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof ;
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Angelo. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself ? 40

Antipholus of E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Angelo. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

Antipholus of E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have; Or else you may return without your money.

Angelo. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain; Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman, And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Antipholus of E. Good Lord! you use this dalliance to excuse

Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.

I should have chid you for not bringing it, 50
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

2 Merchant. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Angelo. You hear how he importunes me;—the chain!

Antipholus of E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Angelo. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now. Either send the chain or send me by some token.

Antipholus of E. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath.

Come, where 's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

2 Merchant. My business cannot brook this dalliance.

Good sir, say whether you 'll answer me or no; 60
If not, I 'll leave him to the officer.

Antipholus of E. I answer you! what should I answer you?

Angelo. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Antipholus of E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.

Angelo. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

Antipholus of E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Angelo. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it; Consider how it stands upon my credit.

2 Merchant. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Officer. I do, and charge you in the duke's name to obey me. 70

Angelo. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Antipholus of E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Angelo. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.—
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Officer. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

Antipholus of E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail.— 80
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Angelo. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame; I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, from the bay.

Dromio of S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard, and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind 90
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Antipholus of E. How now! a madman! Why, thou pcev-
ish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dromio of S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Antipholus of E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a
rope,
And told thee to what purpose and what end.

Dromio of S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon;
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Antipholus of E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed. 101

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That 's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it.
'Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me. Hie thee, slave, be gone!—
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt 2 Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Antipholus of E.*
Dromio of S. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband; 110
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The House of Antipholus of Ephesus.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adriana. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest? yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luciana. First he denied you had in him no right.

Adriana. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.

Luciana. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

Adriana. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luciana. Then pleaded I for you.

Adriana. And what said he? 11

Luciana. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.

Adriana. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luciana. With words that in an honest suit might move.
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adriana. Didst speak him fair?

Luciana. Have patience, I beseech.

Adriana. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

20

Luciana. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adriana. Ah, but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Dromio of S. Here! go; the desk, the purse! sweet now,
make haste.

Luciana. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dromio of S. By running fast.

Adriana. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well? 31

Dromio of S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that before the judgment carries poor souls to hell. 40

Adriana. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dromio of S. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on
the case.

Adriana. What, is he arrested? Tell me at whose suit.

Dromio of S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;

But he 's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his
desk?

Adriana. Go fetch it, sister.—[*Exit Luciana.*] This I
wonder at,

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.—

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dromio of S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain! Do you not hear it ring? 51

Adriana. What, the chain?

Dromio of S. No, no, the bell. 'T is time that I were gone;
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adriana. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dromio of S. O, yes; if any hour meet a sergeant, a' turns
back for very fear.

Adriana. As if 'Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou
reason!

Dromio of S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more
than he 's worth to season.

Nay, he 's a thief too; have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day? 60

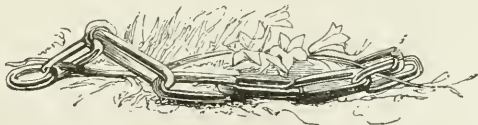
If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Re-enter LUCIANA with a purse.

Adriana. Go, Dromio; there 's the money, bear it straight,
And bring thy master home immediately.—

Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit—

Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*]



SCENE III. *A Public Place.**Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.*

Antipholus of S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me

As if I were their well-acquainted friend ;
 And every one doth call me by my name.
 Some tender money to me, some invite me ;
 Some other give me thanks for kindnesses ;
 Some offer me commodities to buy.
 Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop
 And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
 And therewithal took measure of my body.
 Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
 And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

10

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Dromio of S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for.
 What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparelled ?

Antipholus of S. What gold is this ? what Adam dost thou mean ?

Dromio of S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise. but
 - that Adam that keeps the prison ; he that goes in the calf's
 skin that was killed for the Prodigal ; he that came behind
 you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Antipholus of S. I understand thee not.

19

Dromio of S. No ? why, 't is a plain case : he that went,
 like a bass-viol, in a case of leather ; the man, sir, that, when
 gentlemen are tired, gives them a bob and 'rests them ; he,
 sir, that takes pity on decayed men and gives them suits of
 durance ; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with
 his mace than a morris-pike.

Antipholus of S. What, thou meanest an officer ?

Dromio of S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band ; he that

brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says 'God give you good rest!' 30

Antipholus of S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dromio of S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Antipholus of S. The fellow is distract, and so am I; And here we wander in illusions. Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtesan.

Courtesan. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus. 40
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now;
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

Antipholus of S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dromio of S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Antipholus of S. It is the devil.

Dromio of S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam, and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes that the wenches say 'God damn me;' that's as much as to say 'God make me a light wench.' It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn. Come not near her. 52

Courtesan. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

Dromio of S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, and bespeak a long spoon.

Antipholus of S. Why, Dromio?

Dromio of S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Antipholus of S. Avoid, thou fiend! what tell'st thou me
of supping? 60

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress;
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Courtesan. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd,
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dromio of S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail.
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone;
But she, more covetous, would have a chain.
Master, be wise; an if you give it her, 70
The devil will shake her chain and fright us with it.

Courtesan. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Antipholus of S. Avaunt, thou witch!—Come, Dromio, let
us go.

Dromio of S. Fly pride, says the peacock; mistress, that
you know. [*Exeunt Antipholus and Dromio of S.*]

Courtesan. Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
Both one and other he denies me now. 80

The reason that I gather he is mad.
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose,
For forty ducats is too much to lose. 90

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *A Street.**Enter* ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS *and the Officer.*

Antipholus of E. Fear me not, man ; I will not break away ;
 I 'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
 To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
 My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
 And will not lightly trust the messenger.
 'That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
 I tell you, 't will sound harshly in her ears.

Enter DROMIO OF EPHEBUS *with a rope's-end.*

Here comes my man ; I think he brings the money.—
 How now, sir ! have you that I sent you for ?

Dromio of E. Here 's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.*Antipholus of E.* But where 's the money ? 11*Dromio of E.* Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.*Antipholus of E.* Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope ?*Dromio of E.* I 'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.*Antipholus of E.* To what end did I bid thee hie thee home ?*Dromio of E.* To a rope's-end, sir ; and to that end am I returned.*Antipholus of E.* And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.
[Beating him.]*Officer.* Good sir, be patient.*Dromio of E.* Nay, 't is for me to be patient ; I am in adversity. 21*Officer.* Good now, hold thy tongue.*Dromio of E.* Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.*Antipholus of E.* Thou whoreson, senseless villain !*Dromio of E.* I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.*Antipholus of E.* Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dromio of E. I am an ass, indeed ; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating ; when I am warm, he cools me with beating : I am waked with it when I sleep, raised with it when I sit, driven out of doors with it when I go from home, welcomed home with it when I return : nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat ; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door. 38

Antipholus of E. Come, go along ; my wife is coming yonder.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the Courtesan, and PINCH.

Dromio of E. Mistress, respice finem, respect your end ; or rather, the prophecy like the parrot, beware the rope's-end.

Antipholus of E. Wilt thou still talk ? [Beating him.

Courtesan. How say you now ? is not your husband mad ?

Adriana. His incivility confirms no less.

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer ;

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luciana. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks !

Courtesan. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy !

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse. 50

Antipholus of E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear. [Striking him.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight ;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven !

Antipholus of E. Peace, doting wizard, peace ! I am not mad.

Adriana. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul !

Antipholus of E. You minion, you, are these your customers ?

Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut
And I denied to enter in my house?

60

Adriana. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home;
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

Antipholus of E. Din'd at home!—Thou villain, what say'st
thou?

Dromio of E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Antipholus of E. Were not my doors lock'd up and I shut
out?

Dromio of E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd and you shut
out.

69

Antipholus of E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dromio of E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Antipholus of E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and
scorn me?

Dromio of E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd
you.

Antipholus of E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dromio of E. In verity you did; my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adriana. Is 't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And yielding to him humours well his frenzy.

Antipholus of E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest
me.

80

Adriana. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dromio of E. Money by me! heart and good-will you
might;—

But surely, master, not a rag of money.

Antipholus of E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of
ducats?

Adriana. He came to me and I deliver'd it.

Luciana. And I am witness with her that she did.

Dromio of E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope !

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd ; 90
I know it by their pale and deadly looks.

They must be bound and laid in some dark room.

Antipholus of E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth
to-day ?—

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold ?

Adriana. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dromio of E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold ;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adriana. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Antipholus of E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in
all,

And art confederate with a damned pack 100

To make a loathsome abject scorn of me ;

But with these nails I 'll pluck out these false eyes

That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He strives.

Adriana. O, bind him, bind him ! let him not come near
me.

Pinch. More company ! The fiend is strong within him.

Luciana. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks !

Antipholus of E. What, will you murder me ?—Thou gaol-
er, thou,

I am thy prisoner ; wilt thou suffer them

To make a rescue ?

Officer. Masters, let him go ;

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him. 110

Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.

[*They offer to bind Dromio of E.*

Adriana. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer ?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Officer. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
'The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adriana. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee.
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.—
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!

120

Antipholus of E. O most unhappy strumpet!

Dromio of E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Antipholus of E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou
mad me?

Dromio of E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
good master; cry 'The devil!'

Luciana. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adriana. Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt all but Adriana, Luciana, Officer,
and Courtesan.*]

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Officer. One Angelo, a goldsmith; do you know him? 130

Adriana. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

Officer. Two hundred ducats.

Adriana. Say, how grows it due?

Officer. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adriana. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it
not.

Courtesan. Whenas your husband all in rage to-day
Came to my house and took away my ring—
The ring I saw upon his finger now—
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adriana. It may be so, but I did never see it.—
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is;
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

140

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE *with his rapier drawn, and*
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Luciana. God, for thy mercy ! they are loose again.

Adriana. And come with naked swords.

Let's call more help to have them bound again.

Officer. Away ! they 'll kill us.

[*Exeunt all but Antipholus of S. and Dromio of S.*

Antipholus of S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

Dromio of S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.

Antipholus of S. Come to the Centaur ; fetch our stuff from thence :

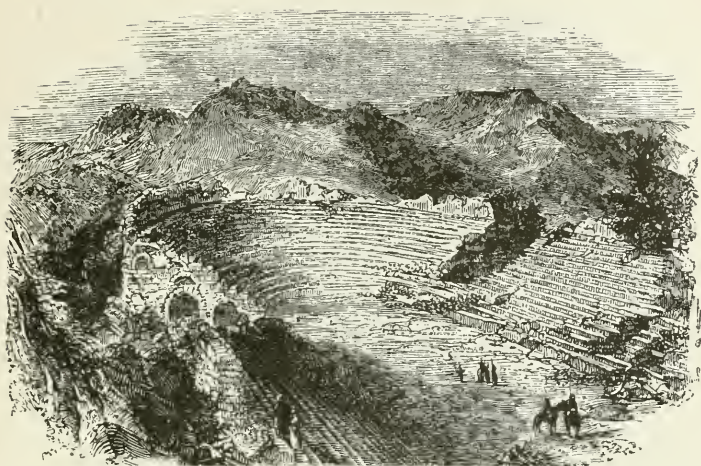
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

149

Dromio of S. Faith, stay here this night ; they will surely do us no harm : you saw they speak us fair, give us gold. Methinks they are such a gentle nation that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still and turn witch.

Antipholus of S. I will not stay to-night for all the town ; Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*





REMAINS OF THE AMPHITHEATRE AT EPHEBUS.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Street before a Priory.*

Enter Second Merchant and ANGELO.

Angelo. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you ;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
'Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

2 Merchant. How is the man esteem'd here in the city ?

Angelo. Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city ;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

2 Merchant. Speak softly ; yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE and DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Angelo. 'T is so ; and that self chain about his neck 10
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.

Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—
 Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
 That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
 And, not without some scandal to yourself,
 With circumstance and oaths so to deny
 This chain which now you wear so openly.
 Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
 You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
 Who, but for staying on our controversy,
 Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day.

20

This chain you had of me; can you deny it?

Antipholus of S. I think I had; I never did deny it.

2 Merchant. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

Antipholus of S. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

2 Merchant. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.

Fie on thee, wretch! 't is pity that thou liv'st
 To walk where any honest men resort.

Antipholus of S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus;
 I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
 Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

30

2 Merchant. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the Courtesan, and others.

Adriana. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad.—
 Some get within him, take his sword away.
 Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dromio of S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a
 house!

This is some priory. In, or we are spoil'd!

[*Excunt Antipholus of S. and Dromio of S. to the Priory.*

Enter the Lady Abbess.

Abbess. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

Adriana. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast 40
And bear him home for his recovery.

Angelo. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

2 Merchant. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abbess. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adriana. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was ;
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abbess. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea ?
Buried some dear friend ? Hath not else his eye 50
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love ?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to ?

Adriana. To none of these, except it be the last ;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abbess. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adriana. Why, so I did.

Abbess. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adriana. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abbess. Haply, in private.

Adriana. And in assemblies too. 60

Abbess. Ay, but not enough.

Adriana. It was the copy of our conference :

In bed he slept not for my urging it ;
At board he fed not for my urging it ;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme ;
In company I often glanced it ;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abbess. And thereof came it that the man was mad.
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth. 70
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,

And thereof comes it that his head is light.
 'Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings :
 Unquiet meals make ill digestions ;
 Thereof the raging fire of fever bred ;
 And what 's a fever but a fit of madness?
 'Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls :
 Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
 But moody and dull melancholy,
 Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
 And at her heels a huge infectious troop
 Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?
 In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
 To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast.
 The consequence is then thy jealous fits
 Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

80

Luciana. She never reprehended him but mildly,
 When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.—
 Why bear you these rebukes and answer not?

Adriana. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
 Good people, enter and lay hold on him.

90

Abbess. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adriana. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abbess. Neither ; he took this place for sanctuary,
 And it shall privilege him from your hands
 Till I have brought him to his wits again,
 Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adriana. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
 Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
 And will have no attorney but myself ;
 And therefore let me have him home with me.

100

Abbess. Be patient ; for I will not let him stir
 Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
 With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
 To make of him a formal man again.
 It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,

A charitable duty of my order.

Therefore depart and leave him here with me.

Adriana. I will not hence and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness 110

To separate the husband and the wife.

Abbess. Be quiet and depart; thou shalt not have him.
[*Exit.*

Luciana. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adriana. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

2 Merchant. By this, I think, the dial points at five.
Anon, I 'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale, 120
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Angelo. Upon what cause?

2 Merchant. To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Angelo. See where they come; we will behold his death.

Luciana. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

*Enter DUKE, attended; ÆGEON bareheaded; with the Heads-
man and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly, 130
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die; so much we tender him.

Adriana. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adriana. May it please your grace, Antipholus my husband,
Who I made lord of me and all I had,

At your important letters,—this ill day
 A most outrageous fit of madness took him ;
 That desperately he hurried through the street,— 140
 With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—
 Doing displeasure to the citizens
 By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
 Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
 Once did I get him bound and sent him home,
 Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went
 That here and there his fury had committed.
 Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
 He broke from those that had the guard of him,
 And with his mad attendant and himself, 150
 Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
 Met us again, and madly bent on us
 Chas'd us away, till raising of more aid
 We came again to bind them. Then they fled
 Into this abbey, whither we pursued them ;
 And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
 And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
 Nor send him forth that we may bear him hence.
 Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command
 Let him be brought forth and borne hence for help. 160

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars,
 And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
 When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
 To do him all the grace and good I could.—
 Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate
 And bid the lady abbess come to me.—
 I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
 My master and his man are both broke loose,
 Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor, 170

Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire ;
 And ever, as it blaz'd, they threw on him
 Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.
 My master preaches patience to him, and the while
 His man with scissors nicks him like a fool ;
 And sure, unless you send some present help,
 Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adriana. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here,
 And that is false thou dost report to us.

Servant. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true ; 183
 I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
 He cries for you and vows, if he can take you,
 To scorch your face and to disfigure you.— [*Cry within.*
 Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress ; fly, be gone!

Duke. Come, stand by me ; fear nothing.—Guard with
 halberds!

Adriana. Ay me, it is my husband!—Witness you,
 That he is borne about invisible.
 Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here ;
 And now he 's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS and DROMIO OF EPHESUS.

Antipholus of E. Justice, most gracious duke, O, grant me
 justice! 190

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
 When I bestrid thee in the wars and took
 Deep scars to save thy life ; even for the blood
 That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Ægeon. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
 I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.

Antipholus of E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman
 there!

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife,
 That hath abused and dishonour'd me
 Even in the strength and height of injury!

Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Antipholus of E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors
upon me,

While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault! Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adriana. No, my good lord; myself, he, and my sister
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul
As this is false he burdens me withal!

Luciana. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth! 211

Angelo. O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworn;
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Antipholus of E. My liege, I am advised what I say,
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner.

That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then; 220

Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him; in the street I met him
And in his company that gentleman.

There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the which
He did arrest me with an officer. 230

I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats; he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.

By the way we met
 My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
 Of vile confederates. Along with them
 They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
 A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
 A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller, 240
 A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
 A living dead man; this pernicious slave,
 Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,
 And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
 And with no face, as 't were, outfacing me,
 Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together
 They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence
 And in a dark and dankish vault at home
 There left me and my man, both bound together;
 Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder, 250
 I gain'd my freedom and immediately
 Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
 To give me ample satisfaction
 For these deep shames and great indignities.

Angelo. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
 'That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee or no?

Angelo. He had, my lord; and when he ran in here,
 These people saw the chain about his neck.

2 Merchant. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
 Heard you confess you had the chain of him 261
 After you first forswore it on the mart,
 And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
 And then you fled into this abbey here,
 From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Antipholus of E. I never came within these abbey-walls,
 Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me;
 I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven!
 And this is false you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
 I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.—
 If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
 If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly.—
 You say he din'd at home; the goldsmith here
 Denies that saying.—Sirrah, what say you?

270

Dromio of E. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porpen-
 tine.

Courtesan. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Antipholus of E. 'T is true, my liege; this ring I had of
 her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Courtesan. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace. 280

Duke. Why, this is strange.—Go call the abbess hither.—
 I think you are all mated or stark mad.

[Exit one to the Abbess.

Ægeon. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word.
 Haply I see a friend will save my life
 And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

Ægeon. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
 And is not that your bondman, Dromio?

Dromio of E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
 But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
 Now am I Dromio and his man unbound. 290

Ægeon. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dromio of E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
 For lately we were bound, as you are now.
 You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Ægeon. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Antipholus of E. I never saw you in my life till now.

Ægeon. O, grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last,
 And careful hours with time's deformed hand
 Have written strange defeatures in my face;
 But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice? 300

Antipholus of E. Neither.

Ægeon. Dromio, nor thou?

Dromio of E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Ægeon. I am sure thou dost.

Dromio of E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ægeon. Not know my voice! O time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares? 310
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear.
All these old witnesses—I cannot err—
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

Antipholus of E. I never saw my father in my life.

Ægeon. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy, 320
Thou know'st we parted; but perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Antipholus of E. The duke and all that know me in the
city

Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse.
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote. 329

*Re-enter Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE and DROMIO
OF SYRACUSE.*

Abbess. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[All gather to see them.]

Adriana. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other ;

And so of these. Which is the natural man,

And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

Dromio of S. I, sir, am Dromio ; command him away.

Dromio of E. I, sir, am Dromio ; pray, let me stay.

Antipholus of S. Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dromio of S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abbess. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds

And gain a husband by his liberty.—

340

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man

That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia

That bore thee at a burden two fair sons,—

O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,

And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia ,

If thou art she, tell me where is that son

That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abbess. By men of Epidamnum he and I

And the twin Dromio all were taken up ;

350

But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth

By force took Dromio and my son from them,

And me they left with those of Epidamnum.

What then became of them I cannot tell ;

I to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right :

These two Antipholuses, these two so like,

And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—

Besides her urging of her wrack at sea,—

These are the parents to these children,

360

Which accidentally are met together.—

Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?

Antipholus of S. No, sir, not I ; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart ; I know not which is which.

Antipholus of E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord,—

Dromio of E. And I with him.

Antipholus of E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adriana. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Antipholus of S. I, gentle mistress.

Adriana. And are not you my husband?

Antipholus of E. No; I say nay to that. 371

Antipholus of S. And so do I; yet did she call me so;

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,

Did call me brother.—[*To Luciana*] What I told you then, I hope I shall have leisure to make good,

If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Angelo. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Antipholus of S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

Antipholus of E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Angelo. I think I did, sir; I deny it not. 380

Adriana. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,

By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dromio of E. No, none by me.

Antipholus of S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you
And Dromio my man did bring them me.

I see we still did meet each other's man,

And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,

And thereupon these errors all arose.

Antipholus of E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life. 390

Courtesan. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Antipholus of E. There, take it; and much thanks for my
good cheer.

Abbess. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes;—

And all that are assembled in this place,
 That by this sympathized one day's error
 Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,
 And we shall make full satisfaction.—
 Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail 400
 Of you, my sons; and till this present hour
 My heavy burthen ne'er delivered.—
 The duke, my husband, and my children both,
 And you the calendars of their nativity,
 Go to a gossips' feast, and go with me;
 After so long grief, such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I 'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt all but Antipholus of S., Antipholus of E.,
 Dromio of S., and Dromio of E.*]

Dromio of S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?

Antipholus of E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

Dromio of S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur. 410

Antipholus of S. He speaks to me.—I am your master, Dromio.

Come, go with us; we 'll look to that anon.

Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt Antipholus of S. and Antipholus of E.*]

Dromio of S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,

That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;

She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dromio of E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother;

I see by you I am a sweet-fac'd youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dromio of S. Not I, sir; you are my elder. 420

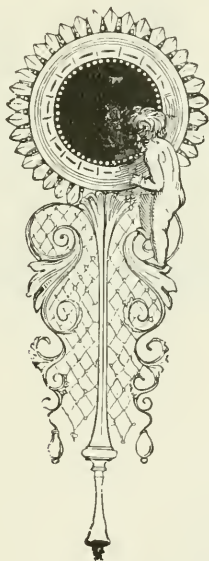
Dromio of E. That 's a question; how shall we try it?

Dromio of S. We 'll draw cuts for the senior; till then
lead thou first.

Dromio of E. Nay, then, thus:

We came into the world like brother and brother;
And now let 's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*





Sing, siren (iii. 2. 47).

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

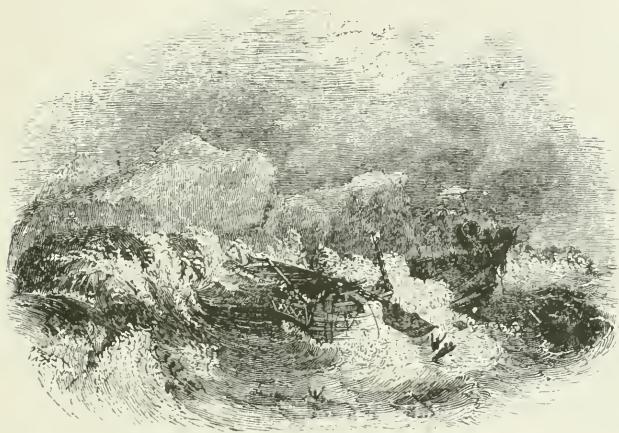
- Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
 A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
 A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
 B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
 B. J., Ben Jonson.
 Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of Shakespeare, edited by Clark and Wright.
 Cf. (*confer*), compare.
 Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke (London, n. d.).
 Coll., Collier (second edition).
 Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
 D., Dyce (second edition).
 H., Hudson ("Harvard" ed.).
 Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
 Id. (*idem*), the same.
 J. H., J. Hunter's ed. of *C. of E.* (London, 1873).
 K., Knight (second edition).
 Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
 Prol., Prologue.
 S., Shakespeare.
 Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
 Sr., Singer.
 St., Staunton.
 Theo., Theobald.
 V., Verplanck.
 W., R. Grant White.
 Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
 Warb., Warburton.
 Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
 Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" ed. or of the American reprint of that ed.

NOTES.



We were encounter'd by a mighty rock (i. 1. 101).

INTRODUCTION.

MERES'S MENTION OF THE PLAY.—The passage as given in our ed. of *M. N. D.* p. 9 was copied from one of the many reprints in the standard editions of Shakespeare (we do not remember what one), and differs in some little points from the original, of which a lithographic fac-simile appears in Halliwell's notes on the present play. We append it as it reads there, with some of the additional paragraphs :

“As the Greeke tongue is made famous and eloquent by *Homer, Hesiod, Euripedes, Aeschilus, Sophocles, Pindarus, Phocylides* and *Aristophanes*; and the Latine tongue by *Virgill, Ouid, Horace, Silius Italicus, Lucanus, Lucretius, Ausonius* and *Claudianus*: so the English tongue is mightily enriched, and gorgeously inuested in rare ornaments and resplendent habiliments by sir *Philip Sidney, Spencer, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, Shakespeare, Marlow* and *Chapman*.

As the soule of *Euphorbus* was thought to line in *Pythagoras*: so the sweete wittie soule of *Onid* lues in mellifluous & hony-tongued *Shakespeare*, witnes his *Venus* and *Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred Sonnets among his priuate friends, &c.

As *Plautus* and *Seneca* are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latines: so *Shakespeare* among y^e English is the most excelent in both kinds for the stage; for Comedy, witnes his *Gētlemē of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Loue labors lost*, his *Loue labours wonne*, his *Midsummers night dreame*, and his *Merchant of Venice*: for Tragedy his *Richard the 2.* *Richard the 3.* *Henry the 4.* *King Iohn*, *Titus Andronicus* and his *Romeo and Iuliet*.

As *Epius Stolo* said, that the Muses would speake with *Plautus* tongue, if they would speak Latin: so I say that the Muses would speak with *Shakespeares* fine filed phrase, if they would speake English.

And as *Horace* saith of his: *Exegi monumentū ære perennius; Regaliq; situ pyramidū altius; Quod non imber edax; Non Aquilo impotens possit diruere; aut innumerabilis annorum series & fuga temporum*: so say I seuerally of sir *Philip Sidney*, *Spencers Daniels*, *Draytons*, *Shakespeares*, and *Warners* workes; . . .

As *Pindarus*, *Anacreon* and *Callimachus* among the Greekes; and *Horace* and *Catullus* among the Latines are the best Lyrick Poets; so in this faculty the best amōg our Poets are *Spencer* (who excelleth in all kinds) *Daniel*, *Drayton*, *Shakespeare*, *Brettō* . . .

As these Tragicke Poets flourished in Greece, *Aeschylus*, *Euripedes*, *Sophocles*, *Alexander Aetolus*, *Achaus Erithriæus*, *Astydamas Atheniësis*, *Apollodorus Tarsensis*, *Nicomachus Phrygius*, *Thespis Atticus*, and *Timon Apolloniates*; and these among the Latines, *Accius*, *M. Attilius*, *Pomponius Secundus* and *Seneca*: so these are our best for Tragedie, the Lorde *Buckhurst*, Doctor *Leg* of Cambridge, Doctor *Edes* of Oxforde, maister *Edward Ferris*, the Authour of the *Mirrour for Magistrates*, *Marlow*, *Peele*, *Watson*, *Kid*, *Shakespeare*, *Drayton*, *Chapman*, *Decker*, and *Beniamin Iohnson*."

PLAUTUS AND SHAKESPEARE.—The original argument of the *Mechmi* is thus translated by Warner (see p. 11 above):

"Two twinborn sons, a Sicill merchant had,
Menechmus one, and Sosicles the other:
The first his father lost a little lad,
The grandsire named the latter like his brother.
This (grown a man) long travel took to seek
His brother, and to Epidamnum came.
Where th' other dwelt enrich'd, and him so like,
That citizens there take him for the same:
Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
Much pleasant error, ere they meet together."

Knight, after quoting it, remarks: "This argument is almost sufficient to point out the difference between the plots of Plautus and of Shaksperc. It stands in the place of the beautiful narrative of *Ægeon*, in the first scene of the *Comedy of Errors*. In Plautus we have no broken-hearted father bereft of both his sons: he is dead; and the grandfather changes

the name of the one child who remains to him. Shakspeare does not stop to tell us how the twin-brothers bear the same name; nor does he explain the matter any more in the case of the Dromios, whose introduction upon the scene is his own creation. In Plautus, the brother, Menæchmus Sosicles, who remained with the grandsire, comes to Epidamnium, in search of his twin-brother who was stolen, and he is accompanied by his servant Messenio; but all the perplexities that are so naturally occasioned by the confusion of the two twin-servants are entirely wanting. The mistakes are carried on by the 'meretrix, uxor, et socer' (softened by Warner into 'father, wife, neighbours'). We have 'Medicus,' the prototype of Doctor Pinch; but the mother of the twins is not found in Plautus. We scarcely need say that the Parasite and the Father-in-law have no place in Shakspeare's comedy. The scene in the Comedy of Errors is changed from Epidamnium to Ephesus; but we have mention of Epidamnium once or twice in the play.

"The Menæchmi opens with the favourite character of the Roman comedy—the Parasite; the scene is at Epidamnium. The Parasite is going to dine with Menæchmus, who comes out from his house, upbraiding his jealous wife. But his wife is not jealous without provocation.

'Hanc modo uxori intus palam surripui; ad scortum fero.'

The Antipholus of Shakspeare does not propose to dine with one 'pretty and wild,' and to bestow 'the chain' upon his hostess, till he has been provoked by having his own doors shut upon him. Our poet has thus preserved some sympathy for his Antipholus, which the Menæchmus of Plautus forfeits upon his first entrance. Menæchmus and the Parasite go to dine with Erotium (meretrix). Those who talk of Shakspeare's anachronisms have never pointed out to us what formidable liberties the translators of Shakspeare's time did not scruple to take with their originals. Menæchmus gives very precise directions for his dinner, after the most approved Roman fashion:

'Jube igitur nobis tribus apud te prandium accurarier,
Atque aliquid scitamentorum de foro obsonarier,
Glandionidem suillam, laridum pernonidem, aut
Sinciput, aut polimenta porcina, aut aliquid ad eum modum.'

This passage W. W. thus interprets: 'Let a good dinner be made for us three. Hark ye, some oysters, a mary-bone pie or two, some artichokes, and potato roots; let our other dishes be as you please.' In reading this bald attempt to transfuse the Roman luxuries into words accommodated to English ideas, we are forcibly reminded how 'rare Ben' dealt with the spirit of antiquity in such matters:

'The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels' heels,
Boil'd in the spirit of sol, and dissolv'd pearl,
Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsy:
And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber
Headed with diamond and carbuncle.
My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons,
Knots, godwits, lampreys: I myself will have
The beards of barbels serv'd, instead of sallads;
Oil'd mushrooms,' etc. (*Alchemist*, ii. 1).

"The second act in Plautus opens with the landing of Menæchmus Sosicles and Messenio at Epidamnum. The following is Warner's translation of the scene :

Menæchmus. Surely, Messenio, I think seafarers never take so comfortable a joy in any thing as, when they have been long tost and turmoiled in the wide seas, they hap at last to ken land.

Messenio. I'll be sworn, I should not be gladder to see a whole country of mine own, than I have been at such a sight. But I pray, wherefore are we now come to Epidamnum? must we needs go to see every town that we hear of?

Menæchmus. Till I find my brother, all towns are alike to me : I must try in all places.

Messenio. Why then, let's even as long as we live seek your brother : six years now have we roamed about thus, Istria, Hispania, Massylia, Illyria, all the upper sea, all high Greece, all haven towns in Italy. I think if we had sought a needle all this time we must needs have found it, had it been above ground. It cannot be that he is alive ; and to seek a dead man thus among the living, what folly is it?

Menæchmus. Yea, could I but once find any man that could certainly inform me of his death, I were satisfied ; otherwise I can never desist seeking : little knowest thou, Messenio, how near my heart it goes.

Messenio. This is washing of a blackamoor. Faith, let's go home, unless ye mean we should write a story of our travail.

Menæchmus. Sirrah, no more of these saucy speeches. I perceive I must teach you how to serve me, not to rule me.

Messenio. Av, so, now it appears what it is to be a servant. Well, I must speak my conscience. Do ye hear, sir? Faith, I must tell you one thing, when I look into the lean estate of your purse, and consider advisedly of your decaying stock, I hold it very needful to be drawing homeward, lest in looking your brother, we quite lose ourselves. For this assure yourself this town, Epidamnum, is a place of outrageous expenses, exceeding in all riot and lasciviousness : and (I hear) as full of ribalds, parasites, drunkards, catchpoles, coney-catchers, and sycophants, as it can hold. Then for courtesans, why here's the currentest stamp of them in the world. You must not think here to scape with as light cost as in other places. The very name shows the nature, no man comes hither *sine damno*.

Menæchmus. You say very well indeed : give me my purse into mine own keeping, because I will so be the safer, *sine damno*.'

"Steevens considered that the description of Ephesus in the *Comedy of Errors*,

'They say, this town is full of cozenage,' etc.

was derived from Warner's translation, where 'ribalds, parasites, drunkards, catchpoles, coney-catchers, sycophants, and courtesans,' are found ; the *voluptarii*, *potatores*, *sycophantæ*, *palpatores*, and *meretrices* of Plautus. But surely the 'jugglers,' 'sorcerers,' 'witches,' of Shakspeare are not these. With his exquisite judgment, he gave Ephesus more characteristic 'liberties of sin.' The cook of the courtesan, in Plautus, first mistakes the wandering brother for the profligate of Epidamnum. Erotium next encounters him, and with *her* he dines ; and, leaving her, takes charge of a cloak which the Menæchmus of Epidamnum had given her. In the *Comedy of Errors* the stranger brother dines with the wife of him of Ephesus. The Parasite next meets with the wanderer, and being enraged that the dinner is finished in his absence, resolves to disclose the infidelities of Menæchmus to his jealous wife. The 'errors' proceed, in the maid of Erotium bringing him a chain which she says he had stolen from his wife : he is to cause it to be made heavier and of a newer fashion. The traveller goes his way with the cloak and the chain. The

jealous wife and the Parasite lie in wait for the faithless husband, who the Parasite reports is carrying the cloak to the dyer's; and they fall with their reproaches upon the Menæchmus of Epidamnus, who left the courtesan to attend to his business. A scene of violence ensues; and the bewildered man repairs to Erotium for his dinner. He meets with reproaches only; for he knows nothing of the cloak and chain. The stranger Menæchmus, who has the cloak and chain, encounters the wife of his brother, and of course he utterly denies any knowledge of her. Her father comes to her assistance, upon her hastily sending for him. He first reproaches his daughter for her suspicions of her husband, and her shrewish temper; Luciana reasons in a somewhat similar way with Adriana, in the *Comedy of Errors*; and the Abbess is more earnest in her condemnation of the complaining wife. The scene in Plautus wants all the elevation that we find in Shakspeare; and the old man seems to think that the wife has little to grieve for, as long as she has food, clothes, and servants. Menæchmus, the traveller, of course cannot comprehend all this; and the father and daughter agree that he is mad, and send for a doctor. He escapes from the discipline which is preparing for him; and the doctor's assistants lay hold of Menæchmus, the citizen. He is rescued by Messenio, the servant of the traveller, who mistakes him for his master, and begs his freedom. The servant going to his inn meets with his real master; and, while disputing with him, the Menæchmus of Epidamnus joins them. Of course, the *éclaircissement* is the natural consequence of the presence of both upon the same scene. The brothers resolve to leave Epidamnus together; the citizen making proclamation that he will sell all his goods, and adding, with his accustomed loose notions of conjugal duty,

‘Venibit uxor quoque etiam, si quis emptor venerit.’

“Hazlitt has said, ‘This comedy is taken *very much* from the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, and is not an improvement on it.’ We think he is wrong in both assertions.”

THE PERIOD OF THE ACTION.—We believe that Hazlitt, Clarke (see p. 28 above), and others are wrong in assuming that the action of the play is laid in the old classical times. Knight's remarks on this subject also are so good that we cannot forbear quoting them:

“We have noticed some of the anachronisms which the translator of Plautus, in Shakspeare's time, did not hesitate to introduce into his performance. W. W. did not do this ignorantly; for he was a learned person; and, we are told in an address of ‘The Printer to his Readers,’ had ‘divers of this poet's comedies Englished, for the use and delight of his private friends, who in Plautus' own words are not able to understand them.’ There was, no doubt, a complete agreement as to the principle of such anachronisms in the writers of Shakspeare's day. They employed the conventional ideas of their own time instead of those which properly belonged to the date of their story; they translated images as well as words; they were addressing uncritical readers and spectators, and they thought it necessary to make themselves intelligible by speaking of fa-

miliar instead of recondite things. Thus W. W. not only gives us mary-bone pies and potatoes, instead of the complicated messes of the Roman sensualist, but he talks of constables and toll-gatherers, Bedlam fools, and claret. In Douce's Essay 'On the Anachronisms and some other Incongruities of Shakspeare,' the offences of our poet in the *Comedy of Errors* are thus summed up: 'In the *ancient* city of Ephesus we have ducats, marks, and guilders, and the *Abbess of a Nunnery*. Mention is also made of several modern European kingdoms, and of America; of Henry the Fourth of France,* of Turkish tapestry, a rapier, and a striking-clock; of Lapland sorcerers, Satan, and even of Adam and Noah. In one place Antipholus calls himself a *Christian*. As we are unacquainted with the immediate source whence this play was derived, it is impossible to ascertain whether Shakspeare is responsible for these anachronisms.' The ducats, marks, guilders, tapestry, rapier, striking-clock, and Lapland sorcerers, belong precisely to the same class of anachronisms as those we have already exhibited from the pen of the translator of Plautus. Had Shakspeare used the names of Grecian or Roman coins, his audience would not have understood him. Such matters have nothing whatever to do with the period of a dramatic action. But we think Douce was somewhat hasty in proclaiming that the *Abbess of a Nunnery*, *Satan*, *Adam and Noah*, and *Christian*, were anachronisms, in connection with the 'ancient city of Ephesus.'

"Douce, seeing that the *Comedy of Errors* was suggested by the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, considers, no doubt, that Shakspeare intended to place his action at the same period as the Roman play. It is manifest to us that he intended precisely the contrary. The *Menæchmi* contains invocations in great number to the ancient divinities;—Jupiter and Apollo are here familiar words. From the first line of the *Comedy of Errors* to the last we have not the slightest allusion to the classical mythology. Was there not a time, then, even in the *ancient* city of Ephesus, when there might be an Abbess,—men might call themselves Christians,—and Satan, Adam, and Noah might be names of common use? We do not mean to affirm that Shakspeare intended to select the Ephesus of Christianity—the great city of churches and councils—for the dwelling-place of Antipholus, any more than we think that Duke Solinus was a real personage—that 'Duke Menaphon, his most renowned uncle,' ever had any existence—or that even his name could be found in any story more trustworthy than that of Greene's 'Arcadia.' The truth is, that in the same way that *Ardenne*s was a sort of *terra incognita* of chivalry, the poets of Shakspeare's time had no hesitation in placing the fables of the romantic ages in classical localities, leaving the periods and the names perfectly undefined and unappreciable. . . .

"Warton has prettily said, speaking of Spenser, 'exactness in his poem would have been like the cornice which a painter introduced in the grotto of Calypso.' Those who would define every thing in poetry are the makers of corniced grottos. As we are not desirous of belonging to this somewhat obsolete fraternity, to which even Warton himself affected to

* *Mention* is certainly *not* made of Henry IV. : there is a *supposed* allusion to him.

belong when he wrote what is truly an apology for the *Faërie Queene*, we will leave our readers to decide—whether Duke Solinus reigned at Ephesus before ‘the great temple, after having risen with increasing splendour from seven repeated misfortunes, was finally burnt by the Goths in their third naval invasion ;’* or whether he presided over the decaying city, somewhat nearer to the period when Justinian ‘filled Constantinople with its statues, and raised his church of St. Sophia on its columns ;’† or, lastly, whether he approached the period of its final desolation, when the ‘candlestick was removed out of its place,’ and the Christian Ephesus became the Mohammedan Aiasaluck. . . .

“The exceeding beauty and accuracy of scenery and dress in our days are destructive, in some degree, to the *poetical* truth of Shakspeare’s dramas. It takes them out of the region of the broad and universal, to impair their freedom and narrow their range by a typographical and chronological minuteness. When the word ‘Thebes’ ‡ was exhibited upon a painted board to Shakspeare’s audience, their thoughts of that city were in subjection to the descriptions of the poet ; but if a pencil as magical as that of Stanfield had shown them a Thebes that the child might believe to be a reality, the words to which they listened would have been comparatively uninteresting, in the easier gratification of the senses instead of the intellect. Poetry must always have something of the vague and indistinct in its character. The exact has its own province. Let Science explore the wilds of Africa, and map out for us where there are mighty rivers and verdant plains in the places where the old geographers gave us pictures of lions and elephants to designate undiscovered desolation. But let Poetry still have its undefined countries ; let Arcadia remain unsurveyed ; let us not be too curious to inquire whether Dromio was an ancient heathen or a Christian, nor whether Bottom the weaver lived precisely at the time when Theseus did battle with the Centaurs.”

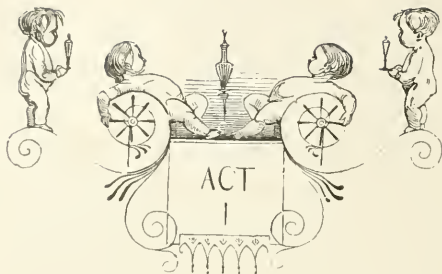
THE DURATION OF THE ACTION.—The action of the drama is all included in a single day, beginning with the “morning story” of Ægeon and ending in the afternoon soon after “the dial points at five” (v. I. 118). Its progress is marked by many little references to the time of day which it is unnecessary to point out here.

* Gibbon, chap. x.

† Chandler.

‡ See Sidney’s *Defence of Poesy*. “What child is there that, coming to a play, and seeing Thebes written in great letters upon an old door, doth believe that it is Thebes?” This rude device was probably employed in the representation of the *Thebuis* of Seneca translated by Newton, 1581.





SCENE I.—I. *Solinus*. The spelling of the name in the 1st folio; altered in the second, probably by an accident, to "*Salinus*." The name occurs nowhere else in the play.

We may remark here that the folios have indifferently *Antipholus* and *Antipholis*; but that the former is the correct form is shown by the rhyme in iii. 2. 2, 4. It is, of course, a corruption of the old *Antiphilus*. In the stage-directions of the folios the brothers are called *Antipholus Erotus* and *Antipholus Sereptus*. The surnames are doubtless errors for *Erraus* (or *Erraticus*) and *Surreptus*, the latter being evidently derived from the *Menæchmus Surreptus* of Plautus, a character well known in the time of S. The Camb. ed. quotes Brian Melbancke's *Philotimus*, 1582. "Thou art like Menechmus Subreptus his wife," etc.

4. *I am not partial to infringe*, etc. I have not the partiality, or leaning to one side, that would lead me to infringe, etc.

8. *Guilders*. Dutch coin, here put for money in general. S. uses the word only here and in iv. 1. 4 below.

9. *Bloods*. The plural used, as often, because more than one person is referred to. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 206, note on *Sights*.

11. *Mortal*. Deadly; as often. See *Mach.* p. 171.

13. *Synods*. In every other instance of the word in S. it is applied to an assembly of the gods. See *A. V. L.* p. 173.

K. remarks here: "The offence which Ægeon had committed, and the penalty which he had incurred, are pointed out with a minuteness by which the poet doubtless intended to convey his sense of the gross injustice of such enactments. In *The Taming of the Shrew*, written most probably about the same period as *The Comedy of Errors*, the jealousies of commercial states, exhibiting themselves in violent decrees and impracticable regulations, are also depicted by the same powerful hand:

' *Tranio*. What countryman, I pray?

Pedant.

Of Mantua.

Tranio. Of Mantua, sir?—marry. God forbid!

And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Pedant. My life, sir? how. I pray? for that goes hard.

Tranio. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua; know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly.'

At the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth, the just principles of foreign commerce were asserted in a very remarkable manner in the preamble to a statute (1 Eliz. c. 13): 'Other foreign princes, finding themselves aggrieved with the said several acts'—(statutes prohibiting the export or import of merchandise by English subjects in any but English ships)—'as thinking that the same were made to the hurt and prejudice of their country and navy, have made like penal laws against such as should ship out of their countries in any other vessels than of their several countries and dominions; by reason whereof there hath not only grown great displeasure between the foreign princes and the kings of this realm, but also the merchants have been sore grieved and endangered.' The inevitable consequences of commercial jealousies between rival states—the retaliations that invariably attend these 'narrow and malignant politics,' as Hume forcibly expresses it—are here clearly set forth. But in five or six years afterwards we had acts 'for setting her Majesty's people on work,' forbidding the importation of foreign wares ready wrought, 'to the intent that her Highness's subjects might be employed in making thereof.' These laws were directed against the productions of the Netherlands; and they were immediately followed by counter-proclamations, forbidding the carrying into England of any matter or thing out of which the same wares might be made; and prohibiting the importation in the Low Countries of all English manufactures, under pain of confiscation. Under these laws, the English merchants were driven from town to town—from Antwerp to Embden, from Embden to Hamburg; their ships seized, their goods confiscated. Retaliation, of course, followed, with all the complicated injuries of violence begetting violence. The instinctive wisdom of our poet must have seen the folly and wickedness of such proceedings; and we believe that these passages are intended to mark his sense of them. The same brute force, which would confiscate the goods and burn the ships of the merchant, would put the merchant himself to death, under another state of society. He has stigmatized the principle of commercial jealousy by carrying out its consequences under an unconstrained despotism."

14. *Syracusians.* The folios all have "Siracusians" or "Syracusians;" and Boswell says the form "has the sanction of Bentley, in his *Dissertation on Phalaris*." Pope changed it to "Syracusans."

17. *At Syracusian*, etc. The folios have "any" before *Syracusian*; probably an accidental repetition of the word. Pope was the first to omit it. The Camb. ed. follows Malone in retaining it, making *Nay more* a separate line, and joining *be seen* to the next.

20. *Confiscate.* Confiscated. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 332, *Cymb.* v. 5. 323, etc. In 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 6. 55, the 1st folio has "confiscate," the later folios "confiscated." See also i. 2. 2 below. S. accents the word on either the first or second syllable, as suits the measure.

For *dispose* = disposal, cf. *K. John*, i. 1. 263: "Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose;" and see our ed. p. 138. For another sense (disposition, temper), see *Oth.* p. 170.

22. *Quit*. Remit, release from; as in *M. of V.* iv. 1. 381: "To quit the fine for one half of his goods," etc.

To ransom. The later folios omit *to*.

32. *Speak my griefs unspeakable*. Perhaps a reminiscence of Virgil, *Æn.* ii. 3: "Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem."

34. *By nature*, etc. "Not by any criminal act, but by *natural affection*, which prompted me to seek my son at Ephesus" (Malone). Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 76: "Expell'd remorse and nature;" *Ham.* i. 5. 81: "If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not," etc. The Coll. MS. has "fortune" for *nature*.

38. *And by me too*. The reading of 2d folio; the 1st omits *too*. Abbott (Gr. 480) makes *our* a dissyllable.

41. *Epidamnium*. The folios have "Epidamium;" corrected by Pope. *Epidamnium* is found in the English translation of the *Menæchmi*, 1595.

42. *The great care*. For *the* the folios have "he;" corrected by Theo. The later folios read: "And he great store of goods at random leaving."

43. *Embracements*. Used by S. oftener than *embraces*. Cf. *W. T.* p. 209, or *T. of S.* p. 128.

44. *My absence was not six months old*. Cf. ii. 2. 147 below: "In Ephesus I am but two hours old." See also *Ham.* iv. 6. 15.

52. *As could not*. That they could not. Gr. 280.

By names. That is, by surnames, which were dropped when the brothers became separated. Clarke suggests that the twins at first had different names, and that afterwards one of each pair, in remembrance of his brother, took his name. Cf. 128 below.

54. *Meaner*. The 1st folio has "meane," the 2d "poor meane." Most modern eds. read "poor mean," but the *poor* two lines below is against the insertion of the adjective here. *Meaner* was suggested by Walker, and is adopted by Delius, D., the Camb. ed., H., and others.

56. *For*. For that, because; as often. Gr. 151.

60. *Alas too soon*. Pope and Capell, followed by some editors, join these words to *agreed*.

64. *Instance*. Sign, indication. Cf. *R. of L.* 1511: "That blushing red no guilty instance gave;" that is, no sign of guilt. See also *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 70.

70. *Weepings*. The reading of the 1st folio, changed in the 2d to "weeping."

72. *Plainings*. Complaining, wailing. Cf. *R. of L.* 559:

"but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining."

See also *Rich. II.* p. 164.

77. *Sinking-ripe*. Ripe for sinking, about to sink. Cf. "weeping-ripe" in *L. L.* v. 2. 274 and 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 172.

78. *The latter-born*. Changed by Rowe to "the elder-born," on account

of 124 below. Clarke explains the text thus: "It seems, though the mother, 'more careful for the latter-born, had fastened him' to the mast, yet that she had herself become fastened to the other end where her elder twin-son was secured." The somewhat confused description, it is suggested, may have been intended "to give the effect of the confusion of the wreck." We suspect, however, that the poet, like Little Buttercup, "got those babies mixed." Mr. Crosby suggests that we should perhaps read "later-born," and that this may mean "*later back* in time," or elder. He compares *Cymb.* v. 1. 14: "To second ill with ill, each elder worse," where *elder*=later. If this emendation and explanation are not accepted, we must suppose, he thinks, "that the children became exchanged in the confusion during the breaking-up of the ship."

84. *On whom*, etc. "In relative sentences the preposition is often not repeated" (Gr. 394). Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 466: "To die upon the bed my father died," etc.

85. *Either end the mast*. For the omission of the preposition here, see Gr. 202.

87. *Towards*. Usually monosyllabic in S., but sometimes dissyllabic, as here. In the latter case, the accent is variable. Gr. 492. Rowe changed *Was* to "Were."

92. *Amain*. With *main* or force (as in "might and main"), vigorously, swiftly. Cf. *V. and A.* 5: "Venus makes amain unto him;" *Temp.* iv. 1. 74: "her peacocks fly amain," etc.

102. *Upon*. The 1st folio has "vp," to which the later folios add *upon*. Pope was the first to read *borne upon*.

103. *Splitted*. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 411: "Even as a splitted bark." See also *A. and C.* v. 1. 24 and v. 1. 308 below. Elsewhere (as in *Temp.* v. 1. 223) the participle is *split*. Rowe changed *helpful* to "helpless."

114. *Healthful*. Salutary, advantageous. The later folios have "helpful." For *shipwrack'd*, see on v. i. 49 below.

122. *Dilate*. Relate, narrate. Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 153: "That I would all my pilgrimage dilate."

123. *Befallen*. Not elsewhere followed by *of* in S. We find it with *to* in *M. for M.* iii. 1. 227 and 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 33.

124. *My youngest boy*, etc. See on 78 above.

126. *Importun'd*. Accented on the second syllable, as regularly in S. Cf. *Ham.* p. 190. See also iv. 1. 2, 53 below.

127. *For*. The reading of the 2d folio; the 1st has "so," which some retain.

128. *Reft*. Cf. 115 above. For the present *reave*, see *A. W.* p. 178. For the ellipsis of the nominative in *but retain'd*, see Gr. 399.

129. *In the quest*. Pope omitted *the*. Cf. i. 2. 40 below.

130. *Of*. Out of, from. Gr. 168. The Coll. MS. reads "he labour'd of all."

133. *Clean*. Quite, entirely. Cf. *Sonn.* 75. 10: "Clean starv'd;" 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 110: "not clean past your youth," etc. See also *Josh.* iii. 17, *Ps.* lxxvii. 8, *Isa.* xxiv. 19, etc.

138. *Timely*. Early, speedy. Cf. *Mach.* iii. 3. 7: "To gain the timely inn;" and see our ed. p. 213. S. uses the adjective only twice.

144. *Disannul*. Annul; as in 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 81: "Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt." See also *Job*, xl. 8, *Gal.* iii. 15, 17, and *Heb.* vii. 18. The prefix is not negative, but intensive, as in *dissever*.

146. *The death*. Death by judicial sentence; as often. Cf. *M. A. D.* i. 1. 65, *Rich. II.* iii. 1. 29, 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 5. 14, etc.

150. *Therefore, merchant*, etc. A lame line, unless we accent *merchant* on the last syllable, which Abbott (Gr. 453) thinks doubtful. It does not help it much to accent *therefore*, as he suggests. The trochee is always awkward as the second foot of a line.

151. *To seek thy help by beneficial help*. Pope changed the first *help* to "life," and H. adopts the emendation. But to *seek a person's life* meant then, as now, to seek to destroy it. Cf. *M. for M.* i. 4. 72: "Doth he so seek his life?" See also *M. of V.* iii. 3. 21, iv. 1. 351, *Lear*, iii. 4. 172, *Per.* iv. 1. 90, etc. Steevens conjectures "means" for the second *help*. Coll. reads "seek thy hope," and Sr. "seek thy fine." The repetition is quite in Shakespeare's manner, and the meaning is, "I'll give you the extent of this day to seek for aid by charitable assistance" (Clarke). Dr. Ingleby (*Shakes. Hermeneutics*, p. 26) remarks that a better example than this cannot be found of Shakespeare's "custom of using a word in different senses twice in one line." Brae has suggested "hele" (heal) for *help*, but the latter is often equivalent to the former. See *Lear*, p. 240, note on *Helps*.

154. *If no*. The reading of all the early eds., changed by Rowe to "if not;" but the use of *no* is not unlike that in *Temp.* i. 2. 427: "If you be maid or no," etc.

156. *Gaoler, take*. Hanmer inserted "now" before *take*, and Capell gave "So, jailer."

158. *Lifeless*. Spelt "liveless" in the early eds., as elsewhere. Schmidt suggests that *lifeless end* is "perhaps not the end brought on by death, but the end of his lifeless state, the end of his deathlike life." *Procrastinate* occurs nowhere else in S.

SCENE II.—2. *Lest that*. For *that* as a "conjunctive affix," see Gr. 287.

4. *Arrival*. The 1st folio reads "a riuall."

7. *The weary sun*. Steevens compares *K. John*, v. 4. 35: "Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun;" and *Rich. III.* v. 3. 19: "The weary sun hath made a golden set."

9. *Host*. Lodge; as in *A. W.* iii. 5. 97:

"Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host."

S. uses the verb only twice.

13. *Peruse the traders*. "In other words, look into the shop-windows (Clarke). Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 94:

"And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd wi'hal"

See also *Ham.* p. 257.

18. *Mean*. For the singular, cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 89:

“Yet nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean;”

and see also *R. and J.* p. 189.

19. *Villain*. Vassal, slave. *Ægeon* had *bought* the *Dromios* (see i. 1. 56 above). Cf. *Lear*, p. 232. Malone cites *R. of L.* 1338: “The homely villain curtsies to her low;” where a Roman slave is referred to.

26. *Soon at five o'clock*. Sometimes pointed “soon, at;” but it is now before “dinner-time” (see 11 above), which was at noon in the time of *S.* *Soon at five o'clock* is explained by Malone as “*nearly* at five o'clock; either a little before or *soon* after that hour.” Cf. iii. 2. 171 below, and see also 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 204, note on *Soon at night*.

28. *Consort you*. Keep you company. Malone wanted to read “consort with you” (cf. *R. and J.* iii. 1. 48), but in the same scene of *R. and J.* (135) we find “that didst consort him here.” See also *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 178: “Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!” and *J. C.* v. 1. 83: “Who to Philippi here consorted us.”

30. *Myself*. The later folios misprint “my life.”

37. *Find his fellow forth*. That is, find him *out*, as we now say. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 143: “To find the other forth.” So *forth of*=out of (as in *Temp.* v. 1. 160), *from forth*=from out (as in *K. John*, iv. 2. 148), etc.

38. *Confounds himself*. Is lost. Cf. ii. 2. 124 fol. below. *Confound* is often=destroy, ruin (see *Mach.* p. 189), and some see that sense here. *St.* reads “Unseen inquisitive!” making *inquisitive*=inquisitor.

40. *Unhappy*. The 1st folio has “(vnhappie a),” and the Camb. editors conjecture “unhappier.”

41. *The almanac of my true date*. “Because they were both born in the same hour” (Malone).

42. *How chance*. Cf. *M. A. D.* i. 1. 129: “How chance the roses there do fade so fast?” 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 20: “How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?” etc.

45. *Strucken*. *S.* uses for the participle *struck* (or *strook*), *strucken* (or *stroken*), and *stricken*. See Gr. 344.

49. *Stomach*. Appetite. Cf. the play upon the word in *M. of V.* iii. 5. 92; and see also *T. of S.* p. 157.

50. *Having broke*. *S.* uses *broke* and *broken* interchangeably. See Gr. 343.

52. *Are penitent*. That is, are doing penance. Cf. the noun in *A. W.* iii. 5. 97: “enjoin'd penitents.”

63. *In post*. That is, post-haste. Cf. *R. and J.* v. 3. 273: “And then in post he came from Mantua,” etc. In *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 296, the 1st and 2d folios have “in post,” the 3d and 4th “in haste.” We find “in all post” in *Rich. III.* iii. 5. 73, and “all in post” in *R. of L.* i.

64. *I shall be post indeed*. That is, like a post in a shop, on which accounts were *scored*, or marked with chalk or notches. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 31: “here 's no scoring but upon the pate.” Halliwell quotes *The Letting of Humors Blood*, etc., 1611:

“He scornes to walke in Paules without his bootes.
And scores his diet on the viilers post;”

and *Lord Cromwell*: "Would thou would'st pay me: a good four pound is it; I hav't o' the post at home."

66. *Clock*. The folios have "cooke" or "cook;" corrected by Pope. Halliwell cites Overbury, *Characters*: "onely the clocke of his stomacke is set to goe an houre after his" [that is, his master's]; *The Wandering Jew*, etc.: "but, sir, the clocke of my belly bids me tell you 't is noone;" and *The Passenger of Benvenuto*: "the clocke of my stomacke strikes inwardly, and importunately craves his due."

73. *Dispos'd*. Disposed of. Cf. *T. A.* iv. 2. 173: "There to dispose this treasure," etc.

75. *The Phoenix*. Private houses, as well as inns, often had distinctive names. See *Oth.* p. 158, note on *Sagittary*.

76. *Stays*. Changed by Rowe to "stay;" but this use of the singular verb with two singular nouns as subject occurs in passages where no misprint can be suspected. Cf. *Cymb.* ii. 4. 57: "my hand And ring is yours," etc. Gr. 336. See also ii. 2. 204 below.

78. *Bestow'd*. Stowed, deposited; as in *Temp.* v. 1. 299: "Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it," etc.

79. *Sconce*. For the contemptuous use of the word (=head), cf. ii. 2. 34. 35 below. See also *Cor.* iii. 2. 99 and *Ham.* v. 1. 110.

82. *Marks*. The play upon the word is obvious.

86. *Will*. The Coll. MS. has "would;" but cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 134:

"that if the king
Should without issue die, he'll carry it so
To make the sceptre his."

See also *Cor.* p. 212, note on *Thou't*.

89. *Fast*. There is an obvious play on "fasting and prayer."

92. *Forbid*. Used by S. oftener than *forbidden*. See on 50 above.

96. *O'er-raught*. Overreached, cheated. All the folios have "ore-wrought;" corrected by Hanmer. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 17:

"Madam, it so fell out that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way."

See also Spenser, *F. Q.* vi. 3. 50:

"Having by chance a close advantage vew'd,
He over raught him," etc.

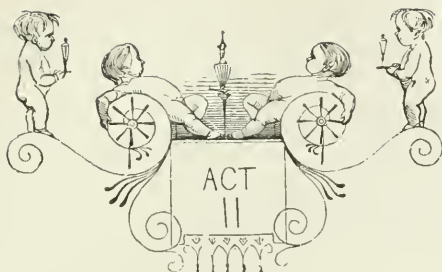
97. *This town is full of cozenage*. This, as Warb. notes, was the ancient reputation of Ephesus. See p. 104 above.

99. *Dark-working*. Working in the night. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 18:

"wizards know their times;
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night," etc.

It may mean working in secret, or by infernal agencies. Warb. changed it to "drug-working," and *soul-killing* to "soul-selling." Johnson conjectured that *Dark-working* and *Soul-killing* should be transposed.

102. *Liberties of sin*. "Sinful liberties" (Malone). Hanmer changed *liberties* to "libertines."



SCENE I.—II. *O' door*. “Adore” in the first three folios, “adour” in the 4th.

12. *Ill*. The reading of the 2d folio, and obviously required by the rhyme. The 1st folio misprints “thus.”

15. *Lash'd*. Scourged; with perhaps, as Clarke thinks, a quibbling reference to the other sense (fastened, bound). “A learned lady,” according to Steevens, conjectured “leash'd,” that is, “coupled like a headstrong hound.”

16. *Situate*. Cf. *confiscate* in i. 1. 20 above.

17. *His*. Its; as very often. Cf. 110 below, and see Gr. 217, 228.

20. *Men . . . masters*. The folios have “Man” and “master,” and “Lord” in the next line; corrected by Hanmer.

26. *To keep*. For the *to* after *make*, see Gr. 349, 350.

30. *Some other where*. That is, in some other direction, or after some other woman. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 2. 60: “The king has sent me other where;” and *R. and J.* i. 1. 204: “he's some other where.” See also 104 below. H. adopts Johnson's conjecture of “other hare,” and compares *A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 18: “Her love is not the hare that I do hunt;” bnt, as the Camb. editors note, the old text seems to be confirmed by iii. 2. 7 below: “Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth.” However that may be, there is no reason for any change. Clarke remarks that “*other where* gives the effect of ‘other woman,’ as in the next line *home* gives the effect of ‘his own wife.’”

32. *Pause*. “To *pause* is to rest, to be in quiet” (Johnson). Dodd paraphrases the passage thus: “No wonder, says he, patience, unaffected by any calamity, untouched by any grief, can pause for consideration, can have leisure to recollect herself, and in imagination exert her virtues.”

33. *No other cause*. “No cause to be otherwise” (Mason).

34. *A wretched soul*, etc. Donce compares *Much Ado*, v. 1. 20:

“for, brother, men
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; . . .
. . . 't is all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow.”

39. *Helpless*. Affording no help, unavailing; the most common sense in *S.* Cf. *V. and A.* 604: "As those poor birds that helpless berries saw" (that is, painted berries); *R. of L.* 1027: "This helpless smoke of words doth me no right;" *Id.* 1056: "Poor helpless help;" and *Rich. III.* i. 2. 13: "the helpless balm of my poor eyes." The only other instances of the word are i. 1. 157 above and *R. of L.* 756.

41. *Fool-begg'd*. Probably = foolishly begged or demanded. Johnson says: "She seems to mean that *patience* which is so near to *idiotical simplicity* that your next relation would take advantage from it to represent you as a *fool*, and *beg* the guardianship of your fortune." This seems desperately far-fetched, but *H.* and some others endorse it. Clarke paraphrases the passage thus: "This *patience* so foolishly begged that I will practise, will by you be left unpractised."

49. *Beshrew*. A mild form of imprecation. See *M. N. D.* p. 152.

Understand it. For the play upon the word (= *stand under*), Steevens compares *T. G. of V.* ii. 5. 28: "My staff understands me" (cf. the context). He might have added *T. N.* iii. 1. 89: "My legs better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs."

53. *Doubtfully*. Capell remarks: "Some readers may not be aware that *doubtfully* squints at,—redoubtably, manfully;" and Clarke says: "Dromio uses this word punningly in reference to two that it sounds something like—*doughtily* and *redoubtably*; meaning valorously, formidably;" but this seems to us rather doubtful.

57. *Horn-mad*. "Mad like a wicked bull; mostly used with a reference to cuckoldom" (Schmidt). Cf. *M. W.* i. 4. 51, iii. 5. 155, and *Much Ado*, i. 1. 272.

64. *Home*. Omitted in the folios; supplied by Hanmer.

73. *Bare*. Some follow Steevens in reading "bear."

82. *So round with you*. "He plays upon the word *round*, which signified *spherical* applied to himself, and *unrestrained*, or *free in speech or action*, spoken of his mistress" (Johnson). For *round* = plain-spoken, cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 191: "let her be round with him" (see *Id.* iii. 4. 5); *Oth.* i. 3. 90: "a round, unvarnish'd tale," etc.

85. *Case me in leather*. "Still alluding to a foot-ball" (Steevens).

87. *Minions*. Favourites; here used with a touch of contempt. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 98: "Mars's hot minion;" and see our ed. p. 136, or *Macb.* p. 153.

88. *Starve for a merry look*. Malone quotes *Sonn.* 47. 3: "When that mine eye is famish'd for a look;" and *Sonn.* 75. 10: "And by and by clean starved for a look."

89. *Took*. The participle in *S.* is *took*, *taken*, or *ta'en*. Cf. i. 1. 110 above and iii. 2. 164 below.

98. *Defeatures*. Disfigurement. Cf. v. 1. 300 below. See also *V. and A.* 736:

"To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature."

For *fair* = fairness, beauty, cf. *V. and A.* 1083: "Having no fair to lose;" *Id.* 1086: "to rob him of his fair," etc. See also *M. A. D.* p. 130, note on *Your fair*.

100. *Deer*. There is a play on *deer* and *dear*; as in *V. and A.* 231, *M. W.* v. 5. 18, 123, *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 115, *T. of S.* v. 2. 56, 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 107, *Mach.* iv. 3. 206, etc. Johnson quotes Waller's poem *On a Lady's Girdle*:

"This was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale that held my lovely deer."

101. *Stale*. This also is played upon, "as carrying out the metaphor of the pursuit of game by a *stale*, or pretence, and as referring to that which has become *stale*, flavourless, unpalatable" (Clarke). For *stale*=decoy, bait, cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 187: "For stale to catch these thieves." See also *T. of S.* p. 149. In the present passage, the reference may be to the *stalking-horse* (see *A. Y. L.* p. 199), behind which the sportsman approached his game. *Stale* is used in this sense by Greene and B. J. Schmidt makes the word here=dupe, laughing-stock; for which cf. *T. of S.* p. 134. It has that sense in the old translation of the *Menæchmi*: "He makes me a stale and a laughing-stock."

103. *Can with such wrongs dispense*. That is, can excuse or put up with them. H. says that "*dispense* seems to be used rather oddly, not to say loosely, here—in the sense of *put up with*;" but *dispense with* is often used as here in S. and other writers of the time. Cf. *R. of L.* 1070: "And with my trespass never will dispense;" *Id.* 1279: "Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;" *Id.* 1704: "May my pure mind with the foul act dispense?" *Sonn.* 112. 12: "Mark how with my neglect I do dispense;" and *M. for M.* iii. 1. 135:

"What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue."

See also Wb., where one of the definitions of *dispense with* is "to allow, to put up with," and the following is quoted from Milton: "conniving and dispensing with open and common adultery."

104. *Other where*. See on 30 above.

105. *Lets*. Hinders; as in *Ham.* i. 4. 85: "By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!" See our ed. p. 195.

107. *Alone, alone*. The reading of the 2d folio; the 1st has "alone, a loue." Hanmer gave "alone, alas!" and Capell conjectured "alone, O love." For the repetition, cf. *R. of L.* 795: "But I alone, alone, must sit and pine;" *K. John*, iii. 1. 170: "Yet I alone, alone, do me oppose," etc.

109. *Jewel*. "Any personal ornament of gold or precious stones" (Schmidt); a piece of jewelry. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 4. 228: "Here, wear this jewel for me, 't is my picture." In *M. of V.* v. 1. 224, it is=a ring; in *Cymb.* ii. 3. 146, a bracelet, etc. The word was sometimes applied to mere curiosities, that would not be included in any list of jewelry nowadays. Thus we read in *Purchas his Pilgrimes*, 1625 (quoted by Halliwell): "They found a great dead fish, round like a porcpis, twelve feet long. . . . It was reserved as a jewell by the Queenes commandement, in her Wardrobe of Robes, and is still at Windsore to be seene."

110. *His*. Its; as in 17 above.

And though gold, etc. The passage is evidently corrupt in the folio where it reads thus:

"yet the gold bides still
That others touch, and often touching will,
Where gold and no man that hath a name
By falshood and corruption doth it shame:"

And though (or "and tho'," as he printed it) is Hanmer's reading. Theo. transposed *yet* to the next line, and changed "Where" to *Wear* (as Warb. had proposed to do); and Heath suggested *and so a man*. This combination of slight emendations, as adopted by Clarke and others, makes the passage intelligible, though we are by no means certain that it restores it to its original form. Of other proposed changes, the only one that is worth noting is Singer's "The triers'" for *That others*. It is plausible enough in itself, but not absolutely necessary. "The tester's" has also been suggested. W. reads, with Collier, "yet though" and "an often touching," leaving the rest unchanged, except the obvious correction of *Wear* for "Where." H. reads as in the text, except that he has "the triers' touch."

Warb. paraphrases the passage thus: "Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often *touching* will wear even gold: just so the greatest character, though as pure as gold itself, may in time be injured by the repeated attacks of falsehood and corruption." For the allusion to the *touchstone* as a means of testing the purity of gold, cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 100:

"You have beguill'd me with a counterfeit
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,
Proves valueless;"

and *Rich. III.* iv. 2. 8:

"Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed!"

See also 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 193, note on *Must bide the touch*.

114. *Since that*. See on i. 2. 2 above.

116. *Fond*. Doting. When the word does not mean simply foolish. It often blends that meaning with the other. See *M. A. D.* p. 163. For *fondly*=foolishly, see iv. 2. 57 below.

SCENE II.—3. *Is wander'd*. Has wandered. See Gr. 295.

4. *By computation*, etc. The Camb. ed. follows the folio in joining this line to what precedes. The editors generally adopt Rowe's pointing, as in the text.

9. *You know no Centaur?* "Dromio of Ephesus did not say that he knew no Centaur: the question was not put to him by Antipholus of Syracuse" (Coll.).

15. *Did not see you since*. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 7. 58: "I was not angry since I came to France," etc. Gr. 132, 347.

24. *Earnest*. A play upon the word as applied to a partial payment made to bind a bargain. We have the same quibble in *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 163:

"*Speed*. No believing you, indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest?
Valentine. She gave me none, except an angry word."

See also *W. T.* p. 204.

26. *Because that.* See on i. 2. 2 above.

28. *Jest upon.* Trifle with. The reading of the early eds., needlessly changed by D. (followed by H.) to "jet upon." For the latter, cf. *T. A.* ii. 1. 64, and see also *Rich. III.* p. 205, note on *Jut.* For *jest upon*, cf. *T. N.* iii. 1. 69: "He must observe their moods on whom he jests;" and *T. of S.* iv. 5. 72:

"or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?"

29. *Make a common of my serious hours.* "That is, intrude on them when you please. The allusion is to those tracts of ground destined to common use, which are called *commons*" (Steevens). Hammer changed *common* to "comedy."

32. *Know my aspect.* "Study my countenance" (Steevens); note whether I seem in the mood for it. *Aspect* is always accented on the last syllable in S. Cf. 110 below. Gr. 490.

34. *In your sconce.* Into your skull. For the preposition, see Gr. 159. In his reply, Dromio plays upon the original meaning of *sconce* (a round fortification).

49. *Rhyme nor reason.* The expression was an old one. Halliwell quotes, among other instances of it, Elyot's *Dictionarie*, 1559: "*Absurdus*, inconvenient, foolysse, agaynst all rime and reason."

61. *Lest it make you choleric.* Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 1. 173, where Petruchio, after throwing away the meat, says:

"I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 't were that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh."

In the *Glass of Humours*, a choleric man is advised "to abstain from all salt, scorched, dry meats, from mustard, and such like things as will aggravate his malignant humours," etc.

62. *Dry basting.* According to J. H., this means "a beating with a stick, or other weapon not designed to shed blood." Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 263: "all dry-beaten with pure scoff;" *R. and J.* iii. 1. 82: "dry-beat the rest of the eight;" and *Id.* iv. 5. 126: "I will dry-beat you with an iron wit." Schmidt defines *dry-beat* as "thrash, cudgel soundly."

73. *By fine and recovery.* A quibbling reference to the old legal process so called. Steevens remarks: "This attempt at pleasantry must have originated from our author's clerkship to an attorney. He has other jokes of the same school." Cf. *M. IV.* iv. 2. 225.

77. *Excrement.* In its etymological sense of *outgrowth*, like *excrecence* from the same Latin verb. See *M. of V.* p. 149, or *Ham.* p. 238. The word is applied to the hair or beard in five out of the six instances in which S. uses it. Fuller, in his *Worthies of England*, speaks of the hair as "the last of our excrements that perish."

81. *More hair than wit.* This expression was proverbial. Malone quotes *Parnassus Biceps*, 1656:

"To be like one who hath more haire than head,
More excrement than body."

Halliwell quotes the *Banquet of Jests*, 1657: "One that was a great practitioner of physiognomie, reading late at night, happened upon a place which said hayrie men for the most part are dull, and a thick long beard betokened a fool. He took down his looking-glasse in one hand, and held the candle in the other, to observe the growth and fashion of his own, holding it so long, till at length by accident he fired it: whereupon he wrote on the margent, *Probatum est*" (that is, it is proved!).

83. *Not a man of those*, etc. "That is, those who have more hair than wit are easily entrapped by loose women, and suffer the consequences of lewdness, one of which, in the first appearance of the disease in Europe, was the loss of hair" (Johnson).

93. *Falsing*. Cf. *Cymb.* ii. 3. 74: "yea, and makes Diana's rangers false themselves;" where Schmidt thinks it may be an adjective. See also Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 2. 30: "his falsed fancy;" *Id.* iii. 1. 47: "her falsed fancy," etc. In the *Shep. Kal.* May, we find *falsen*=liar: "That of such falsers freendship bene fayne." H. adopts Heath's conjecture of "falling."

97. *Trimming*. The folios have "trying," which Pope took to be a misprint of *tyring* or *tiring*. The Coll. MS. has "'tiring." *Trimming* is Rowe's emendation, and is generally adopted.

101. *No time*. The reading of the 2d folio; the 1st has "in no time." Malone conjectured "e'en no time," which is also in the Coll. MS. Mr. Crosby defends the folio reading as the only one in which any quibble or joke is discernible: "Antipholus had said, 'There's a *time* for all things.' This Dromio denies: 'There's *no time* for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.' Antipholus asks him to *prove* this; and Dromio does it 'by fine and recovery.' The bald man 'pays a fine for a periwig,' and so 'recovers' his lost hair *in no time*. He quibbles on *no time* to do a thing and the idiom 'in no time'=in an instant."

108. *Wafts*. Beckons. Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 11:

"In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage;"

where *waft*=*wafted*. See also *T. of A.* i. 1. 70: "Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her." In *Ham.* i. 4. 78 the folio has "wafts," the quarto "waves." In *J. C.* ii. 1. 246 we find *wafture* ("wafter" in the folio)=waving of the hand.

113. *That never words were music*, etc. Malone remarks that this is imitated by Pope in his *Epistle from Sappho to Phaon*:

"My music then you could for ever hear,
And all my words were music to your ear."

117. *To thee*. Omitted by Pope to avoid the Alexandrine. *To carve to* (or for) a person was considered a mark of affection. Halliwell cites Palsgrave, 1530: "Kerve this swanne, whyle I kerve to these ladies;"

Heywood, *Workes*, 1577: "Now carved he to al but her;" and Powell, *Art of Thriving*, 1635: "to be carved unto by Mistris Dorothy."

121. *Incorporate*. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 208:

"As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds
Had been incorporate;"

and see our ed. p. 165. For the form, cf. *consecrate*, *contaminate*, and *adulterate* below. Gr. 342.

124. *Fall*. Transitive; as often. See *J. C.* p. 169, note on *They fall their crests*.

130. *Licentious*. A quadrisyllable; like *contagion* in 143 below.

131. *Consecrate to thee*. Cf. *Sonn.* 74. 6. "The very part was consecrate to thee," etc.

133. *Spurn at*. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 6: "Spurns enviously at straws." We find *spurn against* in *K. John*, iii. 1. 142, and *spurn upon* in *Rich. III.* i. 2. 42.

135. *The stain'd skin*, etc. Cf. *R. of L.* 806:

"Make me not object to the tell-tale day!
The light will show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow."

There is an allusion to the old custom of branding criminals in the forehead. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 118:

"brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother."

137. *Deep-divorcing vow*. The hyphen is not in the early eds., and Schmidt compares "deep vow" in *R. of L.* 1847 and "deep oaths" in *Sonn.* 152. 9, etc. But S. is fond of compounds with *deep*, and this is probably one of them. Cf. *deep-contemplative* (*A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 31), *deep-premeditated* (*1 Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 1), *deep-revolving* (*Rich. III.* iv. 2. 42), *deep-searched* (*L. L. L.* i. 1. 85), *deep-sweet* (*V. and A.* 432), *deep-sworn* (*K. John*, iii. 1. 231), etc.

143. *Strumpeted*. The word occurs again in *Sonn.* 66. 6: "And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted." Steevens quotes Heywood, *Iron Age*, 1632: "By this aduress basely strumpeted."

145. *I live unstain'd*, etc. The folio reads: "I liue distain'd, thou vndishonoured." Theo. printed "dis-stain'd," giving the *dis* "a privative force;" but elsewhere in S. (see *R. of L.* 786, *Rich. III.* v. 3. 322, etc.) *distain*=stain. Heath conjectured "I live distained, thou dishonoured," and W. reads "thou one dishonoured." The real question is whether the line is closely connected with the preceding or not. If it is, we want *unstain'd* and *undishonoured*: Be true to your marriage vows, and we shall both be free from stain. On the other hand, if the line is not directly dependent on the preceding, we should adopt the reading of Heath: Be true to your vows; for now that you are untrue, we both are dishonoured. We have no doubt that the former is the correct interpretation. The other makes the appeal in 144 a rather weak parenthesis, and the following line an equally feeble repetition of what has gone before.

Heath's reading will bear the meaning "I live distained, thou *being* dishonoured," or, as he puts it, "As long as thou continuest to dishonour thyself, I also live distained." The fact, however, that this arrangement of the clauses is more forcible than that in his proposed text, is, to our thinking, proof positive that his text is not Shakespeare's. It is not so bad, however, as "thou *one* dishonoured." Halliwell remarks that "very likely the *n* of *unstain'd* was only half written with one stroke, this mistake often occurring with the *n* and the *u* in MSS. of the period."

147. *Two hours old*. Cf. i. 1. 44 above.

150. *Want*. The folios have "Wants;" corrected by Johnson, perhaps unnecessarily. The Camb. ed. retains the old reading.

156. *This*. The reading of 1st folio, changed in the 2d to "thus."

160. *Compact*. Accented on the last syllable, as regularly in S. except in 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 4. 163. Cf. Gr. 490.

166. *Inspiration*. Metrically five syllables. See on 130 above.

169. *In my mood*. In my anger; as in *T. G. of V.* iv. 1. 51, *A. W.* v. 2. 5, *Oth.* ii. 3. 274, etc.

170. *Exempt*. "Separated, parted. The sense is, If I am doomed to suffer the wrong of separation, yet injure not with contempt me who am already injured" (Johnson). "Adriana means to say, Add not another wrong to that which I suffer already; do not both desert and despise me" (Malone). In the old play of *King John*, 1591, we find "Goe, cursed tooles, your office is exempt" (that is, taken away); and Coll. quotes Greene, *Maiden's Dream*:

"I saw a silent spring, rail'd in with jeat,
From sunnie shade or murmur quite exempt."

171. *Wrong not that wrong*. Cf. *R. of L.* 943: "To wrong the wronger till he render right." For the use of *more*, cf. *V. and A.* 78: "with a more delight;" *K. John*, ii. 1. 34: "a more requital to your love," etc.

173. *Thou art an elm*, etc. Suggested by the ancient practice of training the vine on the elm, so often alluded to by the classic writers. Cf. Virgil, *Ecl.* ii. 70: "Semiputata tibi frondosa vitis in ulmo est;" and see also *Geor.* i. 2 and ii. 221. For the figure, cf. Catullus, 62. 54: "(vitis) conjuncta ulmo marito;" Columella, 11. 2. 79: "ulmi vitibus marituntur," etc. Malone quotes Milton, *P. L.* v. 215:

"or they led the vine
To wed her elm; she, spous'd, about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves."

174. *Stronger*. The reading of the 4th folio; misprinted "stranger" in the earlier folios.

176. *If aught possess thee from me*. That is, so as to deprive me of thee, or to dispossess me.

177. *Idle*. "That produces no fruit" (Steevens). Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 140: "de-erts idle" (that is, barren). See also *Lear*, p. 240; and cf. *idleness* in *Hen. V.* v. 2. 51 and *Oth.* i. 3. 328.

179. *Confusion*. Ruin; as often. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 149: "So quick

bright things come to confusion ;" and see our ed. p. 129. Cf. the use of *confound* = ruin (see on i. 2. 38 above).

180. *Moves*. Addresses, appeals to. Cf. *A. W.* i. 2. 6 :

"the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid."

See also *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 140, *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 209, 217, etc. The Coll. MS. (followed by H.) has "means."

183. *Drives*. The Coll. MS. has "draws."

184. *Know this sure uncertainty*. That is, know this to be surely a thing uncertain.

185. *Offer'd*. The folios have "free'd ;" corrected by Capell. Pope reads "favour'd," and the Coll. MS. "proffered."

187. *O for my beads!* etc. "Dromio wishes for his rosary, to tell his beads, or say his prayers by, while he makes the sign of the cross against evil spirits" (Clarke).

189. *We talk*, etc. The line is incomplete, and something has probably been lost. The 2d folio has "elves sprites." Lettsom conjectures "ghosts and goblins," and Rowe reads "elvish sprites," which many editors adopt. W. prints "owles, [elves,] and sprites," making "owles" (the folio spelling) a dissyllable. Theo. changed *owls* to "ouphs ;" but owls have been associated with goblins of the night from the old classical times. Steevens quotes Spenser, *Shep. Kal.* June : "Nor elvish ghosts, nor gastly owles doe flee ;" and *Cornucopiæ*, 1623 :

"Dreading no dangers of the darksome night.
No oules, hobgoblins, ghosts, nor water-spright."

Malone adds from *The London Prodigal*, 1605 : "I am sure cross'd or witch'd with an owl ;" and *A Fig for Fortune*, 1596 : "No bug, no bale, nor horrid owlerie," etc.

193. *Sot*. Dolt, blockhead (the Fr. *sot*) ; as elsewhere in S. See *Temp.* p. 132. So *sottish* = stupid, in *A. and C.* iv. 15. 79. For *drone* the folios have "Dromio ;" corrected by Theo.

198. *'T is to an ass*. As Dowden remarks in his *Primer*, this "looks as if when S. wrote the passage he were already thinking of his fairy-world in *M. N. D.*, of the pranks of Robin Goodfellow, and of Bottom's transformation to an ass."

203. *To put the finger in the eye and weep*. That is, weep in a childish way. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 1. 79 :

"A pretty peat ! it is best
Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why."

See our ed. p. 134.

204. *Laughs*. Changed by Pope to "laugh." See on i. 2. 76 above.

207. *And shrive you*, etc. "That is, I will call you to confession, and make you tell your tricks" (Johnson).

209. *Dines forth*. That is, away from home. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 5. 37 : "I have no mind of feasting forth to-night," etc.

211. *Am I*, etc. Capell marks this speech as "Aside."

212. *Well-advis'd.* That is, in my right mind. Cf. v. 1. 214 below. See also *Rich. III.* p. 192.

214. *Persever.* The only form of the word in S. We find it rhyming with *ever* in *A. W.* iv. 2. 36, 37:

"Say thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, so shall persever."

So *perseverance* is accented on the second syllable; as in *Mach.* iv. 3. 93: "Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness," etc. Gr. 492.



SCENE I.—4. *Carcanet.* Necklace. The word occurs again in *Sonn.* 52. 8: "Or captain jewels in the carcanet." Steevens quotes, among other instances of the word, *Histrionastix*, 1610:

"Nay, I'll be matchless for a carkanet,
Whose pearls and diamonds plac'd with ruby rocks
Shall circle this fair neck to set it forth."

Cotgrave, in his *Fr. Dict.*, defines *carcan* as "a carkanet or collar of gold, &c. worne about the neck;" and Coles, in his *Latin Dict.*, renders *carcanet* by *monile*. Elsewhere in the play, as in 114 below, it is called a "chain."

8. *Charg'd him with.* Gave him in charge.

15. *Doth.* Theo. thought it necessary to change this to "don't." "It appears," he says, "Dromio is an ass by his making no resistance; because an ass, being kicked, kicks again." Johnson replies to this: "He first says that his *wrongs* and *blows* prove him an *ass*; but immediately, with a correction of his former sentiment, he observes that, if he had been an *ass*, he should, when he was *kicked*, have *kicked* again."

28. *Cates.* Dainties. Cf. the play upon the word in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 190: "For dainties are all Kates."

31. *Ginn.* The spelling of the folios, changed by Malone to "Jen'," by Coll. to "Gin'," and by D. to "Jin." It is commonly explained as a

contraction of *Jenny*; but, according to Halliwell, it is = *Joun*. Pope omits it. *Gillian* is given in Coles's *Dict.* as = *Juliana*.

32. *Mome*. Buffoon; from *Momus*. Halliwell cites Florio: "*Caparone*, a gull, a minnie, a mome, a sot;" Day, *Blind Beggar of Bednal Green*, 1659: "momes and hoydons, that know not chalk from cheese;" and *Mad Pranks of Tom Trum*: "Old foolish doating moam." For *malt-horse* as a term of reproach, cf. *T. of S.* iv. i. 132: "you whoreson malt-horse drudge!" See also *1 Hen. IV.* p. 182, note on *A brewer's horse*. For *capon*, cf. *Much Ado*, v. i. 156, and see our ed. p. 165. *Patch* = fool; as in *M. of V.* ii. 5. 46 (see our ed. p. 142), *Temp.* iii. 2. 71, *Macb.* v. 3. 15, etc.

33. *Hatch*. A half-door; that is, a door of which the upper half can be opened while the lower half remains shut. See *K. John*, p. 136.

42. *Owe*. Own; as very often. See *Rich. II.* p. 204.

45. *Mick'le*. Much; as in *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 70, *R. and J.* ii. 3. 15, etc.

47. *An ass*. That is, the name of an ass. Cf. 15 above. The Coll. MS. reads "a face," which W. and H. adopt, though Coll. does not.

48. *Coil*. *Ado*. "fuss." Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 5. 67: "Here 's such a coil!" See *Much Ado*, p. 146, or *M. N. D.* p. 168.

52. *When? can you tell?* "A proverbial inquiry indicating a jeer at the improbability that the person addressed will get what he asks" (Clarke). See *1 Hen. IV.* p. 157, note on *Ay, when? canst tell?*

53. *If thy name be called Luce*. As the word *luce* meant a pike (cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 22: "The luce is the fresh fish," etc.), it has been suggested that there is a play upon *pike*, a spear, implying that she has given him a good thrust.

54. *I hope*. Malone suggests that a line rhyming with this has been lost, and that the rhyming word was *rope*, with which he threatens her. This conjecture is favoured by the fact that he afterwards sends Dromio to buy a rope's-end to use upon his "wife and her confederates." Theo. changed *hope* to "trow," for the sake of the rhyme; but, as Malone remarks, the words were not likely to be confounded by either a transcriber or a compositor. Halliwell remarks that "the occurrence of a line without its corresponding rhyme, in comical doggerel dialogues of this description, is not without precedent." Mr. Crosby suggests "know" for *hope*, and sees a quibble on the word in Dromio's "And you said *no*." If a change is to be made, "know" is better than "trow."

67. *Part*. Depart; as in *T. N.* v. 1. 394: "We will not part from hence," etc. See *M. of V.* p. 145. Warb. reads "have part."

71. *Your cake*. The folios read "Your cake here;" corrected by Capell. Perhaps, as Clarke suggests, there is here a quibbling allusion to the proverb "Your cake is dough," for which see *T. of S.* p. 135.

Ache is spelt "ake" in the folio, as it was pronounced when a *verb*. The noun was pronounced *aitch*. See *Temp.* p. 119, or *Much Ado*, p. 150.

72. *To be so bought and sold*. "The meaning of this proverbial sentence is, that the person to whom it is applied is deluded and overreached by foul and secret practices" (Malone). See also *K. John*, p. 176. Halliwell cites Bacon, *Henry VII.*: "All the newes ran upon the Duke of

Yorke, that he had been entertained in Ireland, bought and sold in France."

86. *Draw within the compass of suspect*. That is, bring into suspicion. S. uses *suspect* as a noun some dozen times. See *Rich. III.* p. 188.

88. *Once this*. "So much is certain" (Schmidt); "once for all" (Steevens). Cf. *Cor.* p. 231 (note on *Once*); and *Much Ado*, p. 125 (on '*T is once*').

92. *Made*. Changed by Pope to "barr'd;" but *to make the doors* is elsewhere = to fasten them. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iv. i. 162: "Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement;" and see our ed. p. 187. *Patience* in the next line is a trisyllable.

98. *Passage*. "Going to and fro of people" (Schmidt). Cf. *Oth.* v. i. 37: "What, ho! no watch? no passage?"

99. *Vulgar*. Public, general.

100. *Supposed*. "Founded on supposition, made by conjecture" (Johnson).

101. *Ungalled*. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 283:

"Why let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play."

104. *Succession*. A quadrisyllable. See on ii. 2. 130 above. The folios have *hous'd* in the next line, making *possession* also a quadrisyllable, for the sake of the rhyme. Steevens printed "*hous'd where 't,*" but *where* it is metrically the same as *where't*. The modern editors generally print "*housed,*" which spoils the rhyme. With that reading it would be better to adopt Capell's conjecture of "upon its own succession." The 2d folio has "*hous'd where it once gets,*" etc.

107. *Mirth*. Changed by Theo. to "wrath." Warb. explains the passage thus: "I will be merry even out of spite to mirth, which is now of all things the most displeasing to me." Heath says: "Though mirth hath withdrawn herself from me, and seems determined to avoid me, yet, in despite of her, and whether she will or not, I mean to be merry." Schmidt's explanation is: "I will defy mirth itself to keep pace with me; I will outjest mirth itself." H. thinks he "probably means that, to *spite* the mirth his wife is having with another man, he will go and be merry with another woman." No one of these interpretations is quite satisfactory, but that of Warb. is perhaps the nearest so. We doubt whether Antipholus really means anything more than that he will be merry *out of spite*, though he does not feel like it, or *despises* it; and thus he is merry *in despite of* mirth. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. i. 237: "Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty;" that is, in despising or hating beauty.

115. *Porpentine*. Porcupine; the only name for the animal in S. Cf. *Ham.* i. 5. 20: "Like quills upon the fretful porpentine." There, as here, the editors generally substitute "porcupine." Cf. Ascham, *Toxophilus*. "nature gave example of shooting first by the porpentine," etc.

121. *Hour*. A dissyllable; as often in S. See Gr. 480.

SCENE II.—3. *Love-springs*. That is, the shoots or buds of love; the

metaphor being that of a plant, not springs of water. Cf. *V. and A.* 656: "The canker that eats up love's tender spring;" and *R. of L.* 950: "To dry the old oak's sap and cherish springs."

4. *Building . . . ruinous*. The folios have "buildings . . . ruinate;" corrected by Theo. and Capell. For the figure, cf. *T. G. of V.* v. 4. 9:

"O thou, that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall;"

T. and C. iv. 2. 109: "the strong base and building of my love;" and *Sonn.* 119. 12:

"And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater."

11. *Become disloyalty*. "Render disloyalty becoming by some show of loyalty" (Clarke).

15. *What*. Equivalent to *why*, as often with *need*. Cf. Gr. 253.

16. *Attaint*. Disgrace. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 2. 26: "there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint but he carries some stain of it."

18. *At board*. At table. For the omission of the article after prepositions, see Gr. 90.

19. *Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed*. Shame, if well managed, gets a spurious reputation—a respectability not legitimately its own.

21. *But*. The folios have "not;" corrected by Theo.

22. *Compact of credit*. "Made altogether of credulity" (Steevens). Cf. *V. and A.* 149: "Love is a spirit all compact of fire;" *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 5: "If he, compact of jars, grow musical;" *M. A. D.* v. 1. 8: "of imagination all compact," etc.

26. *Wife*. The 1st folio misprints "wise."

27. *Vain*. "Light of tongue, not veracious" (Johnson).

30. *Hit of*. Hit on, guess at. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 2. 24: "I can never hit on's name." Gr. 175.

34. *Conceit*. Conception, comprehension. Cf. *R. of L.* 701:

"O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!"

See also *A. Y. L.* pp. 162 and 194.

36. *Folded*. Wrapped up, concealed. Cf. *R. of L.* 1073: "Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses." See also *Id.* 675.

43. *Nor . . . no*. For the double negative, cf. iv. 2. 7 below: "First, he denied you had in him no right," etc. Gr. 406.

44. *Decline*. Apparently = incline, as Clarke and D. make it. The latter aptly quotes Greene, *Penelope's Web*, 1601: "That the loue of a father, as it was royall, so it ought to be impartiall, neither declining to the one nor to the other, but as deeds doe merite." Malone explained it "fall off, or decline from her to you;" but he has just denied any tie or attachment to Adriana. The Coll. MS. reads "incline."

45. *Train*. Draw, entice; as in *L. L. L.* i. 1. 71:

"These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight."

See also 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 198.

Mermaid=siren (see 47 just below); the only sense in which S. uses the word. Cf. *V. and A.* 429: "Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;" *Id.* 777: "Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's song;" *R. of L.* 1411: "As if some mermaid did their ears entice," etc. See also 161 below. Halliwell cites *Bartholomæus de Prop. Rerum*, 1535: "The mermayden hyghte sirena is a see beaste wonderly shape, and draweth shypmen to peryll by swetenes of songe."

46. *Sister.* The 2d folio has "sister's," which some editors adopt.

48. *Hairs.* For the plural, cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 120:

"here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider," etc.

We find *golden hairs* again in *V. and A.* 51. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 142: "her hairs were gold," etc.

49. *Bed.* The reading of the 2d folio; the 1st has "bud," which Steevens thought possibly right. St. reads "bride," retaining "thee," which the folios all have for *them*. D. gave this reading in his 1st ed., but in the 2d has *bed* and *them*, which are generally adopted. *Them* is Capell's reading, suggested by Edwards.

52. *Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink.* The line has troubled some of the critics, and H. adopts Badham's conjecture of "Let Love be light, being drowned," etc. But *Love* (that is, Venus) is assumed to be *light*; as in *V. and A.* 149:

"Love is a spirit, all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire."

The line, as we understand it, is simply an emphatic, though indirect, way of saying that she is in no danger of sinking: *Let* her be drowned if she sink, but *being light*, she *cannot* sink. For *Love*=Venus, or love personified, Malone compares the passage just quoted from *V. and A.* and *A. and C.* i. 1. 44: "Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours." See also *R. and J.* ii. 5. 7: "Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love" (cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 94 and *V. and A.* 1190): *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 380: "Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers," etc. Possibly there is a sportive play on *light* (=wanton), as in *M. of V.* v. 1. 129:

"Let me give light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband."

See also *Id.* ii. 6. 42, iii. 2. 91, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 26, etc.

54. *Mated.* Confused, bewildered; with a play upon the idea of being *mated*, or given as a mate to Adriana, though he does not know how. Cf. v. 1. 282 below. See also *Mach.* p. 247.

58. *Wink.* Shut the eyes; as often. Cf. *Sonn.* 43. 1:

"When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see:
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee
And darkly bright are bright in dark directed;"

Temp. ii. 1. 216:

"Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art wakening," etc.

64. *My sole earth's heaven*, etc. "All the happiness that I wish on earth, and all that I claim from heaven hereafter" (Malone).

66. *Aim*. The folios have "am;" changed by Pope to "mean." *Aim* is Capell's emendation, and is almost unanimously adopted by the editors, though no other example of this transitive use (=aim at) occurs in S. Steevens cites *Orlando Furioso*, 1594:

"like Cassius,
Sits sadly dumping, aiming Cæsar's death;"

and Drayton, *Robert Duke of Normandy*: "I make my changes aim one certain end." Mr. Crosby thinks there may be a play on the Fr. "*je vous aime*," I love you. J. H. retains "am," and says: "Antipholus means that he is one with, or exists in, Luciana, as much as if she and her sister were one."

77. *Besides*. For the prepositional use, cf. *T. N.* iv. 2. 92: "Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?" See our ed. p. 158, or Gr. 34.

91. *Sir-reverence*. A corruption of "save reverence" (*salva reverentia*), used as an apology for referring to any thing unseemly. See *R. and J.* p. 155. Gifford quotes an old tract on the origin of tobacco: "The time hath been, when, if we did speak of this loathsome stuff, tobacco, we used to put a 'sir-reverence' before; but we forget our good manners." Halliwell quotes Taylor the Water-Poet *Workes*, 1630:

"There's nothing vile that can be done or spoke,
But must be covered with Sir Reverence cloake."

99. *Poland*. Changed by Warb. to "Lapland."

100. *Week*. It is barely possible that there is a play on *wick*, which was pronounced like *week*. Halliwell quotes Cotgrave, *Wit's Interpreter*:

"Here lies a tallow-chandler, I need not tell it,
If your nose be not stopt, you may easily smell it;
Then, gentle reader, herein learn you may.
He that made many weeks, can't make one day."

103. *Swart*. Swarthy, dark. See *K. John*, p. 152. We have "swart-complexion'd" in *Sonn.* 28. 11.

104. *For why*. The folio points "for why?" but, as D. notes, the combination is here, as in sundry other places (see *Rich. II.* p. 208), practically=because, or, as Abbott puts it (Gr. 75), "wherefore? (because)." We have no doubt that this usage grew directly out of the ordinary interrogative one. Abbott compares the similar change in the Latin *quid enim?*

110. *Her name and three quarters*. The folios have "is" for *and*; corrected by Theo. at the suggestion of Thirlby. Coll. reads: "but her name is three quarters, that is, an ell; and three quarters," etc.

121. *Reverted*. Turned back. Schmidt thinks there may be a play upon the sense of "fallen to another proprietor." W. reads "revolted."

In *making war against her heir*, there is a play on *heir* and *hair*, with an allusion to the war against Henry of Navarre, the *heir* of Henry III of France. "Mistress Nell's brazen forehead seemed to push back her

rough and rebellious hair, as France resisted the claim of the Protestant heir to the throne" (Clarke). Cf. p. 10 above. For the pun, cf. Davies, *Scourge of Folly*:

"Yet talks he but of heads and heires apparant,
Though his owne head has not one haire apparant."

124. *The chalky cliffs*. Those on the southern coast of England. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 101:

"As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back," etc.

128. *Hot in her breath*. Malone is doubtful whether this is an allusion to "the fiery threats which Spain had recently used towards England when she sent out her Invincible Armada," or merely to the heat of her climate.

130. *America*. Of course the anachronism is very palpable, whatever may have been the intended epoch of the play; but it was enough for S. that his audience would understand the allusion. Cf. p. 105 above.

133. *Armadoes of caracks*. Fleets of large ships. For *armado*, cf. *K. John*, iii. 4. 2: "A whole armado of convicted sail;" and for *carack*, *Oth.* i. 2. 50: "he to-night hath boarded a land carack." See also B. and F., *Coxcomb*: "They're made like caracks, all for strength and stowage." Halliwell cites Florio: "*Caracca*, a kinde of great ship, in Spaine called a carricke;" and Elyot, *Dict.*: "*Bucentaurus*, a great shypp or carrike."

134. *Ballast*. Ballasted, or loaded. It would appear to be a contracted form, like *heat* (*K. John*, iv. 1. 61), etc.; but Malone may be right in deriving it from the obsolete *balace* or *balass*, both of which are given by Wh. So *hoist* may be from *hoise* (see *Ham.* p. 241), and *graft* is certainly from *graff* (see *Rich. III.* p. 219), though Abbott (Gr. 342) gives both among contracted participles. Halliwell cites Greene, *Orlando Furioso*, 1594: "and sent them home, ballast with little wealth;" and Taylor the Water-Poet, *Workes*: "well rigg'd and ballac'd both with beere and wine." We find "disbalased" (=unloaded) in Nash's *Have with You*, etc.; and "unballac'd" in Hall's *Satires* and Powell's *Love's Leprosie*, 1598.

135. *Belgia*. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 8. 1: "Edward from Belgia," etc.

136. *Low*. For the play on *Low Countries*, cf. *Archee's Fests* (quoted by Halliwell): "Two Dutchmen, the one very tall, and the other of exceeding low stature, walking together in the street, a pleasant gentleman, seeing them, said to his friend,—See, yonder goe together High Germany and the Low Countries."

137. *Diviner*. Sorcerer. "Dromio, like his master, thinks he has got among witches; women capable of working spells, and transforming him to a turnspit dog" (Clarke).

138. *Assured*. Affianced; as in *K. John*, ii. 1. 535: "when I was first assur'd."

140. *That*. So that; as in v. 1. 140 below. Gr. 283.

142. *Faith*. "Alluding to the superstition of the common people, that nothing could resist a witch's power of transforming men into animals but a great share of *faith*: however, the Oxford editor [Hanmer] thinks

a breast of *flint* better security; and he therefore puts it in" (Warb.). H. adopts "flint," partly on account of "the discord between *faith* and *steel*;" but we must not criticise Dromio's doggerel too severely.

143. *Curtal*. Having a docked tail. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 1. 114: "Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs" (such a dog being considered unfit for the chase). See also *A. W.* p. 152.

Turn i' the wheel alludes of course to the use of dogs as turnspits. Halliwell devotes three pages of his folio ed. to the illustration of this subject. Machines or jacks for turning the spit, moved by weights like a clock, had been invented in the time of S. We find them mentioned as early as 1585 in the *Nomenclator* of Adrianus Junius: "*automataris faber*, a maker of devises and motions that goe and turne of themselves, as clocks, jacks to turne spits," etc. In the preface to the folio of 1623, we read: "Censure will not driue a Trade, or make the Iacke go." In Brome's *Antipodes*, 1640, mention is made of a project "for putting downe the infinite use of jacks, whereby the education of young children, in turning spits, is greatly hindered." Dogs were early used for this purpose. Topsell, in his *Hist. of Four-Footed Beasts*, 1607, says: "There is comprehended, under the cures of the coursest kinde, a certaine dogge in kitchen service excellent; for when any meat is to be roasted, they go into a wheel, which they turning round about with the waight of their bodies, so diligently looke to their businesse, that no drudge nor scullion can do the feate more cunningly."

144. *Presently*. Immediately; as in iv. 1. 32 and v. 1. 31 below. *Road*=port, haven; as in *M. of I.* i. 1. 9, v. 1. 288, etc.

160. *To self-wrong*. Pope changed *to* to "of;" but cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 549:

"But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do," etc.

Halliwell cites Dekker, *Guls Hornbooke*: "by being guilty to their abominable shaving;" and Birch, *Reign of Elizabeth*: "and am not guilty to myself of any bad dealing in this information."

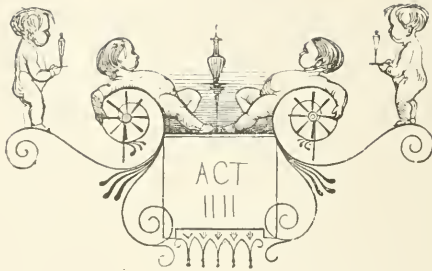
161. *Mermaid's song*. See on 45 above.

167. *What please*. What may please.

177. *Vain*. Foolish, silly; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 5. 48, etc.

178. *So fair an offer'd chain*. For the transposition of the article, cf. *A. John*, iv. 2. 27: "So new a fashion'd robe;" *Temp.* iv. 1. 123: "So rare a wonder'd father," etc. Gr. 422.





SCENE I.—2. *Importun'd*. See on i. 1. 126 above, and cf. 53 below.

4. *Guilders*. See on i. 1. 8 above.

5. *Satisfaction*. Metrically five syllables. See on ii. 2. 130 above.

6. *Attach*. Arrest; as in 73 and iv. 4. 6 below. It was a legal term. See *R. and J.* p. 217, or *Rich. II.* p. 186.

8. *Growing*. Accruing, becoming due. Cf. iv. 4. 119, 132 below.

12. *Pleaseth you*. If it please you. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 225, iv. 2. 52, *Hen. V.* v. 2. 78, etc. See *M. of V.* p. 136 (on *Pleaseth me*), or Gr. 361.

16. *Bestow*. Employ, use. Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 2. 159: "Whose life were ill bestow'd," etc.

17. *Her*. The folios have "their;" corrected by Rowe.

21. *I buy a thousand pound a year!* On the face of it, there seems to be nothing in this but an exclamation of surprise at being sent to buy so strange a thing; but, as Clarke remarks, "there may have been some point of allusion obvious at the time when the play was first acted, though now lost." He adds that perhaps Dromio "means to hint that in purchasing a rope's end he may be providing for himself a heavy revenue of future thwacks;" but this is very doubtful. Possibly Halliwell is right in taking it to mean "a rope worth a thousand a year for your purpose." He compares 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 144:

"A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself."

Mr. Crosby suggests that "the connecting thought-link in the slave's revengeful mind between *a rope's end* and *a thousand pound a year* is in the ability of each for *payment* in its quibbling sense of *punishment*." Cf. iv. 4. 10 below.

For *pound* as a plural, cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 2. 91, and see our ed. p. 182.

22. *Help*. The form of the past tense regularly used by S. except in *Rich. III.* v. 3. 167 and *Oth.* ii. 1. 138, where we find *helped*. As the participle it occurs ten times, *helped* only four times. We find *holpen* in *Ps.* lxxxiii. 8, *Dan.* xi. 34, *Luke*, i. 54, etc. Cf. Gr. 343. Halliwell says that *help up* is still provincial, especially in an ironical sense, as here.

25. *Belike*. It is likely, probably; as in iv. 3. 85 below.

28. *Carat*. Spelt "charect" in the 1st folio (misprinted "Raccat" in the later folios), and "charract" in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 162, the only other instance of the word in S. See our ed. p. 194.

29. *Chargeful*. Expensive; used by S. only here. The same is true of *debted* (=indebted) in 31.

32. *Discharg'd*. Paid. For its application to the creditor, cf. iv. 4. 117 below. See also *M. of V.* iii. 2. 276: "The present money to discharge the Jew," etc. In 13 above it is used in the modern way.

39. *I will*, etc. "*I will*, instead of *I shall*, is a Scotticism, says Douce (an Englishman); it is an Irishism, says Reed (a Scotsman); and an ancient Anglicism, says Malone (an Irishman)" (K.).

41. *Time enough*. Changed by Hanmer to "in time."

46. *Stays*. Changed by Pope to "stay;" but cf. i. 2. 76 and ii. 2. 204 above.

53. *Importunes*. See on 2 above.

56. *Send me by some token*. The reading of the folios, retained by Coll., D., St., K., W., the Camb. ed., and others. H. adopts Heath's conjecture of "by me," which is also in the Coll. MS. The form in the text appears to have been an idiom of the time, used in cases like this as well as in those which some of the editors confound with it; as, for instance, the following from Marston, *Dutch Courtesan*, iii. 1:

"Mrs. Mulligrub. By what token are you sent?—by no token? Nay, I have wit.
Cockledemoy. He sent me by the same token that he was dry shaved this morning."

57. *You run this humour out of breath*. As Coll. notes, this was a proverbial expression. John Day wrote a comedy under the title of *Humour out of Breath*, which was printed in 1609.

60. *Whether*. Printed "wh'er" in the early eds., as in some ten other instances; but it is often monosyllabic when printed *whether* (*M. N. D.* iii. 1. 156, iii. 2. 81, *M. of V.* v. 1. 302, *Ham.* ii. 2. 17, etc.). Cf. Gr. 466. Pope reads "if."

62. *What should I*, etc. The later folios substitute "why" for *what*. The latter is often equivalent to the former; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 129: "What tell you me of it?" etc. See also on iii. 2. 15 above. In the present passage, however, *what* has its ordinary sense.

68. *Stands upon*. Concerns; as in *Lea*, v. 1. 69:

"for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate."

See our ed. p. 252, or *Ham.* p. 269. Cf. Gr. 204.

73. *Attach*. See on 6 above.

74. *Thee*. Omitted in the later folios, and changed to "for" by Rowe.

78. *Apparently*. Evidently. This is the only instance of the adverb in S., but *apparent* is often=evident, obvious. See *K. John*, p. 165, or *Rich. II.* p. 150.

81. *Buy this sport as dear*. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 426: "Thou shalt buy this dear," etc. The expression is not to be confounded with that in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 175: "Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear." See our ed. p. 165, and cf. p. 171 (on *Buy*).

"Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery."

Steevens quotes Milton, *P. L.* ii. 533 :

"As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears,
Till thickest legions close; with teats of arms
From either end of heaven the welkin burns."

7. *Denied*. Followed by a negative (*Gr.* 406) ; as in *Rich. III.* i. 3. 90 :
"You may deny that you were not the cause," etc. In like manner, it is
followed by *but* ; as in *Much Ado*, i. 3. 33, *A. W.* v. 3. 166, *Cor.* iv. 5. 243,
etc.

8. *Spite*. Vexation, mortification. Cf. ii. 2. 188 above.

16. *Speak him fair*. That is, say any thing to encourage his suit. Cf.
M. N. D. ii. 1. 199 :

"Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you, I do not nor I cannot love you?"

See also iv. 4. 151 below.

17. *Nor I will not*. Cf. the "double negative" in 7 and iii. 2. 43 above,
and in the passage just quoted from *M. N. D.*

18. *His*. Its. See on ii. 1. 17 above.

19. *Sere*. "That is, *dry*, withered" (Johnson). Steevens and Malone
take the trouble to add examples of the word, which would seem to have
been less familiar in their day than now.

20. *Shapeless*. Unshapely, misshapen. So *sightless*=unsightly (*K.*
John, iii. 1. 45), and *featureless*=ugly (*Sonn.* 11. 10).

22. *Stigmatical in making*. "That is, *marked* or *stigmatized* by nature
with deformity, as a token of his vicious disposition" (Johnson). S. uses
the word only here ; but cf. the noun *stigmatic* in 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 136 :

"like a foul, misshapen stigmatic.
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided."

See also 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 215.

25. *Ah, but I think him better than I say*. There is a good deal of
human nature—or woman nature—in this.

27. *Far from her nest the lapwing cries away*. This trick of the bird
to divert attention from its nest had become proverbial. Steevens and
other editors give many examples of it from contemporaneous writers :
as from Greene, *Second Part of Coney-catching*, 1592 : "But again to our
priggers, who, as before I said—cry with the lapwing farthest from her
nest, and from their place of residence where their most abode is," etc.
See also *M. for M.* i. 4. 32 :

"though 't is my familiar sin
With maids to play the lapwing and to jest,
Tongue far from heart," etc.

29. *Sweet now*. The Coll. MS. changes *sweet* to "swift;" but *sweet*
now, like *good now* (cf. iv. 4. 22 below), was a common phrase of appeal

or supplication, not necessarily implying any special familiarity. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 124: "Sweet now, silence!"

32. *Tartar*. Tartarus; as in *T. N.* ii. 5. 225: "To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit?" and *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 123: "vasty Tartar." On *Limbo* (still used as a cant term for a prison), see *Hen. VIII.* p. 204, note on *Limbo Patrum*.

33. *An everlasting garment*. A play upon the durability of the sergeant's *buff* (leather made from buffalo skin). Cf. iv. 3. 23 below: "gives them suits of durance;" and 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 49: "Is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?" See our ed. p. 144.

To make a rhyme the Coll. MS. has "hath him *fell*," and Spedding conjectures "hath him *by the heel*."

35. *Fairy*. The folios all have "Fairie." Theo. took this to be a misprint for "Fury," which most editors since have adopted. It may be what S. wrote, but, as W. notes, "all fairies were not supposed to be like Oberon and Titania or their attendants; there were fairies *pitiless and rough*." He might have added that we have distinct reference to these malignant fairies in more than one passage in S. Cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 163: "No fairy takes" (that is, bewitches, blasts); and *Cymb.* ii. 2. 9:

"To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies and the tempters of the night
Guard me, beseech ye."

Perhaps we should add ii. 2. 188 above. Halliwell, after first adopting "iury," decided that the old text was correct.

37. *Back-friend*. So called here "because he comes from behind to arrest one" (Schmidt), as *shoulder-clapper* also implies. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 48: "Cupid hath clapp'd him o' the shoulder" (see our ed. p. 185); and *Cymb.* v. 3. 78:

"fight will I no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder."

Back-friend, aside from the quibble, is=secret enemy. Halliwell cites Florio, 1598: "*Inimico*, an enimie, a foe, an adversarie, a back-friend." Hall, in his *Henry VII.*, speaks of "adversaries and backe frends."

Countermands=stops one in going through; used by S. only here and in *R. of L.* 276, where it is=contradict, oppose. Theo. changed it to "commands."

38. *Lands*. Grey conjectured "lanes," which, as the Camb. ed. says, is made somewhat more probable by the existence of copies of the 1st folio in which the word appears as "lans." A corrector would naturally change this to *lands* rather than to "lanes" on account of the rhyme.

39. *Runs counter*. That is, follows the scent backward instead of forward. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 154 (note on *Yon hunt counter*), or *Ham.* p. 249 (on *Counter*). There is a play on *counter*, there being two prisons in London called the *Counter* (Johnson and Schmidt).

Draves dry-foot=traces the scent of the game. For *draw* as a hunting term (=trace, track), cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 3. 129: "a drawn fox." Nares quotes *Gent. Recr.*: "When we beat the bushes, etc. after the fox, we call it drawing." The origin of *dry-foot* is doubtful. Johnson thought that

to *draw dry-foot* meant to trace the marks of the dry foot, without scent; but Grey, Mason, and others are doubtless correct in making it refer to hunting by scent. Schmidt suggests that it was "perhaps so called because, according to sportsmen, in water the scent is lost." *Dry-foot* hunting is often mentioned in the old writers; as in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633 (quoted by Steevens): "I care not for dry-foot hunting," etc. Halliwell quotes *The Miser*, 1672: "Thou art like a dry-foot-dog, that (out of a whole heard of deer) singles out one, whose sent he only followes, and tires himself to catch that," etc.

40. *Before the judgment*, etc. There is a play on arresting a man *before judgment*, "that is, on what is called *mesne process*" (Malone); and also on *hell*, which, as Steevens tells us, was "the cant term for an obscure dungeon" in a prison. He cites *The Counter-Rat*, 1658: "In Wood-street's hole, or Poultry's hell." There was likewise a place so called under the Exchequer Chamber, where the king's debtors were confined. Halliwell quotes *The Merry Discourse of Meum and Tuum*, 1639: "a little darke roome . . . hard by Hell, neare to the upper end of Westminster Hall."

42. *On the case*. "An action upon the *case* is a general action given for the redress of a wrong done any man without force, and not especially provided for by law" (Grey). Perhaps, as Halliwell suggests, we should omit the apostrophe in *'rested*. Palsgrave has "I reste, as a sargeunte dothe a prisoner, or his goodes, *je arreste*."

43. *Tell*. The Camb. editors conjecture "Well, tell," on account of the *well* in the next line.

45. *He's*. The reading of the 3d folio. The 1st and 2d folios have simply "is," which Malone explains as one of the many instances of the ellipsis of the subject. Cf. Gr. 400.

46. *Mistress, redemption*. There is no comma after *mistress* in the early eds., and the 4th folio prints "Mistris Redemption," which Rowe follows, apparently supposing that Dromio means to call Luciana "Mistress Redemption." The Camb. editors remark that the comma is often omitted after vocatives in the old editions; as in iv. 3. 74 and iv. 4. 40 below.

49. *Band*. Bond; as in *Rich. II.* i. 1. 2: "according to thy oath and band." See our ed. p. 150 (cf. p. 212, on *Bond*). The play on the word in Dromio's reply is repeated in a different form in iv. 3. 28 below.

57. *Fondly*. Foolishly. See on ii. 1. 116 above.

58. *Season*. Opportunity. Schmidt paraphrases the sentence thus: "Time is seldom so convenient and opportune as one would wish."

61. *Time*. The folios have "I;" corrected by Rowe. Malone reads "he," and St. "a."

65. *Conceit*. Conception, imagination. See *W. T.* p. 177, or *A. Y. L.* p. 162.

SCENE III.—5. *Some other*. Cf. *I.* and *A.* 1102:

"That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries."

So *all other* (Sonn. 62. 8), etc.

7. *In.* Into; as in ii. 2. 34 above.

11. *Lapland sorcerers.* Lapland was supposed to abound in sorcerers and witches. This is Shakespeare's only allusion to the region. Cf. Milton's one reference to it in *P. L.* ii. 665:

"Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, call'd
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon
Eclipses at their charms."

13. *Have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparelled?* The *picture of old Adam* is the sergeant, there being a play upon his *buff* and the slang use of the word as applied to the bare skin. What is meant by getting him *new-apparelled* is not so clear; but, perhaps, as Sr. suggests, the idea is "got him a new *suit*, in other words, got rid of him." Theo. inserted "rid off" after *got*. Coll. asserts that *What have you got?* is a vulgar phrase for "What have you done with?" or "What is become of?" Halliwell remarks that this needs confirmation; but Mr. Crosby says that Coll. is right, and that he remembers hearing the expression used in that sense in England twenty-five years ago. He informs us, moreover, that this explanation is given in Samuel Phelps's ed. of *S.* published in London in 1851.

17. *He that came behind you.* See on iv. 2. 37 above.

22. *Bob.* That is, a rap, or a clap on the shoulder. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 55:

"He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
But to seem senseless of the bob;"

that is, seem insensible of the stroke. The folio has "sob" (with the long *s*), for which Rowe reads "fob," and D. conjectures "sop." W. has "stop." *Bob* is Hammer's correction.

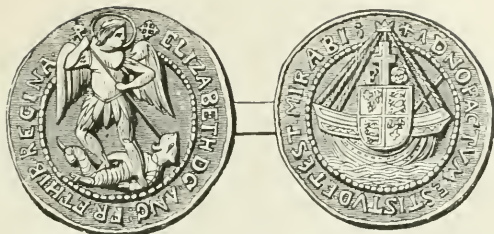
23. *Suits of durance.* See on iv. 2. 33 above. That *durance* (cf. the modern *lasting*) was the name of a very durable fabric is evident from various passages cited by Nares and Steevens; as, for instance, *Three Ladies of London*: "the taylor that out of seven yards stole one and a half of durance." Halliwell quotes a bill of 1723, in which "sixteen yards of fine durance" is an item.

24. *Sets up his rest.* Makes up his mind, is fully resolved; a phrase taken from gaming. See *M. of V.* p. 139, or *R. and J.* p. 215.

25. *Mace.* The club carried by a bailiff or sergeant as a badge of authority. See *J. C.* p. 174, note on *Thy leaden mace*. The *morris-pike* was a formidable weapon, supposed to be of *Moorish* origin, whence its name (Douce). Cf. Wb.

35. *Hoy.* A small vessel, usually sloop-rigged; a word more familiar in England than in this country. *S.* uses it only here.

36. *Angels.* The *angel* was an English gold coin, worth about ten shillings. It had on one side a figure of Michael piercing the dragon, whence its name. The device is said to have originated in Pope Gregory's pun on *Angli* and *Angeli*, and it gave rise to a good many puns. See *M. W.* i. 3. 60, *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 35, *M. of V.* ii. 7. 56, and 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 187.



GOLDEN ANGEL OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

37. *Distract*. Distracted. Cf. *J. C.* iv. 3. 155: "she fell distract," etc. Gr. 342.

38. *Illusions*. A quadrisyllable. See on ii. 2. 130 above.

43. *Avoid!* Avaunt! Away! Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 142: "Well done! avoid! no more!" See also *Cor.* pp. 186, 253.

46. *The devil's dam*. This mythical personage is mentioned several times in *S.* See *T. of S.* p. 152.

47. *Light*. Wanton; a word much played upon by *S.* See on iii. 2. 52 above.

48. *As much as to say*. The early eds. omit the second *as*, which was supplied by Pope. We find the expression in *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 270 and *2 Henry IV.* ii. 2. 142; and *as much to say as* in *T. N.* i. 5. 62. The old reading may possibly be an idiom of the time, but no other example of it has been pointed out.

54. *We'll mend our dinner here*. "That is, by purchasing something additional in the adjoining market" (Malone); or "a proposal that the dinner, which had been marred by Angelo's failing in his appointment with Antipholus at the Porcupine, shall now be mended by a supper" (Clarke). Cf. 60 just below. The folios make the sentence a question.

55. *And bespeak a long spoon*. Alluding to the familiar proverb about the need of a long spoon in feeding with the devil. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 2. 103: "This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon." For *and* the folios have "or," which Rowe omitted and Capell changed to "so." *And* is the reading of Halliwell and W. Malone conjectured that some words had been lost, like "*either stay away, or bespeak,*" etc. Coll. reads, "if you do, or expect spoon-meat, bespeak," etc. The 1st folio omits *you*.

60. *Avoid, thou fiend!* The reading of the 4th folio. The earlier folios have "then" for *thou*, "the easiest of all misprints from the similarity of *e* and *o* in old MS. and of *n* and *u* in all MS." (W.). D. reads "thee," but, as W. adds, "*e* and *u* were very unlike" in the old writing; and just below we have "Avaunt, thou witch!"

62. *Conjure*. Accented by *S.* on either syllable, without reference to the meaning. See *M. A. D.* p. 164.

67. *A drop of blood*. Steevens compares Middleton's *Witch*, where a spirit descends and Hecate exclaims:

"There 's one come downe to fetch his dues,
A kisse, a coll, a sip of blood," etc.

According to the old superstition, some little token of affiance was always required in compacts made with the devil.

75. *Fly pride, says the peacock.* "A proverbial phrase, by which Dromio rebukes the woman, whom he thinks a cheat, for accusing his master of cheating" (Clarke).

77. *Demean.* Conduct, behave; the original and correct sense of the word (cf. *demeanour*) and the only one in S. Cf. v. 1. 88 below. Wb. is clearly wrong in quoting the present passage as an example of *demean* = degrade.

80. *Both one and other.* For the omission of the article, cf. *T. and C.* prol. 21: "On one and other side, Trojan and Greek," etc. Gr. 90.

85. *Belike.* It is likely. See on iv. 1. 25 above.

89. *Perforce.* By force; as in v. 1. 117 below. See also *A. Y. L.* p. 141.

SCENE IV.—6. *Attach'd.* Arrested; as in iv. 1. 6 above. Capell joins this line to what precedes. The first three folios have a comma after both *messenger* and *Ephesus*.

22. *Good now.* That *good*, with or without the *now*, is sometimes used vocatively in S. (=good friend, good fellow, etc.), as Abbott (Gr. 13), Schmidt, D. (*Glossary*, s.v.), and others make it, we have not a shadow of doubt, and this seems to us clearly one of the instances. H. says: "S. has *good now* repeatedly with the exact meaning of *well now*." That explanation will not fit some instances of the expression; as *W. T.* v. 1. 19:

Say so but seldom.	"Now, good now,
<i>Cleomenes.</i>	Not at all, good lady," etc.

Here the *good now* is as clearly a vocative as the *good lady* that follows. See also *Ham.* p. 173.

27. *Sensible.* For the sense played upon, cf. *Cor.* i. 3. 95: "I would your cambric were sensible as your finger," etc.

30. *My long ears.* "He means that his master had lengthened his ears by frequently pulling them" (Steevens).

37. *Wont.* Is *wont* to bear. Cf. *P. P.* 273: "My curtal dog, that wont to have play'd." See also 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 2. 14 and i. 4. 10. In all these passages it is the past tense of the obsolete *won* or *wone* (=dwell). The participle *wont* (not yet wholly gone out of use) is more common in S. Cf. ii. 2. 152 above. We find the present of *won* in Milton, *P. L.* vii. 457:

"As from his lair the wild beast, where he wons
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den."

Cf. Spenser, *Virgil's Gnat*:

"Of Poets Prince, whether he woon beside
Faire Xanthus sprinced with Chimæras blood,
Or in the woods of Astery abide."

The same writer has the past tense in its old literal sense in *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe*, 774:

"I weened sure he was our God alone,
And only woond in fields and forests here."

40. *Enter . . . PINCH.* The folio reads "*a schoolemaster, call'd Pinch.*" Steevens remarks that in many country villages in his day the pedagogue was still a reputed conjurer. Cf. B. J., *Staple of News*: "I would have ne'er a cunning school-master in England, I mean a cunning man as a school-master; that is, a conjurer," etc. Learning and witchcraft were naturally associated in the popular mind. Latin was the language of exorcisms. Cf. *Ham.* i. i. 42: "Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio" (that is, to the ghost); and see our ed. p. 172.

Respice finem. There seems to be here, as Warb. notes, an allusion to a pamphlet by Buchanan against the lord of Liddington, which ends with the words *Respice finem, respice finem.*

41. *Like the parrot.* Warb. remarks: "This alludes to people's teaching that bird unlucky words; with which, when any passenger was offended, it was the standing joke of the wise owner to say, Take heed, sir, my parrot prophesies. To this Butler [in *Hudibras*] hints, where, speaking of Ralpho's skill in augury, he says:

'Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak, and think contrary clean;
What member 't is of whom they talk,
When they cry *rope*, and *walk*, *knave*, *walk*.'"

These particular phrases must have been commonly taught to parrots, for Halliwell cites many references to them. In Lyly's *Midas*, for instance, one of the characters says of the bird, "for every houre she will cry, walke, knave, walke;" and another replies, "Then will I mutter, a rope for parrat, a rope." Cf. Taylor the Water-Poet, *Workes*:

"Why doth the parrat cry, a rope, a rope?
Because he 's caged in prison out of hope.
Since I so idly heard the parrat talke,
In his owne language I say, Walke, knave, walke."

For *the prophecy* (meaning, as Coll. says, "*respect the prophecy*") Rowe reads "prophesie" and D. "to prophesy." The Camb. editors conjecture that we should read:

"or, rather, '*prospice finem*,' beware the rope's end.
Antipholus of E. Wilt thou still talk like the parrot?"

47. *Please you.* "Give you as a gratuity" (Clarke). Cf. the use of *gratify* in *M. of V.* iv. i. 406 and *T. of S.* i. 2. 273 (see our ed. p. 141).

49. *Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!* Those who were bewitched or possessed by an evil spirit were supposed to show it by trembling. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 2. 83: "Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee." For *ecstasy* = madness, cf. *Ham.* iii. i. 168: "Blasted with ecstasy." See also *Id.* ii. 1. 102, iii. 4. 74, 138, etc. Cf. *Mach.* p. 211.

58. *Customers.* "Contemptuously = visitors, guests" (Schmidt). For its use = harlot, see *Oth.* p. 197. Malone says: "Here it seems to signify one who visits such women."

59. *Companion*. "A word of contempt, anciently used as we now use *fellow*" (Steevens). See *Temp.* p. 131 (note on *Your fellow*), or *M. N. D.* p. 125.

69. *Perdy*. A corruption of *par Dieu*. See *Ham.* p. 229.

71. *Sans*. Much used in the time of S., and apparently viewed as an English word. See *A. Y. L.* p. 163.

73. *Certes*. Certainly; nearly obsolete in the time of S., who uses it only five times. It is a pet archaism with Spenser.

Kitchen-vestal. "Her charge being," says good Dr. Johnson, "like that of the vestal virgins, to keep the fire burning."

76. *Vigour*. The Coll. MS. has "rigour." Pope changed *his* to "your."

77. *Soothe*. Humour; as the answer shows. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 4. 182: "Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow," etc.

90. *Is*. Changed by Rowe to "are;" but the singular verb is common enough with two singular subjects. See Gr. 336.

91. *Deadly*. Deathly, deathlike. Cf. *V. and A.* 1044: "a deadly groan;" *T. N. i.* 5. 284: "such a deadly life," etc.

92. *Bound and laid in some dark room*. Cf. v. 1. 248 below. This was the common treatment of the insane in the time of S. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 421: "Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do;" and see our ed. p. 178. Cf. *Lear*, p. 251, note on line 82.

93. *Lock me forth*. Cf. the use of *forth* in ii. 2. 209 above. Gr. 41.

102. *These false*. Rowe changed *these* to "those."

105. *Ay me!* The folio reading, for which II. and some other editors substitute "Ah me!" The latter occurs only in *R. and J.* v. 1. 10 (perhaps by accident), while the former is found some thirty times in the early eds. Cf. Milton, *Lycidas*, 56, 154, *Comus*, 511, *P. L.* iv. 86, x. 813, etc. Cf. v. 1. 186 below.

112. *Peevish*. Foolish. See on iv. 1. 93 above.

114. *Do . . . displeasure*. Cf. v. 1. 142 below.

117. *Discharge*. Pay. See on iv. 1. 32 above.

119. *The debt grows*. See on iv. 1. 8 above, and cf. 132 below.

122. *Unhappy*. "Here used in one of the senses of *unlucky*, that is, mischievous" (Steevens). Cf. the Latin *infelix*, the Fr. *malheureux*, and the German *unselig*.

123. *Bond*. There is an obvious play upon the word.

135. *Whenas*. When; as in *V. and A.* 999, *Sonn.* 49. 3, 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 2. 75, ii. 1. 46, v. 7. 34, etc. It is printed as two words in the folio.

142. *God, for thy mercy!* Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 2. 98: "God, for his mercy!" etc. Gr. 155.

148. *Stuff*. "An old word for baggage or luggage. It was formerly used with the same widely comprehensive meaning for goods and chattels generally, as women nowadays use the word *things*, or as the Italians use their word *roba*" (Clarke). The word is still current in New England in this sense. Cf. *Gen.* xxxi. 37, xlv. 20, 1 *Sam.* x. 22, xxv. 13, etc.

149. *Long*. Not often used with a subordinate clause; but cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 254: "I long till Edward fall by war's mischance."

151. *Speak us fair.* See on iv. 2. 16 above, and cf. iii. 2. 11. The 2d folio has "spake." Capell changed *saw* to "see."



SCENE I.—8. *Bear.* Carry off, win. Cf. *T. of A.* i. 1. 131 :

"His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter."

10. *That self chain.* Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 148 : "that self way;" *Hen. V.* i. 1. 1 : "that self bill," etc. Gr. 20.

11. *Forswore . . . to have.* That is, swore that he did not have.

16. *Circumstance.* Detail. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 77 :

"The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance."

See also *R. and J.* p. 178, note on *Stay the circumstance.*

25. *Heard me to deny.* For the *to* after *heard*, cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 94 : "Myself have heard a voice to call him so." Gr. 349.

26. *These ears*, etc. To fill out the measure, Pope gave "knowest," Hanmer "knowest well," and Capell "hear thee, sir." W. conjectures "hear thee swear." *Hear* may be a dissyllable, as Clarke makes it. Cf. *hire* in iv. 1. 95 above, and *sour* in 45 below.

30. *I'll prove mine honour*, etc. "The duello was regarded as an appeal to Providence, and its issue as determining the side of honour" (J. H.).

34. *Get within him.* "Close with him, grapple with him" (Steevens).

36. *Take a house.* That is, take refuge in a house.

37. *This is some priory.* This has been criticised as an anachronism ; but see p. 106 above.

45. *Sour.* Spelt "sower" in the folios to indicate the dissyllabic pronunciation. See on 26 above.

46. *Much different.* The 2d folio repeats *much* for the sake of the measure. Jervis conjectures "too much."

49. *Wrack of sea*. The later folios have "at" for *of*. *Wrack* is uniformly so spelt in the early eds., and the pronunciation is shown by the rhymes *alack* in *Per.* iv. prol. 12, and *back* in *V. and A.* 558, *R. of L.* 841, 965, *Sonn.* 126. 5, and *Mach.* v. 5. 51. Cf. *shipwracked* in i. 1. 114 above.

51. *Stray'd*. Caused to stray, misled; the only instance of the transitive use in *S.*

62. *Copy*. Probably = "theme," as Steevens explains it. Perhaps, as Clarke suggests, it is = "copious subject," combining the sense of the Latin *copia*, abundance, with that of theme, or subject. Schmidt thinks it may be = "a law to be followed, a rule to be observed."

66. *Glanced it*. Hinted it; not elsewhere used transitively by *S.* Some follow Pope in reading "at it."

70. *Poisons*. Changed by Pope to "poison." Capell reads "clamour" in 69. The construction, however we may explain it, is very common in the folio. Abbott (*Gr.* 333) calls it the "3d person plural in -s." It is sometimes necessary to the rhyme; as in *V. and A.* 1128, *Sonn.* 41. 3, *Mach.* ii. 1. 61, *Ham.* iii. 2. 214, etc.

71. *Sleeps*. For the plural, cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 30: "Break not your sleeps for that," etc. Malone quotes Sidney, *Arcadia*: "My sleeps were inquired after, and my wakings never unsaluted."

74. *Digestions*. A quadrisyllable. See on ii. 2. 130 above.

79. *But moody*, etc. To fill out the measure, Hanmer inserted "moping" after *moody*; and *Sr.* conjectures "moody sadness."

80. *Kinsman*. Simply = "akin," which Hanmer substituted. Capell changed it to "kins-woman," putting the "kins-" at the end of 79; but, as Steevens remarks, this is inadmissible in English verse, unless it be of the comic kind. He compares the *Homer Travesty*:

"On this Agam-
memon began to curse and damn."

Ritson compares *M. of V.* iii. 2. 169:

"but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, *master* of my servants,
Queen o'er myself."

82. *Distemperatures*. Distempers. Cf. 1 *Hen.* IV. iii. 1. 34: "Our grandam earth, having this distemperature," etc. Cf. *M. A. D.* p. 144.

84. *Would mad*. Cf. iv. 4. 124 above. *S.* does not use *madden*.

86. *Have*. The reading of the 2d folio. The 1st has "Hath," which may be what *S.* wrote. See *R. and J.* p. 140 (on *Doth*), and *Cor.* p. 248. (on *Do*). *Gr.* 334.

90. *She did betray me*, etc. See p. 29 above.

92. *In*. Into. See on ii. 2. 34 above, and cf. 143 below.

94. *Neither*. Cf. 302 below. See also *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 196, v. 2. 33, etc.

105. *Formal*. Ordinary; here = rational. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 5. 41:

"Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man;"

where it means an ordinary man as opposed to a supernatural being. See also *T. A.* ii. 5. 128, where "any formal capacity" = any ordinary in-

telleet. Similarly, *informal*, in the only instance of the word in S. (*M. for M.* v. 1. 236), = out of one's senses.

106. *Parcel*. Part; as in *Cor.* iv. 5. 231: "a parcel of their feast," etc.

117. *Perforce*. See on iv. 3. 89 above.

121. *Sorry*. Changed by the Coll. MS. to "solemn." Henley compares *Macb.* ii. 2. 21: "This is a sorry sight." As Steevens remarks, *sorry* had anciently a stronger meaning than at present. Cf. Chaucer, *C. T.* 11743 (Tyrwhitt, 7283): "the tormentz of this sory place" (that is, hell), etc.

Death is the reading of the 3d folio; the earlier folios have "depth."

124. *Reverend*. Here the 1st and 2d folios have "reverent," but "reverend" in 134 below. The two forms are used indiscriminately in the early eds.

137. *Who*. The reading of 1st folio, for which the 2d (followed by most modern editors) has "whom." Cf. *Macb.* iii. 1. 123: "Who I myself struck down;" *Cor.* ii. 1. 8: "Who does the wolf love?" etc. Gr. 274.

138. *Important*. Importunate; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 174: "If the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing." See also *A. W.* iii. 7. 21. In *Lear*, iv. 4. 26, the quartos have "important," the folios "importun'd." So *importance* = importunity, in *T. A.* v. 1. 371 and *K. John*, ii. 1. 7. Rowe changed *important* to "all-potent."

140. *That*. So that; as often. Gr. 283.

142. *Doing displeasure*. Cf. iv. 4. 114 above.

143. *Into*. Into; as in 92 above.

144. *Jewels*. See on ii. 1. 109 above.

146. *Take order*. Take measures. Cf. *Oth.* p. 206.

148. *Wot*. Know; used only in the present tense and participle. For the latter, see *W. T.* p. 175.

Strong escape. "Escape effected by strength, or violence" (Steevens). Malone was at first disposed to read "strange," but afterwards became satisfied that the text is right.

150. *With*. Changed by Capell to "here." Ritson conjectured "then."

153. *Raising of*. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 4. 44: "searching of thy wound;" *Id.* iv. 3. 10: "as she was writing of it," etc. Gr. 178.

169. *Are both broke loose*, etc. Malone notes that though, according to the usage of the time, *are broke loose* was correct enough (Gr. 295), *are beaten the maids* would not be admissible. He was right, however, in considering it one of the "confusions of construction" so common in S. Cf. Gr. 411-415.

170. *A-row*. In a row, one after another. Gr. 24. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* v. 12. 29: "all her teeth arew." Steevens quotes Chaucer, *C. T.* 11296 (Tyrwhitt, 6836): "A thousand tyme arewe he gan hire kisse;" and Turberville, *Penelope to Ulysses*: "The Trojan tentes arowe." Douce adds from *Hormanni Vulgaria*: "I shall tell thee arowe all that I sawe: Ordine tibi visa omnia exponam."

171. *Whose beard they have sing'd*, etc. It has been conjectured that S. may have got the hint of this from North's *Plutarch*, where, in the Life of Dion, it is stated that "Dionysius was so fearful and mistrustful of

everybody that he would suffer no man with a pair of barber's scissors to poll the hair of his head, but caused an image-maker of earth to come unto him, and with a hot burning coal to burn his goodly bush of hair round about."

174. *To him*. Omitted by Capell. Hammer struck out *and*, and Steevens *and the*.

175. *Nicks him like a fool*. Malone notes that professional fools were shaved and had their hair *nicked* or notched in a particular manner. He cites *The Choice of Change*, 1598, in which it is said of monks that "they are shaven and notched on the head, like fooles."

183. *Scorch*. Changed by Warb. to "scotch" (=hack, cut), for which see *Cor.* p. 256. In *Mach.* iii. 2. 13, "scorch'd" in the folio is pretty clearly a misprint—unless it be an old spelling—of "scotch'd;" but here *scorch* may be used in its familiar sense. Singeing the doctor's beard may have suggested scorching his wife's face. As Halliwell remarks, the word does not necessarily imply any thing more than burning the skin. He cites *Rev.* xvi. 8.

192. *Bestrid thee*. That is, to defend thee when fallen. Cf. *1 Hen.* II. v. 1. 122: "Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 't is a point of friendship." See our ed. p. 197, or *Mach.* p. 237. The past tense and participle are both *bestrid* in S.

205. *Harlots*. Base or lewd fellows. The word was applied to men as well as women. See *W. T.* p. 168.

210. *On night*. That is, "o' nights" (*T. N.* i. 3. 5), or "a-night" (*A. Y. L.* ii. 4. 48). For the interchange of *on*, *of*, and the prefix *a-*, see Gr. 180-182.

214. *I am advised*, etc. "That is, I am not going to speak precipitately or rashly, but on reflection and consideration" (Steevens). Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 142: "with more advised watch;" *Rich.* III. ii. 1. 107:

"who, in my wrath.
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd," etc.

See also *Lear*, p. 196, note on *Advise yourself*.

217. *Albeit*. Several times interchanged with *although* in the early eds. In *M. of V.* i. 3. 62, the folios have *albeit*, the 1st quarto *although*; in *1 Hen.* IV. i. 3. 128 the folios have *although*, the quartos *albeit*; and in *Rich.* III. iv. 3. 6 the folios have *albeit*, the quartos *although*.

219. *Pack'd*. Leagued, in conspiracy; as in *Much Ado*, v. 1. 308: "Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong." Cf. the noun *pack* in *M. W.* iv. 2. 123: "there 's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me," etc. Schmidt gives *pack* that sense in iv. 4. 100 above. H. remarks here that "*fact* is still used for *agreement* or *compact*;" but *fact* is of course the Latin *pactum*, and has no connection whatever with *pack*.

229. *God he knows*. Cf. *Rich.* III. iii. 1. 10: "On what occasion, God he knows, not I," etc. Gr. 243.

231. *My peasant*. Cf. ii. 1. 81 above.

233. *Fairly I bespoke*. Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 192: "But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not." See also iv. 2. 16 and iv. 4. 151 above.

235, 236. *By the way . . . rabble more*. One line in the folios.

239. *Anatomy*. Skeleton. In *K. John*, iii. 4. 40, Death is called "that fell anatomy." See also *T. N.* p. 149.

242. *Living dead man*. Usually printed "living-dead man;" but it is quite as well without the hyphen, which is not in the folios.

243. *Took on him as a conjurer*. Pretended to be a conjurer. Cf. *2 Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 60: "I take not on me here as a physician," etc.

According to Minsheu, "the difference betweene conjuration and witchcraft is that the conjurer seemeth by praiers and invocations of God's powerfull names, to compell the devill to say or doe what he commandeth; the witch dealeth rather by a friendlie and voluntarie conference or agreement betweene him or her and the devill or familiar, to have his or her turne served in lieu or stead of blood, or other gift offered unto him, especially of his or her soule."

245. *With no face*, etc. Cf. the play upon *half-faced* in *K. John*, i. 1. 94 (see our ed. p. 134).

248. *Dankish*. Damp; used by S. only here. For *dank*, see *1 Hen. IV.* p. 156.

250. *In sunder*. The reading of the 1st folio. The phrase was apparently going out of use, as the 2d folio substitutes *asunder*. In *Rich. III.* iv. 1. 34, the quartos have *in sunder*, the folios *asunder*. The only other instance of *in sunder* in S. is in *R. of L.* 388.

269. *And this is false*, etc. Nearly a repetition (and doubtless unintentional) of 209 above (Coll.).

270. *Impeach*. Impeachment, accusation. The noun occurs again in *3 Hen. VI.* i. 4. 60: "no impeach of valour."

271. *Have drunk of Circe's cup*. "Are become as irrational as beasts" (Malone). Cf. *1 Hen. VI.* v. 3. 35.

273. *Coldly*. Coolly, calmly. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 1. 55:

"Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances."

276. *With her there*. With that woman there; referring to the Courtesan.

282. *Muted*. See on iii. 2. 54 above.

283. *Vouchsafe me speak*. For the omission of *to*, see Gr. 349. We find it inserted in 393 below.

291. *Unbound*. Dromio plays on the word, as on *bound* in 306 below.

299. *Careful*. Full of care, anxious. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 2. 75: "O, full of careful business are his looks!" See Gr. 3.

Deformed=deforming. For this active use of passive participles, see Gr. 374.

300. *Defeatures*. See on ii. 1. 98 above. Cf. also the use of *defeat*=disfigure, in *Oth.* i. 3. 346. Halliwell quotes Florio: "*Disfare*, to undoe, to spoile, to waste, to marre, to unmake, to defeate."

302. *Neither*. See on 94 above.

308. *Splitted*. See on i. 1. 103 above.

310. *My feeble key of untun'd cares*. "The weak and discordant tone of my voice, that is changed by grief" (Douce).

311. *Grained*. "That is, furrowed, like the grain of wood" (Steevens). Cf. *Cor.* iv. 5. 114: "My grained ash," etc.

320. *Syracusa, boy.* There is no comma in the folios, which led Rowe to read "Syracusa bay" and Hammer "Syracusa's bay."

322. *Sham'st.* For the intransitive use, cf. *A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 136: "I do not shame to tell you what I was;" and see our ed. p. 192.

332. *Genius.* Attendant spirit. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 3. 19:

"Thy demon, that 's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being overpower'd;"

and *Mach.* iii. 1. 56:

"There is none but he
Whose being I do fear; and under him
My Genius is rebuk'd, as it is said
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar."

334. *Deciphers.* Distinguishes. Cf. *M. W.* v. 2. 10: "the white will decipher her well enough."

356-361. *Why here begins . . . met together.* In the folios these lines follow 345. The re-arrangement is due to Capell and is adopted by all the editors.

His morning story refers to that which he has told the Duke in i. 1.

357. *Antipholuses.* The folio has "Antipholus," which was, however, intended as a plural. Cf. *Gr.* 471.

358. *Semblance.* A trisyllable (=semb(e)lance), like *children* in 360. See *Gr.* 477.

359. *Her urging of her wrack.* The Coll. MS. changes *her* in both places to "his;" but the Duke may refer to what Æmilia has just said.

361. *Which.* Who; as often. *Gr.* 265.

378. *I think it be.* Cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 108: "I think it be no other but even so," etc. *Gr.* 299.

388. *Errors all arose.* The folios have "are arose," which the Camb. ed. retains. If it be what S. wrote it is = *have* arose, or arisen; but it is more likely a misprint, to be corrected as in the text, which is due to Rowe. St. reads "rare arose," as being nearer to the original; but "are" is an easy misprint for *all*. "Moreover," as Clarke remarks, "*all* here is quite in Shakespeare's style, and is his way of drawing attention to the many errors that have occurred, and given the play its name."

390. *It shall not need.* Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 125: "It needs not." J. H. quotes Milton, *P. L.* iii. 340: "For regal sceptre then no more shall need."

397. *Sympathized.* Mutually shared or suffered. For other peculiar uses of the word, see *R. of L.* 1113, *Sonn.* 82. 11, and *R. of L.* iii. 1. 52.

399. *Satisfaction.* Metrically five syllables. See on iv. 1. 5 above.

400. *Thirty-three years.* The folio reading, changed by Theo. to "twenty-five" and by Capell to "twenty-three." The modern editors generally follow Theo., who got his "twenty-five" by putting together what Ægeon has said of his son's leaving him at the age of "eighteen" (i. 1. 125) and of the "seven short years" (309 above) since he saw him. Capell's "twenty-three" is derived from i. 1. 125 and i. 1. 132. But, as the Camb. eds. (who retain the folio reading) remark, the Duke says (326 above) that he has been patron to Antipholus for "twenty years,"

and either three or five seems too early an age to assign for the commencement of the patronage. Moreover, Antipholus saved the Duke's life in the wars "long since" (161, 191 above); and his "long experience" of his wife's "wisdom" and her "years" are mentioned in iii. i. 88, 89. We are inclined to think it is only one of several instances of the poet's carelessness in these little arithmetical matters. See *T. of S.* p. 128 (note on *This seven*), *T. N.* p. 126 (on *Three days*), and *Hen. V.* p. 147 (on *Four hundred one and twenty years*). Cf. also *M. N. D.* p. 122.

402. *Ne'er*. The 1st folio has "are," and the 2d changes *burden* to the plural. Capell reads "not," W. "here," and Coll. "undelivered." *Ne'er* is due to D.

404. *The calendars*. That is, the two Dromios. Cf. i. 2. 41 above.

405. *A gossips' feast*. That is, a sponsors' feast. *Gossip* in this sense is both masculine and feminine. Cf. *W. T.* ii. 3. 41 and *Hen. VIII.* v. 5.

13.

Go with me. Warb. changed *go* to "gaud," and Heath conjectured "joy," which W. and H. adopt; but, as Clarke remarks, "*go with me* is the burden of the Abbess's speech throughout." The Camb. editors conjecture, "So to a gossips' feast all go with me." Mr. Crosby would read,

"Go to a gossips' feast. and joy with me—

After so long grief—such nativity;"

that is, "enjoy this *birth*, after such a long *travail*, with me at a feast of *gossips*."

406. *Such nativity!* Hammer changed *nativity* to "felicity," and D. and some others adopt Johnson's conjecture of "festivity." The Camb. editors, Coll., Clarke, and W. retain *nativity*. Clarke well defends it thus: "There is something in the repetition of *nativity* which harmonizes with Æmilia's dwelling on the fact that *this present hour* is the birth-hour of her sons. Such reiterations in speeches at the close of a play are not unfrequent with S., who often, as it appears to us, gives this kind of confusedly repeated constructions, partly to indicate the tumult of feeling in the speaker, partly to impress upon the audience any special point towards which he desires to draw their attention."

407. *Gossip*. Make merry. Cf. *K. John*, v. 2. 59:

"at feasts,

Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping."

410. *Lay at host in*. That is, were put up at. Cf. i. 2. 9 above.

415. *Kitchen'd me*. Entertained me in the kitchen; the only instance of the verb in S.

418. *Sweet-fac'd*. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 2. 88: "Pyramus is a sweet-fac'd man."

422. *Senior*. The 1st and 2d folios have "signior," and the others "signiority." *Senior* is Pope's correction.



LIST OF CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY, WITH THE SCENES IN WHICH THEY APPEAR.—The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

Duke : i. 1(48) ; v. 1(43). Whole no. 91.

Egeon : i. 1(110) ; v. 1(33). Whole no. 143.

Antipholus of Ephesus : iii. 1(47) ; iv. 1(48), 4(44) ; v. 1(73). Whole no. 212.

Antipholus of Syracuse : i. 2(55) ; ii. 2(84) ; iii. 2(86) ; iv. 3(27), 4(5) ; v. 1(22). Whole no. 279.

Dromio of Ephesus : i. 2(33) ; ii. 1(32) ; iii. 1(30) ; iv. 1(1), 4(44) ; v. 1(21). Whole no. 161.

Dromio of Syracuse : i. 2(2) ; ii. 2(67) ; iii. 1(14), 2(62) ; iv. 1(16), 2(25), 3(44), 4(7) ; v. 1(11). Whole no. 248.

Balthazar : iii. 1(26). Whole no. 26.

Angelo : iii. 1(2), 2(10) ; iv. 1(34) ; v. 1(31). Whole no. 77.

1st Merchant : i. 2(15). Whole no. 15.

2d Merchant : iv. 1(11) ; v. 1(23). Whole no. 34.

Officer : iv. 1(3), 4(10). Whole no. 13.

Gaoler : i. 1(1). Whole no. 1.

Servant : v. 1(15). Whole no. 15.

Pinch : iv. 4(12). Whole no. 12.

Emilia : iv. 1(73). Whole no. 73.

Adriana : ii. 1(55), 2(63) ; iii. 1(2) ; iv. 2(34), 4(31) ; v. 1(75). Whole no. 260.

Luciana : ii. 1(30), 2(8) ; iii. 2(36) ; iv. 2(10), 4(5) ; v. 1(7). Whole no. 96.

Luce : iii. 1(8). Whole no. 8.

Courtesan : iv. 3(26), 4(6) ; v. 1(3). Whole no. 35.

In the above enumeration parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene (Globe edition numbering) is as follows : i. 1(159), 2(105) ; ii. 1(116), 2(221) ; iii. 1(123), 2(190) ; iv. 1(113), 2(66) 3(97), 4(162) ; v. 1(426). Whole no. in the play, 1778.



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ITALY.



SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY

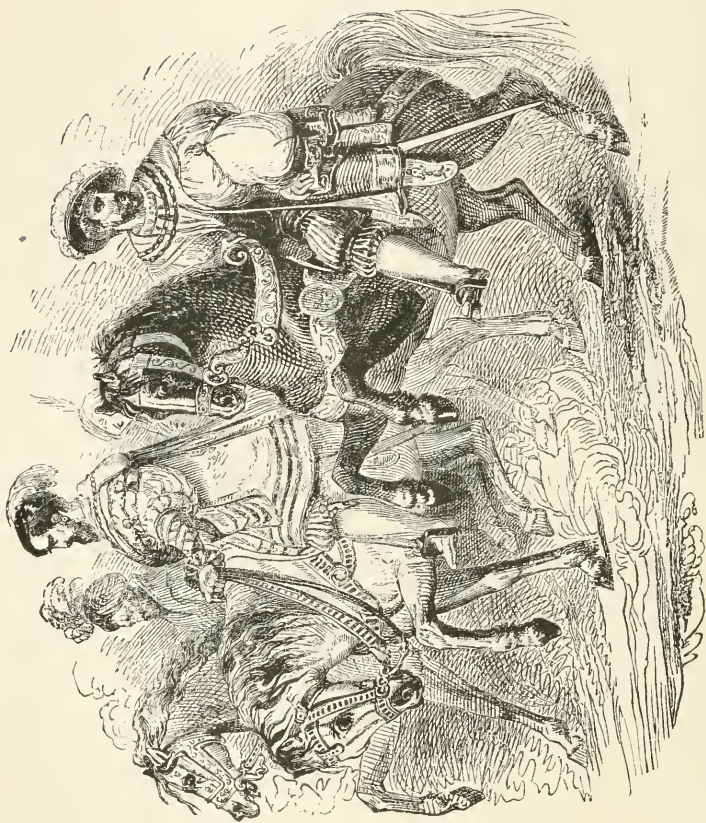
OF

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA



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ITALIAN NOBLEMEN (AFTER HOGHEBURG).



VERONA: VIEW ON THE ADIGE.

INTRODUCTION
TO THE
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona first appeared in the folio of 1623, where it occupies pages 20–38 in the division of “Comedies.” The earliest reference to it that has been discovered

is in Meres's list of 1598 (see *C. of E.* p. 101), in which it is the first of the six comedies mentioned. There can be no doubt that it was one of the earliest of the plays. Malone at first dated it in 1595, but afterwards in 1591, which cannot be far from the truth. Collier, White, and Delius are disposed to place it even earlier. Furnivall makes it 1591-2 (cf. *A. V. L.* p. 25), immediately after the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. Dowden is doubtful whether it preceded or followed that play, but inclines to the former view. Fleay, in his *Manual* (p. 28), assigns the first two acts to 1593, the rest to 1595; in his more recent *Introduction to Shakespearian Study* (p. 21), he dates it "circa 1595."*

The play is well printed in the folio, and the textual difficulties are comparatively few.

II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

Some of the incidents in the play are identical with those in the *Story of the Shepherdess Felismena* in the *Diana enamorada* of Jorge de Montemayor, a Portuguese poet and novelist (though this romance was written in Spanish), who was born in 1520. The *Diana* was translated by Bartholomew Yong (or Young) as early as 1583, though his version was not printed until 1598. The tale appears to have been dramatized in 1584, when a play called the *History of Felix and Philomena* was acted at Greenwich. Shakespeare is also supposed to have borrowed incidents or expressions from Bandello's novel of *Apollonius and Sylla*, which was translated in 1581, and from Sidney's *Arcadia*. He was, however, but slightly indebted to any of these sources, and some of the coincidences that have been pointed out are probably accidental.

* In his *Chronicle History of Shakespeare*, published in 1886, Fleay says (p. 188): "I believe . . . that the play was produced in 1591, with work by a second hand in it, which was cut out and replaced by Shakespeare's own in 1595." For an interesting discussion of Fleay's first opinion, see *Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* for 1874, p. 319 fol.

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

*From Knight's "Pictorial Shakspeare."**

"Shakspeare," says Malone, "is fond of alluding to events occurring at the time when he wrote;" and Johnson observes that many passages in his works evidently show that "he often took advantage of the facts then recent, and the passions then in motion." This was a part of the *method* of Shakspeare, by which he fixed the attention of his audience. The Nurse in *Romco and Juliet* says, "It is now since the earthquake eleven years." Dame Quickly, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, talks of her "knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches, I warrant you, coach after coach." Coaches came into general use about 1605. "Banks's horse," which was exhibited in London in 1589, is mentioned in *Love's Labour's Lost*. These, amongst many other instances which we shall have occasion to notice, are not to be regarded as determining the period of the dramatic action; and, indeed, they are, in many cases, decided anachronisms. In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, there are several very curious and interesting passages which have distinct reference to the times of Elizabeth, and which, if Milan had then been under a separate ducal government, would have warranted us in placing the action of this play about half a century later than we have done. As it is, the passages are remarkable examples of Shakspeare's close attention to "facts then recent;" and they show us that the spirit of enterprise, and the intellectual activity which distinguished the period when he first began to write for the stage, found a reflection in the allusions of this accurate observer. . . .

In the scene between Antonio and Panthino, where the father is recommended to "put forth" his son "to seek pretermment," we have a brief but most accurate recapitulation

* Vol. i. of *Comedies*, p. 11 fol. and p. 68 fol. (by permission).

of the stirring objects that called forth the energies of the master-spirits of the court of Elizabeth :

“Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there ;
Some, to discover islands far away ;
Some, to the studious universities.”

Here, in three lines, we have a recital of the great principles that, either separately, or more frequently in combination, gave their impulses to the ambition of an Essex, a Sidney, a Raleigh, and a Drake : War, still conducted in a chivalrous spirit, though with especial reference to the “preferment” of the soldier ; Discovery, impelled by the rapid development of the commercial resources of the nation, and carried on in a temper of enthusiasm which was prompted by extraordinary success and extravagant hope ; and Knowledge, a thirst for which had been excited throughout Europe by the progress of the Reformation and the invention of printing, which opened the stores of learning freely to all men. These pursuits had succeeded to the fierce and demoralizing passions of our long civil wars, and the more terrible contentions that had accompanied the great change in the national religion. The nation had at length what, by comparison, was a settled government. It could scarcely be said to be at war ; for the assistance which Elizabeth afforded to the Hugonots in France, and to those who fought for freedom of conscience and for independence of Spanish dominion in the Netherlands, gave a healthy stimulus to the soldiers of fortune who drew their swords for Henry of Navarre and Maurice of Nassau ; and though the English people might occasionally lament the fate of some brave and accomplished leader, as they wept for the death of Sidney at Zutphen, there was little of general suffering that might make them look upon those wars as any thing more to be dreaded than some well-fought tournament. Shakspeare, indeed, has not forgotten the connection between the fields where honour and fortune were to be won by wounds, and the knightly

lists where the game of mimic war was still played upon a magnificent scale ; where the courtier might, without personal danger,

“ Practise tilts and tournaments,”

before his queen, who sat in her “ fortress of perfect beauty,” to witness the exploits of the “ foster-children of desire,” amidst the sounds of cannon “ fired with perfumed powder,” and “ moving mounts and costly chariots, and other devices.”

There was another circumstance which marked the active and inquiring character of these days, which Shakspeare has noticed :

“ Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits,”

exclaims Valentine, and Panthino says of Proteus, it

“ would be great impeachment to his age
In having known no travel in his youth.”

Travelling was the passion of Shakspeare’s times—the excitement of those who did not specially devote themselves to war, or discovery, or learning. The general practice of travelling supplies one amongst many proofs that the nation was growing commercial and rich, and that a spirit of inquiry was spread amongst the higher classes, which made it “ impeachment ” to their age not to have looked upon foreign lands in their season of youth and activity.

The allusions which we thus find in this comedy to the pursuits of the gallant spirits of the court of Elizabeth are very marked. The incidental notices of the general condition of the people are less decided ; but a few passages that have reference to popular manners may be pointed out.

The boyhood of Shakspeare was passed in a country town where the practices of the Catholic church had not been wholly eradicated either by severity or reason. We have one or two passing notices of these. Proteus, in the first scene, says,

“ I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.”

Shakspeare had, doubtless, seen the rosary still worn, and the "beads bidden," perhaps even in his own house. Julia compares the strength of her affection to the unwearied steps of "the true-devoted pilgrim." Shakspeare had, perhaps, heard the tale of some ancient denizen of a ruined abbey who had made the pilgrimage to the shrine of our Lady of Loretto, or had even visited the sacred tomb at Jerusalem. 'Thurio and Proteus are to meet at "Saint Gregory's well." This is the only instance in Shakspeare in which a holy well is mentioned; but how often must he have seen the country people, in the early summer morning, or after their daily labour, resorting to the fountain which had been hallowed from the Saxon times as under the guardian influence of some venerated saint! These wells were closed and neglected in London when Stowe wrote; but at the beginning of the last century, the custom of making journeys to them, according to Bourne, still existed among the people of the North; and he considers it to be "the remains of that superstitious practice of the Papists of paying adoration to wells and fountains." This play contains several indications of the prevailing taste for music, and exhibits an audience proficient in its technical terms; for Shakspeare never addressed words to his hearers which they could not understand. This taste was a distinguishing characteristic of the age of Elizabeth; it was not extinct in those of the first Charles; but it was lost amidst the puritanism of the Commonwealth and the profligacy of the Restoration, and has yet to be born again amongst us. There is one allusion in this play to the games of the people—"bid the base," which shows us that the social sport which the school-boy and school-girl still enjoy—that of prison base, or prison bars—and which still makes the village green vocal with their mirth on some fine evening of spring, was a game of Shakspeare's days. In the long winter nights the farmer's hearth was made cheerful by the well-known ballads of

Robin Hood ; and to "Robin Hood's fat friar" Shakspeare makes his Italian outlaws allude. But with music, and sports, and ales, and old wife's stories, there was still much misery in the land. "The beggar" not only spake "pulling" "at Hallowmas," but his importunities or his threats were heard at all seasons. The disease of the country was vagrancy ; and to this deep-rooted evil there were only applied the surface remedies to which Launce alludes, "the stocks" and "the pillory." The whole nation was still in a state of transition from semi-barbarism to civilization ; but the foundations of modern society had been laid. The labourers had ceased to be vassals ; the middle class had been created ; the power of the aristocracy had been humbled ; and the nobles had clustered round the sovereign, having cast aside the low tastes which had belonged to their fierce condition of independent chieftains. This was a state in which literature might, without degradation, be adapted to the wants of the general people ; and "the best public instructor" then was the drama. Shakspeare found the taste created ; but it was for him, most especially, to purify and exalt it.

It is scarcely necessary, perhaps, to caution our readers against imagining that because Shakspeare in this, as in all his plays, has some reference to the manners of his own country and times, he has given a false representation of the manners of the persons whom he brings upon the scene. The tone of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* is, perhaps, not so thoroughly Italian as some of his later plays—the *Merchant of Venice*, for example ; but we all along feel that his characters are not English. The allusions to home customs which we have pointed out, although curious and important as illustrations of the age of Shakspeare, are so slight that they scarcely amount to any violation of the most scrupulous propriety ; and regarded upon the principle which holds that in a work of art the exact should be in subordination to the

higher claims of the imaginative, they are no violations of propriety at all.

* * * * *

Coleridge says, in *The Friend*: "It is Shakspeare's peculiar excellence that, throughout the whole of his splendid picture gallery (the reader will excuse the acknowledged inadequacy of this metaphor), we find individuality everywhere—mere portrait nowhere. In all his various characters we still feel ourselves communing with the same nature, which is everywhere present as the vegetable sap in the branches, sprays, leaves, buds, blossoms, and fruits, their shapes, tastes, and odours. Speaking of the effect, that is, his works themselves, we may define the excellence of their method as consisting in that just proportion, that union and interpenetration of the universal and the particular, which must ever pervade all works of decided genius and true science." Nothing can be more just and more happy than this definition of the distinctive quality of Shakspeare's works—a quality which puts them so immeasurably above all other works—"the union and interpenetration of the universal and the particular." It constitutes the peculiar charm of his matured style—it furnishes the key to the surpassing excellence of his representations, whether of facts which are cognizable by the understanding or by the senses, in which a single word individualizes the "particular" object described or alluded to, and, without separating it from the "universal," to which it belongs, gives it all the value of a vivid colour in a picture, perfectly distinct, but also completely harmonious. The skill which he attained in this wonderful mastery over the whole world of materials for poetical construction was the result of continued experiment. In his characters, especially, we see the gradual growth of this extraordinary power, as clearly as we perceive the differences between his early and his matured forms of expression. But it is evident to us, that, in his very earliest delineations of character, he had

conceived the principle which was to be developed in "his splendid picture gallery." In the comedy before us, Valentine and Proteus are the "two gentlemen," Julia and Silvia the two ladies "beloved," Speed and Launce the two "clownish" servants. And yet how different is the one from the other of the same class! The German critic Gervinus has honoured us by treating "the two gentlemen," the "two ladies beloved," and the two "clownish servants," on the same principle of contrast. Proteus, who is first represented to us as a lover, is evidently a very cold and calculating one. He is "a votary to fond desire;" but he *complains* of his mistress that she has metamorphosed him :

"Made me neglect my studies—lose my time."

He ventures, however, to write to Julia; and when he has her answer, "her oath for love, her honour's pawn," he immediately takes the most prudent view of their position :

"O that our fathers would applaud our loves!"

But he has not decision enough to demand this approbation :

"I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love."

He parts with his mistress in a very formal and well-behaved style; they exchange rings, but Julia has first offered "this remembrance" for her sake; he makes a commonplace vow of constancy, whilst Julia rushes away in tears; he quits Verona for Milan, and has a new love at first sight the instant he sees Silvia. The mode in which he sets about betraying his friend, and wooing his new mistress, is eminently characteristic of the calculating selfishness of his nature :

"If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill."

He is of that very numerous class of men who would always be virtuous, if virtue would accomplish their object as well as vice; who prefer truth to lying, when lying is unneces-

sary; and who have a law of justice in their own minds, which if they can observe they "will," but "if not"—if they find themselves poor erring mortals, which they infallibly do—they think

"Their stars are more in fault than they."

This Proteus is a very contemptible fellow, who finally exhibits himself as a ruffian and a coward, and is punished by the heaviest infliction that the generous Valentine could bestow—his forgiveness. Generous, indeed, and most confiding, is our Valentine—a perfect contrast to Proteus. In the first scene he laughs at the passion of Proteus, as if he knew that it was alien to his nature; but when he has become enamoured himself, with what enthusiasm he proclaims his devotion:

"Why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl."

In this passionate admiration we have the germ of Romeo, and so also in the scene where Valentine is banished:

"And why not death, rather than living torment?"

But here is only a sketch of the strength of a deep and all-absorbing passion. The whole speech of Valentine upon his banishment is forcible and elegant; but compare him with Romeo in the same condition:

"Heaven is here
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not."

We are not wandering from our purpose of contrasting Proteus and Valentine, by showing that the character of Valentine is compounded of some of the elements that we find in Romeo; for the strong impulses of both these lovers are as

much opposed as it is possible to the subtle devices of Proteus. The confiding Valentine goes to his banishment with the cold comfort that Proteus gives him :

“Hope is a lover’s staff; walk hence with that.”

He is compelled to join the outlaws, but he makes conditions with them that exhibit the goodness of his nature ; and we hear no more of him till the catastrophe, when his traitorous friend is forgiven with the same confiding generosity that has governed all his intercourse with him. We have little doubt of the corruption, or, at any rate, of the unfinished nature, of the passage in which he is made to give up Silvia to his false friend—for that would be entirely inconsistent with the ardent character of his love, and an act of injustice towards Julia, which he could not commit. But it is perfectly natural and probable that he should receive Proteus again into his confidence, upon his declaration of “hearty sorrow,” and that he should do so upon principle :

“Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth.”

It is, to our minds, quite delightful to find in this, which we consider amongst the earliest of Shakspeare’s plays, that exhibition of the real Christian spirit of charity which, more or less, pervades all his writings ; but which, more than any other quality, has made some persons, who deem their own morality as of a higher and purer order, cry out against them, as giving encouragement to evil-doers. We shall have occasion hereafter to speak of the noble lessons which Shakspeare teaches *dramatically* (and not according to the childish devices of those who would make the dramatist write a “*moral*” at the end of five acts, upon the approved plan of a Fable in a spelling-book), and we therefore pass over, for the present, those profound critics who say “he has no moral purpose in view.” But there are some who are not quite so pedantically wise as to affirm “he paid no attention to

that retributive justice which, when human affairs are rightly understood, pervades them all ;” but who yet think that Proteus ought to have been at least banished, or sent to the galleys for a few years with the outlaws ; that Angelo, in *Measure for Measure*, should have been hanged ; that Leontes, in the *Winter’s Tale*, was not sufficiently punished for his cruel jealousy by sixteen years of sorrow and repentance ; that Iachimo, in *Cymbeline*, is not treated with poetical justice when Posthumus says :

“Kneel not to me :

The power that I have on you is to spare you ;”—

and that Prospero is a very weak magician not to apply his power to a better purpose than only to give his wicked brother and his followers a little passing punishment—weak, indeed, when he has them in his hands, to exclaim :

“Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason ’gainst my fury
Do I take part. The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance : they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel.”

Not so thought Shakspeare. He, that never represented crime as virtue, had the largest pity for the criminal. “He has never varnished over wild and blood-thirsty passions with a pleasing exterior—never clothed crime and want of principle with a false show of greatness of soul ;” but, on the other hand, he has never made the criminal a monster, and led us to flatter ourselves that he is not a man. It is as a man, subject to the same infirmities as all are who are born of woman, that he represents Proteus, and Iachimo, and other of the lesser criminals, as receiving pardon upon repentance. It is not so much that they are deserving of pardon, but that it would be inconsistent with the characters of the pardoners that they should exercise their power with severity. Shakspeare lived in an age when the vindictive passions

were too frequently let loose by men of all sects and opinions, and much too frequently in the name of that religion which came to teach peace and good-will. Is it to be objected to him, then, that wherever he could he asserted the supremacy of charity and mercy; that he taught men the "quality" of that blessed principle which

"Droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven;"

that he proclaimed—no doubt to the annoyance of all self-worshippers—that "the web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together;" and that he asked of those who would be hard upon the wretched, "Use every man after his desert, and who shall scape whipping?" We may be permitted to believe that this large toleration had its influence in an age of racks and gibbets; and we know not how much of this charitable spirit may have come to the aid of the more authoritative and holier teaching of the same principle—forgotten even by the teachers, but gradually finding its way into the heart of the multitude—till human punishments at length were compelled to be subservient to other influences than those of the angry passions, and the laws could only dare to ask for justice, but not for vengeance.

The generous, confiding, courageous, and forgiving spirit of Valentine is well appreciated by the Duke—"Thou art a gentleman." In this praise are included all the virtues which Shakspeare desired to represent in the character of Valentine; the absence of which virtues he has also indicated in the selfish Proteus. The Duke adds, "and well derived." "Thou art a gentleman" in "thy spirit"—a gentleman in "thy unrivalled merit;" and thou hast the honours of ancestry—the further advantage of honourable progenitors. This line, in one of Shakspeare's earliest plays, is a key to some of his personal feelings. He was himself a true gentleman, though the child of humble parents. His exquisite delineations of the female character establish the

surpassing refinement and purity of his mind in relation to women; and thus, if there were no other evidence of the son of the wool-stapler of Stratford being a "gentleman," this one prime feature of the character would be his most pre-eminently. Well then might he, looking to himself, assert the principle that rank and ancestry are additions to the character of the gentleman, but not indispensable component parts. "Thou art a gentleman, and well derived."

[From Verplanck's "*Shakespeare*."*]

Meres, in his list of the dramatic productions by which Shakespeare had, before the year 1598, established the general reputation of being "the most excellent among the English in both tragedy and comedy," places the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* first in order of thirteen dramas which he names. . . . His poem of *Venus and Adonis*, first printed in 1592, he himself has (in his dedication) designated as "the first heir of his invention," and it may probably have been written before he removed to London,—and before, or not long after, his twentieth year. The *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, if not his earliest comedy, was in all probability written in the same, or at least the next, stage of his intellectual progress.

Hanmer, and after him Upton, thought its style so little resembling his general dramatic manner, that they pronounced with great confidence that "he could have had no other hand in it than enlivening, with some speeches and lines, thrown in here and there," the production of some inferior dramatist, from whose thoughts his own are easily to be distinguished, "as being of a different stamp from the rest." There seems no reasonable ground for such an opinion; which has, indeed, been fully refuted by Johnson, and rejected by all succeeding critics. On the contrary, the play is full of undeniable marks of the author, in its

* *The Illustrated Shakespeare*, edited by G. C. Verplanck (New York, 1837), vol. i. p. 5 of *T. G. of V.*

strong resemblance in taste and style to his earlier plays and poems, as well as in the indications it gives of his future power of original humour and vivid delineation of character. It, indeed, has the characteristics of a young author who had already acquired a ready and familiar mastery of poetic diction and varied versification, and who had studied nature with a poet's eye; for the play abounds in brief passages of great beauty and melody. There are here, too, as in his other early dramas, outlines of thought and touches of character, sometimes faintly or imperfectly sketched, to which he afterwards returned in his maturer years, and wrought them out into his most striking scenes and impressive passages. Thus, Julia and Silvia are, both of them, evidently early studies of female love and loveliness, from the unpractised "prentice hand" of the same great artist, who was afterwards to portray with matchless delicacy and truth the deeper affections, the nobler intellects, and the varied imaginative genius of Viola, of Rosalind, and of Imogen. Indeed, as a drama of character, however inferior to his own after-creations, it is, when compared with the works of his predecessors and contemporaries, superior alike in taste and in originality; for (as Mr. Hallam justly observes) "it was, probably, the first English comedy in which characters are drawn ideal and yet true:" although, when contrasted with the vivid and discriminating delineations to which his genius afterwards familiarized his audience, both the truth of nature and the ideal grace appear marked with the faint colouring and uncertain drawing of a timid hand. The composition, as a whole, does not seem to have been poured forth with the rapid abundance of his later works; but, in its graver parts, bears evidence of the young author's careful elaboration, seldom daring to deviate from the habits of versification to which his muse had been accustomed, and fearful of venturing on any untried novelty of expression.

Johnson (probably on the authority of his friend, Sir J. Reynolds) has well replied to the objection raised by Upton to Shakespeare's right of authorship to this piece, founded on the difference of style and manner from his other plays, by comparing this difference to the variation of manner between Raphael's first pictures and those of his ripened talent. This comparison is more apt and pregnant than Johnson's limited acquaintance with the arts of design allowed him to perceive. Raphael, as compared with other great masters of his art, was eminently the dramatic painter—the delineator of human action, passion, character, and expression; and, as the peculiar powers of his genius developed themselves by exercise, so, too, he gradually formed to himself his own taste and style of execution and expression; while, like his great dramatic antetype, his earlier works, full of grace and mind, yet bore the marks of the feebler school in which he had studied, as well as of the timidity and constraint of half-formed talent.

Not only is the language of this piece carefully studied, but there seems no haste or carelessness in the construction of the plot, unless we may admit the criticism of Judge Blackstone, whose legally trained acuteness has done for Shakespeare almost as much as the clearness and gracefulness of a style acquired in the best school of English literature has contributed to methodizing and elucidating the mysteries of his country's law. He remarks that the great fault of the play is "the hastening too abruptly, and without preparation, to the denouement, which shows that it was one of Shakespeare's very early performances." This, however, appears to be rather the want of dramatic skill, to be acquired by experience, than any effect of negligence or haste, and is, after all, no very serious fault. If, as a poem, it has little of that exuberance of thought which afterwards overflowed his page, yet, in the construction of his story, there is not only no deficiency of invention, but even more labour in that way

than he was afterwards accustomed to bestow. The characters were not only new and uncopied from any dramatic model, but the plot and incidents are substantially equally original; for, although Skottowe, and the other diligent searchers for the original materials of his dramas, have found two or three resembling incidents in Sidney's "Arcadia," and elsewhere, still there is nothing to show that the young dramatist had employed any prior story as the groundwork of his plot; and the incidents he used were such as form part of the common stock of romantic narrative.

In the humorous parts of the play, he is still more unfettered by authority, and more whimsically and boldly original. He happened to find the stage mainly abandoned in its comic underplots and interludes to the coarse buffoonery of barren-witted clowns, who excited the laughter of their audiences by jokes as coarse and practical as may be now witnessed in a modern circus. From the coarse farce of *Gammer Gurton's Needle* to Launce and Speed was a gigantic stride, even with reference to the probability of the scene; although fastidious criticism may still find ample cause for objection. But it is now too late to protest against the improbability or the coarseness of Launce and his dog Crab. They have both of them become real and living persons of the great world of fictitious reality, and must continue to amuse generation after generation, along with Sancho and Dapple, Clinker and Chowder, and many other squires and dogs of high and low degree, whom "posterity will not willingly let die."

Upon the whole, the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, whatever rank of merit may be assigned to it by critics, will always be read and studied with deeper interest than it can probably excite as a mere literary performance, because it exhibits to us the great dramatist at a most interesting point in his career; giving striking, but imperfect and irregular, indications of his future powers.

[From Charles Cowden-Clarke's "*Shakespeare-Characters.*"*]

Much interesting speculation has been bestowed upon the supposed chronology of Shakespeare's plays; and in some instances the theories appear to be highly plausible—the one of Coleridge especially so; and this was to be expected from so acute a judge of intellectual development as well as of the structure and internal mechanism of language. More than one commentator has conjectured that the *Twelfth Night*, if not the last, was unquestionably one of the latest of our poet's compositions;† and when we take into consideration the wonderful outpouring and racy quality both of the wit and humour in that play, the exquisite polish of the diction, the richness, and, at the same time, the chastity of the poetical imagery, also the felicitous propriety and coherency of all the characters, we must perforce come to the conclusion, in comparing it with other comedies of the poet, that it was written in the full vigour and adulthood of his intellectual conformation. For the converse of this very reason, there is little doubt that the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* may be classed among the earliest of his compositions. The story (taken from a novel) is of that romantic cast and commonplace material which would attract a young writer. Item, young men falling in love; their

“spring of love ‘resembling’
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!”

One youth being faithful, the other false; the damsels both eloping, and in disguise; item, a pantaloon lover, rich, and

* From the *unpublished* “Second Series” of the *Shakespeare-Characters* (cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 18), through the kindness of Mrs. Mary Cowden-Clarke.

† This was before the discovery of Manningham's diary (see *T. A.* p. 10), which showed that the play was written before 1602.—*Ed.*

therefore, of course, favoured by the father ; item, generous and very “jolly green” robbers, who, in their first interview, proclaim themselves assassins and common stabbers, and in three seconds are seized with such a spasm of admiration of the banished lover who has fallen among them that they constitute him their captain on the spot,—very like the schoolboys’ game at “Watchmen and Thieves;” item, two waggish serving-men, and a chattering lady’s maid—comprise the plot and its agents. It is true, that of such material is concocted a large proportion of dramatic love-scenes ; but in his *working out* the several characters in this play, even the unpractised judge will recognize a want of the poet’s usual caution, as well as of artistical forethought and preparation in their development and *working up*. The changes in the events, and, above all, the impulses and actions of the individuals, are brought about with an abruptness, and an indifference to coherency, even probability, that bespeak the young practitioner.

The make-believe fierceness of the outlaws, just alluded to, is a trifle among the incongruities of character in the piece. But there is the principal agent, Proteus ; a man who “suns himself” in the esteem and confidence of all his acquaintance, is the early and bosom-friend of Valentine, is trusted (and to all appearance deservedly so) by his mistress, Julia. He leaves her with the sincerest vows of constancy ; and the moment he beholds the mistress of his friend, he not only becomes enamoured of her, but, with a wantonness of treachery, turns low, scoundrel informer to her father of their projected elopement. This not being enough to fill the measure of his villany, at the instance of that father he actually consents to become the calumniator of his unoffending friend to his friend’s mistress, and afterwards to woo her for the pantaloon lover, Thurio ; an office which he nevertheless endeavours to convert to his own advantage. He next sends his own mistress’s love-pledge, and

by herself (disguised, however, as his page) to her rival ; and, immediately after, attempts the greatest crime that man can perpetrate towards woman—against that same woman, too, whom he has vainly endeavoured to seduce from his friend ; and when, in the sequel, he reads his repentance in *four* lines, he is at once accepted in *two* lines by the man he had so injured—who, with unique and amusing simplicity, says : “Then I am paid, and once again I do receive thee honest.” But, to crown all, his mistress, Julia, congratulates herself upon having redeemed such a lover ! All these confoundings of the probabilities of event may be excused in a story of high romance ; but where there is any profession of human passion, we must look to have some regard to the concomitant mystery of human nature in the abstract. Now, Proteus is, confessedly, a solid scoundrel ; and, what is worse, he is a *mean* scoundrel. If there be any quality that a woman esteems in man, it is the high assertion of a bold, defying nature ; and what most revolts her in man is a sneaking and compromising one. And this accords with the law of their physical conformation ; for being formed weaker than man, as regards tendons and muscles, they look to him as their champion and defender : hence a woman entertains an instinctive disgust at a rascal. She will cling to a ruffian, a highwayman, even a murderer—for the higher crimes are not always unattended by generous impulses—but she will despise and shun a pettifogging sneaksby. While a man would laugh at and amuse himself with the beast, a woman would be more serious. She sees no fun in a dastardly traitor ; nor is there : there can be no hope of redemption in a “mean” soul. In one, therefore, of Proteus’s composition it is a violence offered to nature that a woman like Julia (who has witnessed the whole course of his despicable career) should be supposed capable to receive and welcome him : nevertheless, she does ; his repentance coming

only when his plots are discovered, and the sincerity of it suspicious.

Julia herself is a perfect chrysolite of sweetness, constancy, high-mindedness, and maidenly delicacy. Of her cold-hearted and faithless lover she says: "Because I *love* him I must pity him;" and, with the generosity of true greatness, she describes her rival, Silvia, as "a virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful." Her well-known speech to her waiting-woman, upon assuming male attire, that she may follow her lover, is equal in elegance to any thing of its class that ever was penned. Lucetta, her maid, dissuading her from her purposed elopement, Julia replies:

"The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage,
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course.
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil
A blessed soul doth in Elysium."

And her last speech, when discovered as his page, is the only one bordering upon a reproach that she makes to him: this is what is meant by calling her "high-minded." She says:

"Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou asham'd that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment, if shame live
In a disguise of love.

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes than men their minds."

It may possibly have been heretofore observed that the standers-by in a game always see more than the players of it; and in nothing is this more signally exemplified than in the serious game of "Love." Shakespeare has therefore (of course) made the waiting-woman, Lucetta, with all a woman's quickness and suspicion on that point, doubt the truth and constancy of Proteus. Her conduct, when Julia has determined to follow him in male attire, is distinguished by its plain sense, and solicitude for the happiness of her mistress; that of the mistress is all confidence and amiable blindness:

"*Julia.* Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaïd a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Lucetta. If you think so, then stay at home and go not.

Julia. Nay, that I will not.

Lucetta. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who 's displeas'd when you are gone.
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Julia. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear.
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Lucetta. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Julia. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth;
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

Lucetta. Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to him!

Julia. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong
To bear a hard opinion of his truth.
Only deserve my love by loving him;

And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation ;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently !
I am impatient of my tarriance."

An angelic purity and self-respect such as Julia's never could assimilate with a nature like that of Proteus. Her very quality of soul would lead her to deplore the wreck of all where she had "garner'd up her heart," and to forgive the traitor: but to unite with and love such a man were to anomalise her own creation; it were, in short, almost to demand an impossibility. In all this, however, what a glorious thing is the contemplation of our Shakespeare's gentleness of nature, and adoration of the spirit of beauty and holiness, as it shines in its calm and tranquil lustre in the loving heart of a sincere woman! In his earliest production, as in his latest—in his Julia and Silvia in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and his Viola and Olivia of the *Twelfth Night*—there is the same homage to a virtuous passion; to truth and constancy, generosity and loving-kindness. In the worthier characters among the men, too, we have in this his earliest as in his later productions the same transparent and unsuspecting nature—with magnanimity under injuries. The atonement which the Duke makes to Valentine under all his trials is of a piece with Valentine's own generous behaviour (which I fear I may have treated somewhat flippantly when alluding to the young lover's facility in forgiveness); being that of a courageous man, conscious of his own rectitude and good-will to all—even to his enemy. Posthumus dismisses the slanderer, Iachimo, in those dignified words: "Live, and deal with others better." Posthumus, however, would not have received Iachimo to his confidence: Shakespeare was a more experienced man when he wrote the *Cymbeline*; he

had learned that the thing was impossible. Yet Iachimo was not so vile a character as Proteus : nevertheless, in the same fine spirit, he makes Valentine receive the “ hearty sorrow ” of Proteus (his own words) as a “ ransom for offence ; ” adding :

“ Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are pleas’d.”

So youthful is the constitution of this play, that I can fancy it to have been the companion of one or two others in the young poet’s wallet, when he set off on his journey to London, to “ seek his fortune : ” and what a fortune ! I repeat that it is perfectly delightful to trace this consistency of the pure Christian spirit through all the writings of our poet—our own—ours especially, and the poet of the whole earth generally. There is no vacillation in him ; he does not at one period of his career inculcate the revenge of a demon, and at another—with the questionable piety of a Maw-worm—welcome the lash of persecution. Our Shakespeare is never in extremes ; he never defies or rebels ; and he never cants : he has himself established the axiom, that “ The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together ; ” and no one more practically than he has inculcated the command to forgive our brother, even to the seventy-and-seventh offence. He believed that there was “ good in every thing ; ” and he has therefore never (of his own creation) presented us with a human being of unmitigated evil : neither has he (as has been well said) “ varnished over wild and blood-thirsty passions with a pleasing exterior—never clothed crime and want of principle with a false show of greatness of soul.” He has, in short, never fostered the wicked, or pandered to the Pharisee and self-worshipper : his all-abounding charity is in itself a rebuke to the “ too-seeming holy,” who *talk* of grace, yet shut the gates of mercy upon the weak and the frail.

Upon this subject of Shakespeare's forbearance towards the infirmities of his brother mortals, Mr. Charles Knight makes the following sound and philosophical reflection: "He lived in an age when the vindictive passions were too frequently let loose by men of all sects and opinions, and much too frequently in the name of that religion which came to teach 'peace and good-will.' Is it to be objected to him, then, that wherever he could he asserted the supremacy of charity and mercy" [and will it be believed that his very lenity towards delinquents has been made a ground of suspicion against himself?]; "that he taught men the 'quality' of that principle which 'droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven;' . . . and that he asked of those who would be hard upon the wretched, 'Use every man according to his desert, and who shall escape whipping?' We may be permitted to believe that this large toleration had its influence in an age of racks and gibbets; and we know not how much of this charitable spirit may have come to the aid of the more authoritative and holier teaching of the same principle—forgotten even by the teachers, but gradually finding its way into the heart of the multitude—till human punishments at length were compelled to be subservient to other influences than those of the angry passions, and the laws could only dare to ask for justice, but not for vengeance."

The mirth and humour in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* are confined to the two servants, Launce and Speed. Launce, who, with his dog Crab, is as complete a piece of individuality as Sancho with his ass Dapple, is an amusing and original fellow. Some one of the commentators censures his and his brother-servant Speed's humour as being comprised of the "lowest and most trifling conceits." It had been well that some commentators had restricted themselves solely to the verifying of their text with that of the folio of 1623. "Low" the "conceits" of Messrs. Launce and Speed may be, for the authors of them are not distinguished by

high intellectual or social refinement; but surely the "humour" is good, of its class—quaint, rich, and uncommon—although it be not consistent with the modern tone of jesting. The "commentator" would probably have preferred the Congreve school of servants, who were quite as refined and witty as their masters. Nevertheless, Launce's upbraiding Crab with his ingratitude, and indecorous conduct in the company of other "gentlemanlike dogs" under the Duke's table, is irresistibly droll, and as droll as indecorous; and no wonder Master Launce got kicked out for fathering his minion's misbehaviour. His description, also, of his leave-taking at home, when about to accompany his master on his travels, is queer and eccentric: and it must be borne in mind that foreign travel was a grave, and, by the ignorant commonalty, thought to be a perilous adventure in those days; since, not a hundred and twenty years ago, cautious persons, when leaving Northampton for London (sixty-six miles), would make their wills; and the whole congregation of kindred, friends, and neighbours would assemble to take leave of them. So, Launce and his family are in a terrible pucker at parting:

"Nay, 't will be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives; my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog. A Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so neither;—yes, it is so, it is so, it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on 't! there 't is: now, sir, this staff is my sister, for, look you, she is as white as a lily and as small as a wand; this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog;—no, the dog is himself, and I am

the dog—O, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father: Father, your blessing. 'Now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother;—O, that she could speak now like a wood woman! Well, I kiss her; why, there 't is; here 's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes. Now, the dog all this while sheds not a tear nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears."

When his fellow-servant, Speed, eagerly inquires of him respecting his master Sir Proteus's love-suit, "But tell me true, will 't be a match?" Launce characteristically and profoundly answers: "Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will." Launce's best spice of philosophy is where he says: "I reckon this always—that a man is never undone till he be hanged." The character of Launce reminds one in some degree, on account of its quaintness, of Launcelot Gobbo in *The Merchant of Venice*: but the humour of the former is even more eccentric—more "rum"—than that of old Shylock's serving-lad. This peculiar vein of drollery was doubtless popular in Shakespeare's day; for he has not unfrequently repeated and varied it in the characters of his men-servants.

Speed is a fellow of a "higher mark and likelihood" than Launce, who appears a sort of substitute for the "fool" in the piece; and, like the legitimate fool, a mixture of wag, zany, and monkey; and mostly monkey for trick and mischief. Speed is as lively as quicksilver; is an eternal punster; and not without cleverness in observing character. [A man would own a choice round of acquaintance if Speed were his dullest companion.

As an instance of his quickness in observing character, there is not only the witty speech at the commencement of act ii., enumerating the tokens by which he knows that his master, Sir Valentine, is in love; but there is the dialogue with Sir Proteus in the first scene of the play, where Speed

gives an account of his having carried a message to Julia from her lover. In this dialogue it should seem that Shakespeare meant to insinuate that Proteus, among his other defects, was a miserly fellow; for Speed, who is not his servant, but Valentine's, is obliged to push him hard in the little affair of remuneration for the trouble of dancing on his errands. It is observable, too, that when he does get the "screw to act," he only succeeds in squeezing from him one of the smallest coins. If such were really Shakespeare's design, it is but another example of his care in combining qualities to enforce and substantiate the coarser features of his characters. Penuriousness could scarcely fail to become one of the vices to compound such a nature as that of Proteus.

The play winds up with an effect of "And so, every thing ended well, and they all lived happily afterwards"—that is in delightful harmony with the simple primitiveness of the romance in the story which it dramatizes. The Duke is no less facile in his listening to reason and forgiving the lovers than the lovers have been facile in coming to a right understanding between themselves; Proteus's repentance and return to his faith towards his original mistress is no less prompt than Valentine's magnanimity of friendship; and Julia's ready belief in the future steadfastness of her hitherto fickle lover is of the same complexion with the rose-coloured hue that pervades the whole conduct of scene and personages here. There is something wonderfully youthful—almost childlike—in the tone of the close of this play, that perfectly accords with our belief in its being one of the very youngest of Shakespeare's productions; the miraculous ease of conversion from bad to good, of evil courses to righteous procedure, of inconstancy to constancy, and of narrow-mindedness to generosity, being among those miracles in which youth is prone to believe and which youthful poets delight to represent as not only possible, but natural.

[From Mr. F. J. Furnivall's *Introduction to the Play*.*]

The *Two Gentlemen* is certainly far less beautiful in fancy than the *Dream*, but it is a great advance on that play in dramatic construction. Shakspeare has at length settled down into that field of Italian story which is to be hereafter the scene of his greatest triumphs. As after *The Tempest*, so after the *Dream*, there seems to have been a partial exhaustion of original effort, and a falling-back on outside models. The play is strongly linked with the *Dream*. Its subject is the same, fickleness of love. Two men seek one girl; one of the men (Proteus, Demetrius) is loved by another girl (Julia, Helena), to whom he was betrothed, but whom he deserts for a time, who follows him, and whom he at last turns to again. Both couples are to be married on the same day, both girls run after their lovers, both fathers want to marry their daughters to men whom they dislike, but consent to their girls' choice at last. Hermia trusts Helena with her secret and she betrays it, Valentine trusts Proteus with his secret and Proteus betrays it. We have a Duke and a wood in both plays. The links with the *Errors* are, that Julia seeking her husband is like Adriana seeking hers. Speed and Launce are like the two Dromios; Launce and his milkmaid are like the Ephesian Dromio and his kitchenmaid, catalogue of her charms and all. We have a link with Chaucer as well as *Love's Labours Lost* in Valentine's contempt for love, and after-conquest by it, being the counterpart of Troilus as well as of Berowne. That the *Two Gentlemen* and its incidents were great favourites with Shakspeare is evident from his use of them in after-plays. In *The Merchant* we have Portia's discussion of her lovers with Nerissa admirably developed from Julia's here with Lucetta, and also Portia's putting on man's dress and quizzing herself in it developed from Julia's here. This is repeated again in Rosalind in *As You Like It*.

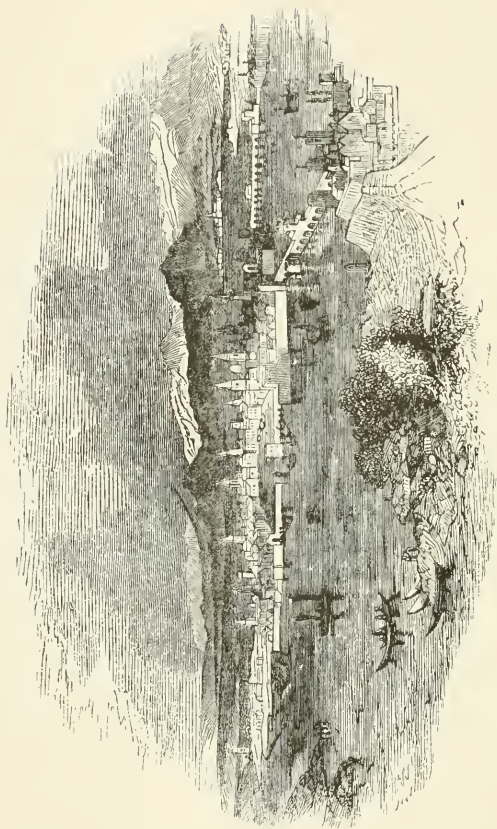
* *The Leopold Shakspeare* (London, 1877), p. xxvii. (by permission).

In *The Merchant*, too, we have Launcelot Gobbo developed from Launce, with a bit of Speed. In *Romeo and Juliet* we have Juliet going to confession like Silvia here. In *Twelfth Night* we have Viola like Julia, each as page, carrying messages of love from the man she loves to the girl he loves, to whom she tells her own story disguised ; and in each case the man whom the page-girl loves at last marries her. In *Much Ado* we have the signs of love in Benedick developed from those described by Speed here. In *All's Well* we have a parallel to the Host scene, and in *Cymbeline* we may compare Imogen with Julia. In these early plays, we have love's power over men's oaths to one another in *Love's Labours Lost*, over men's friendship and their vows to women in the *Dream* and the *Two Gentlemen*, yet in the latter friendship overcomes love in Valentine's offer to give up Silvia to Proteus. The fickleness of love is also seen in the *Errors*, the *Dream*, and the *Two Gentlemen*, as in Romeo's change from Rosalind to Juliet. Though the *Two Gentlemen* is dramatically an advance on the *Dream*, and though we have nothing undignified on the ladies' part to set against Hermia's scratching threat and Helena's long legs (except Julia's statement that if Silvia had not been kind to her she'd have scratched the eyes out of Silvia's picture), yet the drama has to an Englishman the terrible blot of Valentine's romantic friendship inducing him to offer to give up Silvia to Proteus, after the latter's threat of violating Silvia, just because Proteus says he repents. This, though possibly Italian and romantic,* offends us now, and it undoubtedly points to Shakspeare's early time, as his making both his heroines run after their lovers also does. The heroine of the play is without doubt Julia : she suffers most, she loves most, she says the best things. The hero, Valentine, is a most generous, frank fellow, yet

* But it is certainly consistent with Shakspeare's offer to give up his mistress to his friend Will, in Sonnet 40 :

“Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all,” etc.

dull withal. He cannot understand Silvia's love-message to him when she gives him back his own letter, and Speed has to explain it to him. He walks into the trap the Duke has laid for him without a grain of suspicion. But the beautiful unselfishness of his reproach to Proteus on his base treachery, "I am sorry I must never trust thee more," his shifting the blame to "time most accurst," show that he had somewhat of the nature of Theseus in the *Dream*; while the development in him of that serious, earnest love which we saw in Antipholus of Syracuse for Luciana prepares us for the full outburst of it in *Romeo and Juliet*. The lines in which Valentine laments his banishment from his love are the first stroke of the death-knell of "banished" which rings through the later play. There seems a contradiction in Silvia's character in her giving Proteus her picture. It looks like a yielding to coquetry; but as Julia does n't feel it to be so, we can hardly complain. That Silvia says no word to Valentine when he rescues her, when she recovers him, must be put down to the same fault as the slurred reunion of Ægeon and his wife in the *Errors*—Shakspeare's dramatic youth—he must have been now 28—though the genuineness of this last scene in the *Two Gentlemen* has been doubted by many critics, as well from its incidents as from its containing many words used only in the *Henry the Sixth* plays. Note the quick Italian turn for intrigue in Proteus, and in the Duke's instant forming of the plan to entrap Valentine. Launce is English of course, Stratford no doubt, and drawn from the life. He seems to me a more truly original creation than Bottom. I don't believe a Londoner could have made him. That half-identity of doggy and horsey men with the animals they own or tend, is to be seen still. The charming "Who is Silvia?" makes one thankful that Shakspeare's company possessed a singer.



MANTUA.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF MILAN, Father to Silvia.
 VALENTINE, } the two Gentlemen.
 PROTEUS, }
 ANTONIO, Father to Proteus.
 THURIO, a foolish rival to Valentine.
 EGLAMOUR, Agent for Silvia in her escape.
 HOST, where Julia lodges.
 OUTLAWS, with Valentine.
 SPEED, a clownish servant to Valentine.
 LAUNCE, the like to Proteus.
 PANTHINO, Servant to Antonio.

 JULIA, beloved of Proteus.
 SILVIA, beloved of Valentine.
 LUCETTA, waiting-woman to Julia.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE: *Verona; Milan; a forest near Milan.*





PIAZZA DELLA BRA, VERONA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Verona. An Open Place.*

Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.

Valentine. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus;
 Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
 Were 't not affection chains thy tender days
 To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
 I rather would entreat thy company
 To see the wonders of the world abroad
 Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
 Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
 But since thou lov'st, love still and thrive therein,
 Even as I would when I to love begin.

Proteus. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!

Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest
 Some rare noteworthy object in thy travel;
 Wish me partaker in thy happiness
 When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
 If ever danger do environ thee,
 Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
 For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

Valentine. And on a love-book pray for my success?

Proteus. Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee. 20

Valentine. That's on some shallow story of deep love,—
 How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Proteus. That's a deep story of a deeper love,
 For he was more than over shoes in love.

Valentine. 'T is true; for you are over boots in love,
 And yet you never swum the Hellespont.

Proteus. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.

Valentine. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Proteus. What?

Valentine. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans,
 Coy looks with heart-sore sighs, one fading moment's mirth
 With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights: 31

If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
 If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
 However, but a folly bought with wit,
 Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Proteus. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Valentine. So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.

Proteus. 'T is love you cavil at; I am not Love.

Valentine. Love is your master, for he masters you;
 And he that is so yoked by a fool, 40
 Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

Proteus. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
 The eating canker dwells, so eating love
 Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Valentine. And writers say, as the most forward bud

Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
 Even so by love the young and tender wit
 Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud,
 Losing his verdure even in the prime,
 And all the fair effects of future hopes.

50

But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee
 That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more adieu! my father at the road
 Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Proteus. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Valentine. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
 To Milan let me hear from thee by letters
 Of thy success in love, and what news else
 Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
 And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

60

Proteus. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Valentine. As much to you at home! and so, farewell.

[*Exit.*

Proteus. He after honour hunts, I after love;
 He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
 I leave myself, my friends and all, for love.—
 Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me,
 Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
 War with good counsel, set the world at nought,
 Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master? 70

Proteus. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already,
 And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Proteus. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
 An if the shepherd be a while away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd then,
 and I a sheep?

Proteus. I do.

Speed. Why, then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Proteus. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

80

Proteus. True, and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Proteus. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.

Proteus. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

90

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

Proteus. But, dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir; I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton, and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Proteus. Here 's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

103

Proteus. Nay, in that you are astray; 't were best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Proteus. You mistake; I mean the pound,—a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'T is threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Proteus. But what said she?

Speed. [*First nodding.*] Ay.

Proteus. Nod—ay—why, that 's noddy.

110

Speed. You mistook, sir: I say, she did nod, and you ask me if she did nod; and I say ay.

Proteus. And that set together is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Proteus. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Proteus. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter, very orderly; having nothing but the word noddy for my pains. 120

Proteus. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Proteus. Come, come, open the matter in brief; what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

Proteus. Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you 'll hardly win her.

Proteus. Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her? 129

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she 'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones; for she 's as hard as steel.

Proteus. What, said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as 'Take this for thy pains.' To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testerned me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I 'll commend you to my master. 139

Proteus. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wrack,
Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.— [Exit Speed.
I must go send some better messenger;
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The Same. Garden of Julia's House.*

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Julia. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Lucetta. Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

Julia. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Lucetta. Please you repeat their names, I'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

Julia. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Lucetta. As of a knight well-spoken, neat, and fine; 10
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Julia. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Lucetta. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so so.

Julia. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Lucetta. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Julia. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Lucetta. Pardon, dear madam; 't is a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Julia. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest? 20

Lucetta. Then thus,—of many good I think him best.

Julia. Your reason?

Lucetta. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so because I think him so.

Julia. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

Lucetta. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Julia. Why he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.

Lucetta. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Julia. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Lucetta. Fire that's closest kept burns most of all. 30

Julia. They do not love that do not show their love.

Lucetta. O, they love least that let men know their love.

Julia. I would I knew his mind.

Lucetta. Peruse this paper, madam.

Julia. 'To Julia.'—Say, from whom?

Lucetta. That the contents will show.

Julia. Say, say, who gave it thee?

Lucetta. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray. 40

Julia. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

'To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 't is an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper; see it be return'd,

Or else return no more into my sight.

Lucetta. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Julia. Will ye be gone?

Lucetta. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*

Julia. And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter. 50

It were a shame to call her back again

And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view!

Since maids, in modesty, say no to that

Which they would have the profferer construe ay.

Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,

That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,

And presently all humbled kiss the rod!

How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,

When willingly I would have had her here!

How angerly I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!

My penance is to call Lucetta back

And ask remission for my folly past. —

What ho ! Lucetta !

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Lucetta. What would your ladyship ?

Julia. Is 't near dinner-time ?

Lucetta. I would it were,
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

Julia. What is 't that you took up so gingerly ?

75

Lucetta. Nothing.

Julia. Why didst thou stoop, then ?

Lucetta. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Julia. And is that paper nothing ?

Lucetta. Nothing concerning me.

Julia. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Lucetta. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Julia. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Lucetta. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune. 80
Give me a note ; your ladyship can set.

Julia. As little by such toys as may be possible.
Best sing it to the tune of ' Light o' love.'

Lucetta. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Julia. Heavy ! belike it hath some burden then ?

Lucetta. Ay, and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Julia. And why not you ?

Lucetta. I cannot reach so high.

Julia. Let 's see your song. — How now, minion !

Lucetta. Keep tune there still, so you wili sing it out ;
And yet methinks I do not like this tune. 90

Julia. You do not ?

Lucetta. No, madam ; it is too sharp.

Julia. You, minion, are too saucy.

Lucetta. Nay, now you are too flat,

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant;
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Julia. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Lucetta. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

Julia. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation ! [Tears the letter.
Go get you gone, and let the papers lie ; 100
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Lucetta. She makes it strange ; but she would be best
pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter. [Exit.

Julia. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same !

O hateful hands, to tear such loving words !

Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,

And kill the bees that yield it with your stings !

I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

Look, here is writ 'kind Julia.'—Unkind Julia !

As in revenge of thy ingratitude, 110

I throw thy name against the bruising stones,

'Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

And here is writ 'love-wounded Proteus.'—

Poor wounded name ! my bosom as a bed

Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd ;

And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.

But twice or thrice was 'Proteus' written down.

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away

Till I have found each letter in the letter,

Except mine own name ; that some whirlwind bear 120

Unto a ragged fearful-hanging rock,

And throw it thence into the raging sea !

Lo ! here in one line is his name twice writ,

'Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,

To the sweet Julia ;' that I'll tear away,—

And yet I will not, sith so prettily

He couples it to his complaining names.

Thus will I fold them one upon another ;
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Lucetta. Madam, 130
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

Julia. Well, let us go.

Lucetta. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here ?

Julia. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Lucetta. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down ,
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

Julia. I see you have a month's mind to them.

Lucetta. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see ;
I see things too, although you judge I wink. 139

Julia. Come, come ; will 't please you go ? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Same. Antonio's House.*

Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.

Antonio. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister ?

Panthino. 'T was of his nephew Proteus, your son.

Antonio. Why, what of him ?

Panthino. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out :
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there ;
Some to discover islands far away ;
Some to the studious universities. 10
For any or for all these exercises
He said that Proteus your son was meet,
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Antonio. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.

I have consider'd well his loss of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world.

20

Experience is by industry achiev'd
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Panthino. I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Antonio. I know it well.

Panthino. 'T were good, I think, your lordship sent him
thither;

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

30

Antonio. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:
And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it
The execution of it shall make known.
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

Panthino. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso
With other gentlemen of good esteem
Are journeying to salute the emperor
And to commend their service to his will.

40

Antonio. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And—in good time!—now will we break with him.

Enter PROTEUS.

Proteus. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,

To seal our happiness with their consents !

O heavenly Julia !

50

Antonio. How now ! what letter are you reading there ?

Proteus. May 't please your lordship, 't is a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Antonio. Lend me the letter ; let me see what news.

Proteus. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd
And daily graced by the emperor ;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Antonio. And how stand you affected to his wish ?

60

Proteus. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Antonio. My will is something sorted with his wish.
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed ;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court.
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go ;
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

70

Proteus. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided ;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Antonio. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee ;
No more of stay ! to-morrow thou must go. —
Come on, Panthino ; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition. [*Exeunt Antonio and Panthino.*]

Proteus. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burn-
ing,

And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love ;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse

80

Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away !

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Panthino. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you.

He is in haste ; therefore, I pray you, go.

Proteus. Why, this it is : my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers no.

90

[*Exeunt.*

ITALIAN GENTLEMAN (AFTER VECELLIO).



A STREET IN MILAN (SCENE V.).

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Milan. The Duke's Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Valentine. Not mine ; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why, then, this may be yours, for this is but one.

Valentine. Ha ! let me see ; ay, give it me, it 's mine.—

Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine !

Ah, Silvia, Silvia !

Speed. Madam Silvia ! Madam Silvia !

Valentine. How now, sirrah ?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Valentine. Why, sir, who bade you call her ?

Speed. Your worship, sir ; or else I mistook.

Valentine. Well, you 'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Valentine. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Valentine. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like a malcontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Valentine. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without ye.

30

Valentine. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that 's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would; but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you and shine through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Valentine. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

Valentine. Hast thou observ'd that? even she, I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

40

Valentine. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favoured, sir?

Valentine. Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Valentine. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair as, of you, well favoured.

Valentine. I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted and the other out of all count. 51

Valentine. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Valentine. How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Valentine. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Valentine. I have loved her ever since I saw her, and still I see her beautiful. 61

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Valentine. Why?

Speed. Because Love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes, or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!

Valentine. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly and her passing deformity; for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose, and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose. 70

Valentine. Belike, boy, then, you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir, I was in love with my bed. I thank you, you swung me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Valentine. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Valentine. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Valentine. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Valentine. No, boy, but as well as I can do them.—Peace! here she comes.

Speed. [*Aside*] O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Enter SILVIA.

Valentine. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. [*Aside*] O, give ye good even! here 's a million of manners. 89

Silvia. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. [*Aside*] He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Valentine. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Silvia. I thank you, gentle servant; 't is very clerkly done.

Valentine. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully. 100

Silvia. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Valentine. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much;
And yet—

Silvia. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it;—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you,
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. [*Aside*] And yet you will; and yet another yet.

Valentine. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Silvia. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ, 111
But since unwillingly, take them again.
Nay, take them.

Valentine. Madam, they are for you.

Silvia. Ay, ay: you writ them, sir, at my request,
But I will none of them; they are for you.
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Valentine. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Silvia. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over,
And if it please you, so; if not, why, so. 120

Valentine. If it please me, madam, what then?

Silvia. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour.
And so, good morrow, servant. [Exit.

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the
letter?

Valentine. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with
yourself? 131

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming; 't is you that have the reason.

Valentine. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman for Madam Silvia.

Valentine. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she woos you by a figure.

Valentine. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Valentine. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to
yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest? 141

Valentine. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir. But did you per-
ceive her earnest?

Valentine. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Valentine. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.

Valentine. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I 'll warrant you, 't is as well:

For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply; 150
Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover,

Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.—
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.—

Why muse you, sir? 't is dinner-time.

Valentine. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the chameleon Love
can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victu-
als and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mis-
tress! be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Verona. Julia's House.*

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Proteus. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Julia. I must, where is no remedy.

Proteus. When possibly I can, I will return.

Julia. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake. [*Giving a ring.*

Proteus. Why, then, we 'll make exchange; here, take you
this.

Julia. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Proteus. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake, 10
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;
The tide is now:—nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should.

Julia, farewell!—

[*Exit Julia.*

What, gone without a word?

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;

For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Panthino. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

Proteus. Go; I come, I come.—

20

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Same. A Street.*

Enter LAUNCE, *leading a dog.*

Launce. Nay, 't will be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives; my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog. A Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so neither;—yes, it is so, it is so, it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on 't! there 't is: now, sir, this staff is my sister, for, look you, she is as white as a lily and as small as a wand; this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog;—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog—O! the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father: Father, your blessing. Now should not the shoe speak a word for

weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother;—O, that she could speak now like an old woman! Well, I kiss her; why, there 't is; here 's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

29

Enter PANTHINO.

Panthino. Launce, away, away, aboard! thy master is shipped and thou art to post after with oars. What 's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass! you 'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Launce. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

Panthino. What 's the unkindest tide?

Launce. Why, he that 's tied here, Crab, my dog.

Panthino. Tut, man, I mean thou 'lt lose the flood, and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage, and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master, and, in losing thy master, lose thy service, and, in losing thy service,—why dost thou stop my mouth?

Launce. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

42

Panthino. Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce. In thy tale.

Panthino. In thy tail!

Launce. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Panthino. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Launce. Sir, call me what thou darest.

51

Panthino. Wilt thou go?

Launce. Well, I will go.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Milan. The Duke's Palace.**Enter SILVIA, VALENTINE, THURIO, and SPEED.**Silvia.* Servant!*Valentine.* Mistress?*Speed.* Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.*Valentine.* Ay, boy, it's for love.*Speed.* Not of you.*Valentine.* Of my mistress, then.*Speed.* 'T were good you knocked him.[*Exit.**Silvia.* Servant, you are sad.*Valentine.* Indeed, madam, I seem so.*Thurio.* Seem you that you are not?

19

Valentine. Haply I do.*Thurio.* So do counterfeits.*Valentine.* So do you.*Thurio.* What seem I that I am not?*Valentine.* Wise.*Thurio.* What instance of the contrary?*Valentine.* Your folly.*Thurio.* And how quote you my folly?*Valentine.* I quote it in your jerkin.*Thurio.* My jerkin is a doublet.

20

Valentine. Well, then, I'll double your folly.*Thurio.* How?*Silvia.* What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?*Valentine.* Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.*Thurio.* That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.*Valentine.* You have said, sir.*Thurio.* Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.*Valentine.* I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

31

Silvia. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Valentine. 'T is indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Silvia. Who is that, servant?

Valentine. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thurio. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt. 40

Valentine. I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers, for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Silvia. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.—
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health;
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Valentine. My lord, I will be thankful 50
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman?

Valentine. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Valentine. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Valentine. I know him as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd and spent our hours together: 61
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
'To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,

Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that 's his name,
 Made use and fair advantage of his days ;
 His years but young, but his experience old ;
 His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe ;
 And, in a word—for far behind his worth
 Comes all the praises that I now bestow—
 He is complete in feature and in mind
 With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

70

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,
 He is as worthy for an empress' love
 As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
 Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me,
 With commendation from great potentates,
 And here he means to spend his time awhile.
 I think 't is no unwelcome news to you.

Valentine. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth.— 81
Silvia, I speak to you,—and you, sir *Thurio.*—
 For *Valentine,* I need not cite him to it.
 I will send him hither to you presently. [*Exit.*]

Valentine. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
 Had come along with me, but that his mistress
 Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Silvia. Belike that now she hath enfranchis'd them,
 Upon some other pawn for fealty. 89

Valentine. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.

Silvia. Nay, then he should be blind ; and, being blind,
 How could he see his way to seek out you ?

Valentine. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thurio. They say that Love hath not an eye at all.

Valentine. To see such lovers, *Thurio,* as yourself ;
 Upon a homely object Love can wink.

Silvia. Have done, have done ; here comes the gentleman.
 [*Exit Thurio.*]

Enter PROTEUS.

Valentine. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech
you,

Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Silvia. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither, 100
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Valentine. Mistress, it is. Sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Silvia. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Proteus. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Valentine. Leave off discourse of disability.—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Proteus. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Silvia. And duty never yet did want his meed. 110
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Proteus. I'll die on him that says so but yourself.

Silvia. 'That you are welcome?

Proteus. That you are worthless.

Re-enter THURIO.

Thurio. Madam, my lord your father would speak with
you.

Silvia. I wait upon his pleasure. Come, Sir Thurio,
Go with me.—Once more, new servant, welcome.

I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Proteus. We'll both attend upon your ladyship. 119

[*Exeunt Silvia and Thurio.*]

Valentine. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Proteus. Your friends are well and have them much com-
mended.

Valentine. And how do yours?

Proteus. I left them all in health.

Valentine. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Proteus. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

Valentine. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now.
I have done penance for contemning Love,
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs; 130
For in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O gentle Proteus, Love 's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me as I confess
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his service no such joy on earth.
Now no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love. 140

Proteus. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Valentine. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Proteus. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Valentine. Call her divine.

Proteus. I will not flatter her.

Valentine. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.

Proteus. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills,
And I must minister the like to you.

Valentine. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality, 150
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Proteus. Except my mistress.

Valentine. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Proteus. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Valentine. And I will help thee to prefer her too;
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

160

Proteus. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Valentine. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing
'To her whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

Proteus. Then let her alone.

Valentine. Not for the world! Why, man, she is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

170

Proteus. But she loves you?

Valentine. Ay, and we are betroth'd: nay, more, our marriage-hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of; how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted and greed on for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

180

Proteus. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth.
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessities that I needs must use,
And then I'll presently attend you.

Valentine. Will you make haste?

Proteus. I will.—

[*Exit Valentine.*

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me reasonless to reason thus?
She is fair; and so is Julia that I love—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont.
O, but I love his lady too too much,
And that 's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her!
'T is but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I 'll use my skill.

197

200

210

[*Exit.*

SCENE V. *The Same. A Street.*

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE severally.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan!

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this always,—that a man is never undone till he be hanged, nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid and the hostess say welcome.

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I 'll to the alehouse with you

presently, where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

Launce. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest. 11

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

Launce. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her. 21

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou sayest?

Launce. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I 'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will 't be a match?

Launce. Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will. 31

Speed. The conclusion is then that it will.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

Speed. 'T is well that I get it so. But, Launce, how sayest thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me. 46

Launce. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me to the alehouse; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The Same. The Duke's Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Proteus. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
 'To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
 'To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
 And even that power which gave me first my oath
 Provokes me to this threefold perjury;
 Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear.
 O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'd,
 Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
 At first I did adore a twinkling star,
 But now I worship a celestial sun.
 Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken,
 And he wants wit that wants resolved will
 'To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.
 Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
 Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
 With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
 I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
 But there I leave to love where I should love.
 Julia I lose and Valentine I lose:
 If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
 If I lose them, thus find I by their loss
 For Valentine myself, for Julia Silvia.

10

20

I to myself am dearer than a friend,
 For love is still most precious in itself;
 And Silvia—witness Heaven, that made her fair!—
 Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.
 I will forget that Julia is alive,
 Remembering that my love to her is dead;
 And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
 Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend. 30
 I cannot now prove constant to myself,
 Without some treachery us'd to Valentine.
 This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
 To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window,
 Myself in counsel, his competitor.
 Now presently I'll give her father notice
 Of their disguising and pretended flight,
 Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine,
 For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter;
 But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross 40
 By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding. —
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [Exit.

SCENE VII. *Verona. Julia's House.**Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.*

Julia. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;
 And even in kind love I do conjure thee,
 Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
 Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,
 To lesson me, and tell me some good mean
 How, with my honour, I may undertake
 A journey to my loving Proteus.

Lucetta. Alas, the way is wearisome and long!

Julia. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
 Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,

10

And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

Lucetta. Better forbear till Proteus make return.

Julia. O, know'st thou not his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words. 20

Lucetta. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Julia. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage:
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage, 30
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course.
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Lucetta. But in what habit will you go along?

Julia. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men.
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page. 40

Lucetta. Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

Julia. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots.

To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Lucetta. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Julia. That fits as well as 'Tell me, good my lord, 50
What compass will you wear your farthingale?'
Why even what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Lucetta. You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.

Julia. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

Lucetta. A round hose, madam, now 's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.

Julia. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaidd a journey? 60
I fear me it will make me scandaliz'd.

Lucetta. If you think so, then stay at home and go not.

Julia. Nay, that I will not.

Lucetta. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who 's displeas'd when you are gone.
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Julia. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear.
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite of love, 70
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Lucetta. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Julia. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth;
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

Lucetta. Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to him!

Julia. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong 80
To bear a hard opinion of his truth.

Only deserve my love by loving him ;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation ;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently !
I am impatient of my tarriance.

[*Exeunt.*



COSTUME OF PAGE (FROM PAUL VERONESE).

Such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page (ii. 7. 42).



MILAN.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Milan. The Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about.— [*Exit Thurio.*]
Now, tell me, Proteus, what 's your will with me?

Proteus. My gracious lord, that which I would discover
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.

I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates ;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

20

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care ;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply when they have judg'd me fast asleep,
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company and my court ;
But fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so unworthily disgrace the man,
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,
I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept ;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

30

Proteus. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down ;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently,
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly
That my discovery be not aimed at ;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

40

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

49

Proteus. Adieu, my lord ; Sir Valentine is coming. [*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast ?

Valentine. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import ?

Valentine. The tenour of them doth but signify
My health and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay then, no matter ; stay with me awhile.
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'T is not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

60

Valentine. I know it well, my Lord, and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable ; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him ?

Duke. No, trust me ; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my child
Nor fearing me as if I were her father :
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her ;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her childlike duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in.
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower ;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

70

Valentine. What would your grace have me to do in this ?

Duke. There is a lady of Verona here
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor—
For long ago I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd—
How and which way I may bestow myself
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

81

Valentine. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words.
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

90

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Valentine. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents
her.

Send her another; never give her o'er,
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 't is not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you.
If she do chide, 't is not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For 'get you gone,' she doth not mean 'away!'
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

100

Duke. But she I mean is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Valentine. Why, then, I would resort to her by night. 110

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Valentine. What lets but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,

And built so shelving that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Valentine. Why then, a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it. 120

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Valentine. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for Love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Valentine. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone.
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Valentine. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length. 130

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Valentine. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;
I'll get me one of such another length.

Valentine. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.
What letter is this same? What's here? '*To Silvia!*'
And here an engine fit for my proceeding.
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once.

[Reads] '*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,*' 140

And slaves they are to me that send them flying.

O, could their master come and go as lightly,

Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying!

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;

While I, their king, that hither them importune,

Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,

Because myself do want my servants' fortune.

I curse myself, for they are sent by me,

That they should harbour where their lord would be.
 What 's here?

150

'Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.'

'T is so; and here 's the ladder for the purpose.
 Why, Phaethon,—for thou art Merops' son,—
 Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
 And with thy daring folly burn the world?
 Wilt thou reach stars because they shine on thee?
 Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
 Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,
 And think my patience, more than thy desert,
 Is privilege for thy departure hence.

160

Thank me for this more than for all the favours
 Which all too much I have bestow'd on thee.

But if thou linger in my territories
 Longer than swiftest expedition
 Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
 By heaven! my wrath shall far exceed the love
 I ever bore my daughter or thyself.

Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
 But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. [*Exit.*

Valentine. And why not death rather than living to ment?

To die is to be banish'd from myself,
 And Silvia is myself; banish'd from her
 Is self from self,—a deadly banishment!
 What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
 What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
 Unless it be to think that she is by,
 And feed upon the shadow of perfection.

171

Except I be by Silvia in the night,
 There is no music in the nightingale;
 Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
 There is no day for me to look upon;
 She is my essence, and I leave to be,
 If I be not by her fair influence

180

Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
 I fly not death, to fly this deadly doom:
 Tarry I here, I but attend on death:
 But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

Proteus. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Launce. So ho, so ho!

Proteus. What seest thou?

Launce. Him we go to find; there 's not a hair on 's head
 but 't is a Valentine. 190

Proteus. Valentine?

Valentine. No.

Proteus. Who then? his spirit?

Valentine. Neither.

Proteus. What then?

Valentine. Nothing.

Launce. Can nothing speak?—Master, shall I strike?

Proteus. Who wouldst thou strike? 200

Launce. Nothing.

Proteus. Villain, forbear.

Launce. Why, sir, I 'll strike nothing; I pray you,—

Proteus. Sirrah, I say, forbear.—Friend Valentine, a word.

Valentine. My ears are stopt and cannot hear good news,
 So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Proteus. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
 For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Valentine. Is Silvia dead?

Proteus. No, Valentine. 210

Valentine. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia.—
 Hath she forsworn me?

Proteus. No, Valentine.

Valentine. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me.—
 What is your news?

Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.

Proteus. That thou art banished—O, that 's the news!—
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Valentine. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

220

Proteus. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom—
Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force—
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears.
'Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of bidding there.

230

Valentine. No more, unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life;
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

240

Proteus. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love:
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate;

250

Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate,
 And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
 Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.
 As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
 Regard thy danger, and along with me!

Valentine. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
 Bid him make haste and meet me at the North-gate.

Proteus. Go, sirrah, find him out.—Come, Valentine.

Valentine. O my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine! 260
[Exit Valentine and Proteus.]

Launce. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit
 to think my master is a kind of a knave; but that's all one,
 if he but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be
 in love, yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck
 that from me; nor who 't is I love; and yet 't is a woman;
 but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 't is a milk-
 maid; yet 't is not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 't is
 a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages.
 She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel, which is much
 in a bare Christian. *[Pulling out a paper.]* Here is a cate-
 log of her condition. '*Imprimis: She can fetch and carry.*'
 Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but
 only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. '*Item: She*
can milk;' look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean
 hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce! what news with your
 mastership.

Launce. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What
 news, then, in your paper? 280

Launce. The blackest news that ever thou heardest.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Launce. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Launce. Fie on thee, jolt-head ! thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest ; I can.

Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this : who begot thee ?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Launce. O illiterate loiterer ! it was the son of thy grandmother ; this proves that thou canst not read. 290

Speed. Come, fool, come ; try me in thy paper.

Launce. There ; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed !

Speed. [Reads] '*Imprimis: She can milk.*'

Launce. Ay, that she can.

Speed. '*Item: She brews good ale.*'

Launce. And thereof comes the proverb, Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. '*Item: She can sew.*'

Launce. That's as much as to say, Can she so ?

Speed. '*Item: She can knit.*' 300

Launce. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock.

Speed. '*Item: She can wash and scour.*'

Launce. A special virtue ; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. '*Item: She can spin.*'

Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. '*Item: She hath many nameless virtues.*' 309

Launce. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues, that, indeed, know not their fathers and therefore have no names.

Speed. '*Here follow her vices.*'

Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. '*Item: She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.*'

Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast.
Read on.

Speed. '*Item: She hath a sweet mouth.*'

Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. '*Item: She doth talk in her sleep.*'

320

Launce. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. '*Item: She is slow in words.*'

Launce. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue; I pray thee, out with 't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. '*Item: She is proud.*'

Launce. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. '*Item: She hath no teeth.*'

330

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. '*Item: She is curst.*'

Launce. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. '*Item: She will often praise her liquor.*'

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. '*Item: She is too liberal.*'

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may, and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.

341

Speed. '*Item: She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*'

Launce. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. '*Item: She hath more hair than wit,*'—

Launce. More hair than wit? It may be; I'll prove it. The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

351

Speed. '*And more faults than hairs,*'—

Launce. That's monstrous; O, that that were out!

Speed. '*And more wealth than faults.*'

Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I 'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee—that thy master stays for thee at the North-gate. 360

Speed. For me?

Launce. For thee! ay, who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Launce. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters! [Exit.

Launce. Now will he be swung for reading my letter,—an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I 'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The Same. The Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE and THURIO.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you, Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thurio. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my company and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat Dissolves to water and doth lose his form. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.— 10

Enter PROTEUS.

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman According to our proclamation gone?

Proteus. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Proteus. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe, but Thurio thinks not so.

Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee—

For thou hast shown some sign of good desert—

Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Proteus. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

20

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

Proteus. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Proteus. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.

What might we do to make the girl forget

The love of Valentine and love Sir Thurio?

30

Proteus. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent,
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she 'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Proteus. Ay, if his enemy deliver it;
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Proteus. And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do;
'T is an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.

40

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Proteus. You have prevail'd, my lord. If I can do it
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,

She shall not long continue love to him.
 But say this weed her love from Valentine,
 It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

50

Thurio. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
 Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
 You must provide to bottom it on me;
 Which must be done by praising me as much
 As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,
 Because we know, on Valentine's report,
 You are already Love's firm votary,
 And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
 Upon this warrant shall you have access
 Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
 For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
 And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you,
 Where you may temper her by your persuasion
 To hate young Valentine and love my friend.

60

Proteus. As much as I can do, I will effect.—
 But you, Sir 'Thurio, are not sharp enough;
 You must lay lime to tangle her desires
 By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
 Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.

70

Duke. Ay,
 Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Proteus. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
 You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart.
 Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
 Moist it again, and frame some feeling line
 'That may discover such integrity;
 For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews.
 Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
 Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
 Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
 After your dire-lamenting elegies,

80

Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
 With some sweet consort; to their instruments
 Tune a deploring dump: the night's dead silence
 Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
 This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thurio. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
 Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
 Let us into the city presently
 To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music.
 I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
 To give the onset to thy good advice.

90

Duke. About it, gentlemen!

Proteus. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper,
 And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it! I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*



ROBIN HOOD'S FAT FRIAR (iv. i. 36).



ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Forest near Milan.*

Enter certain Outlaws.

- 1 *Outlaw.* Fellows, stand fast ; I see a passenger,
2 *Outlaw.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

- 3 *Outlaw.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye ;
If not, we'll make you sit and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone ; these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Valentine. My friends,—

1 *Outlaw.* That 's not so, sir ; we are your enemies.

2 *Outlaw.* Peace, we 'll hear him.

3 *Outlaw.* Ay, by my beard, will we, for he 's a proper man.

Valentine. Then know that I have little wealth to lose. 11

A man I am cross'd with adversity ;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Outlaw.* Whither travel you ?

Valentine. To Verona.

1 *Outlaw.* Whence came you ?

Valentine. From Milan.

3 *Outlaw.* Have you long sojourned there ?

20

Valentine. Some sixteen months, and longer might have
stay'd,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Outlaw.* What, were you banish'd thence ?

Valentine. I was.

2 *Outlaw.* For what offence ?

Valentine. For that which now torments me to rehearse.

I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent ;

But yet I slew him manfully in fight,

Without false vantage or base treachery.

1 *Outlaw.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.

30

But were you banish'd for so small a fault ?

Valentine. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

2 *Outlaw.* Have you the tongues ?

Valentine. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 *Outlaw.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction !

1 *Outlaw.* We 'll have him.—Sir, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them ; it 's an honourable kind of thievery. 40

Valentine. Peace, villain !

2 *Outlaw.* Tell us this : have you any thing to take to ?

Valentine. Nothing but my fortune.

3 *Outlaw.* Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men.
Myself was from Verona banished
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2 *Outlaw.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman, 50
Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Outlaw.* And I for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose—for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives ;
And partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want—

2 *Outlaw.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man, 60
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you.
Are you content to be our general ?
To make a virtue of necessity
And live, as we do, in this wilderness ?

3 *Outlaw.* What say'st thou ? wilt thou be of our consort ?
Say ay, and be the captain of us all.
We 'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.

1 *Outlaw.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 *Outlaw.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have
offer'd.

Valentine. I take your offer and will live with you, 70
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women or poor passengers.

3 *Outlaw.* No, we detest such vile base practices.
 Come, go with us, we 'll bring thee to our crews,
 And show thee all the treasure we have got,
 Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Milan. The Court of the Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Proteus. Already have I been false to Valentine,
 And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
 Under the colour of commending him,
 I have access my own love to prefer ;
 But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
 To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
 When I protest true loyalty to her,
 She twits me with my falsehood to my friend ;
 When to her beauty I commend my vows,
 She bids me think how I have been forsworn 10
 In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd :
 And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
 The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
 Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
 The more it grows and fawneth on her still.—
 But here comes Thurio. Now must we to her window,
 And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO and Musicians.

Thurio. How, now, Sir Proteus, are you crept before us ?

Proteus. Ay, gentle Thurio, for you know that love
 Will creep in service where it cannot go. 20

Thurio. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Proteus. Sir, but I do ; or else I would be hence.

Thurio. Who? Silvia?

Proteus. Ay, Silvia ;—for your sake.

Thurio. I thank you for your own.—Now, gentlemen,
 Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter, at a distance, Host, and JULIA in boy's clothes.

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks you're allicholly.
I pray you, why is it?

Julia. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry. I'll bring you where
you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you asked
for. 31

Julia. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Julia. That will be music.

[Music plays.]

Host. Hark, hark!

Julia. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but peace! let's hear 'em.

Song.

*Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.*

40

*Is she kind as she is fair,—
For beauty lives with kindness?
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being help'd, inhabits there.*

*Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.*

50

Host. How now! are you sadder than you were before?
How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Julia. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Julia. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Julia. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings. 60

Host. You have a quick ear.

Julia. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music!

Julia. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Julia. Ay, that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Julia. I would always have one play but one thing.

But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on 70
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me;—he loved her out of all nick.

Julia. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog, which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Julia. Peace, stand aside; the company parts.

Proteus. Sir Thurio, fear not you; I will so plead
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thurio. Where meet we?

Proteus. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thurio. Farewell.

[*Exeunt Thurio and Musicians.*]

Enter SILVIA above.

Proteus. Madam, good even to your ladyship. 81

Silvia. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.
Who is that that spake?

Proteus. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Silvia. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Proteus. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Silvia. What 's your will?

Proteus. That I may compass yours.

Silvia. You have your wish; my will is even this,—

That presently you hie you home to bed.

90

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!

Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,

To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?

Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me, by this pale queen of night I swear,

I am so far from granting thy request

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,

And by and by intend to chide myself

Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

100

Proteus. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady,
But she is dead.

Julia. [*Aside*] 'T were false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried.

Silvia. Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend
Survives, to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd: and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Proteus. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

Silvia. And so suppose am I; for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried.

110

Proteus. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Silvia. Go to thy lady's grave and call hers thence,
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Julia. [*Aside*] He heard not that.

Proteus. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber.
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep;

For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow,
And to your shadow will I make true love.

120

Julia. [*Aside*] If 't were a substance, you would, sure,
deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Silvia. I am very loath to be your idol, sir ;
But since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning and I 'll send it.
And so, good rest.

Proteus. As wretches have o'ernight
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt Proteus and Silvia severally.*]

Julia. Host, will you go ?

130

Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

Julia. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus ?

Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 't is almost
day.

Julia. Not so ; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Same.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Eglamour. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind.
There 's some great matter she 'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam !

Enter SILVIA above.

Silvia. Who calls ?

Eglamour. Your servant and your friend :
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Silvia. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

Eglamour. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

10

Silvia. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman—
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not—
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd.
'Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine,
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
'Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company and go with me;
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

20

30

Eglamour. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you,
Recking as little what betideth me
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

40

Silvia. This evening coming.

Eglamour. Where shall I meet you?

Silvia. At Friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Eglamour. I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow,
gentle lady.

Silvia. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt severally*]

SCENE IV. *The Same.*

Enter LAUNCE, with his Dog.

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the cur with
look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up or
one that I saved from drowning, when three or four or
blind brothers and sisters went to it. I have taught him,
even as one would say precisely,—thus I would teach a dog.
I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia
from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber
but he steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg.
O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all
companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes
upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all
things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault
from me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged
for 't; sure as I live, he had suffered for 't. You shall judge.
He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gen-
tlemanlike dogs, under the duke's table; but all the chamber
s nelt him. 'Out with the dog!' says one. 'What cur is
that?' says another. 'Whip him out' says the third. 'Hang
him up' says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the
smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow
that whips the dogs. 'Friend,' quoth I, 'you mean to whip
the dog?' 'Ay, marry, do I,' quoth he. 'You do him the
more wrong,' quoth I; 't was I did the thing you wot of.'

He makes me no more ado, but whip this for his servant? ber. How many masters would do stocks for puddings he Nay, I 'll be sworn, I have sat in the executed; I have stood hath stolen, otherwise he had been hanged, otherwise he had suffered on the pillory for geese he hath lost this now. Nay, I remembered for 't. Thou thinkest not ere I took my leave of Madam Silvia. Did not I bid thee save up my leg against a gentleman when didst thou see me he thou ever see me do such a trick? Roman's farthingale? didst?

Fe

PROTEUS and JULIA.

I a.

Enter is thy name? I like thee well

Thou art an emp'tier in some service presently.

Julia. In what you please; I 'll do what I can.

Proteus. I hope thou wilt. — [*To Launce*] How now, you whoreson peasant!

Where have you been these two days loitering?

Launce. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

40

Proteus. And what says she to my little jewel?

Launce. Marry, she says your dog was a cur, and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Proteus. But she received my dog?

Launce. No, indeed, did she not; here have I brought him back again.

Proteus. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Launce. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman boys in the market-place; and then I offered her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

51

Proteus. Go get thee hence, and find my dog again, Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say! stay'st thou to vex me here? [*Exit Launce*. A slave, that still an end turns me to shame!—

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
 Partly that I have need of such a youth
 That can with some discretion do my business—
 For 't is no trusting to yond foolish lout—
 But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,
 Which, if my augury deceive me not,
 Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth;
 Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
 Go presently and take this ring with thee,
 Deliver it to Madam Silvia.

60

She lov'd me well deliver'd it to me.

Fulia. It seems you lov'd not her, to leave her token.
 She is dead, belike?

Proteus. Not so; I think she lives.

Fulia. Alas!

Proteus. Why dost thou cry, alas!

Fulia. I cannot choose 70

But pity her.

Proteus. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Fulia. Because methinks that she lov'd you as well
 As you do love your lady Silvia.

She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
 You dote on her that cares not for your love.

'T is pity love should be so contrary;
 And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Proteus. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
 This letter. That 's her chamber. Tell my lady
 I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.

80

Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
 Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary. [*Exit.*]

Fulia. How many women would do such a message?
 Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
 A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.—
 Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
 That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me ;
 Because I love him, I must pity him.
 This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
 To bind him to remember my good will ;
 And now am I, unhappy messenger,
 To plead for that which I would not obtain,
 To carry that which I would have refus'd,
 To praise his faith which I would have disprais'd.
 I am my master's true-confirmed love,
 But cannot be true servant to my master,
 Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
 Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly
 As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.—

90

100

Enter SILVIA, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
 To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

Silvia. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Julia. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
 To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Silvia. From whom?

Julia. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Silvia. O, he sends you for a picture.

Julia. Ay, madam.

Silvia. Ursula, bring my picture there.—

110

Go give your master this; tell him from me,
 One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
 Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Julia. Madam, please you peruse this letter.—
 Pardon me, madam, I have unadvis'd
 Deliver'd you a paper that I should not;
 This is the letter to your ladyship.

Silvia. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Julia. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Silvia. There, hold!

120

I will not look upon your master's lines ;
I know they are stuff'd with protestations
And full of new-found oaths, which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.

Julia. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Silvia. The more shame for him that he sends it me ,
For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure.
'Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

120

Julia. She thanks you.

Silvia. What say'st thou?

Julia. I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
Poor gentlewoman ! my master wrongs her much.

Silvia. Dost thou know her?

Julia. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times.

Silvia. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

Julia. I think she doth, and that 's her cause of sorrow.

Silvia. Is she not passing fair?

141

Julia. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is.
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you ;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Silvia. How tall was she?

150

Julia. About my stature ; for at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,

As if the garment had been made for me ;
 Therefore I know she is about my height.
 And at that time I made her weep agood,
 For I did play a lamentable part.
 Madam, 't was Ariadne passioning
 For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight,
 Which I so lively acted with my tears
 That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
 Wept bitterly ; and would I might be dead
 If I in thought felt not her very sorrow !

160

Silvia. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.
 Alas, poor lady, desolate and left !

I weep myself to think upon thy words.

Here, youth, there is my purse ; I give thee this
 For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.

170

Farewell.

[*Exit Silvia, with attendants.*]

Julia. And she shall thank you for 't, if e'er you know
 her.—

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful !
 I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
 Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
 Alas, how love can trifle with itself !

Here is her picture. Let me see ; I think,
 If I had such a tire, this face of mine
 Were full as lovely as is this of hers !

And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
 Unless I flatter with myself too much.

180

Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow ;
 If that be all the difference in his love,
 I 'll get me such a colour'd periwig.

Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine ;
 Ay, but her forehead 's low, and mine 's as high.

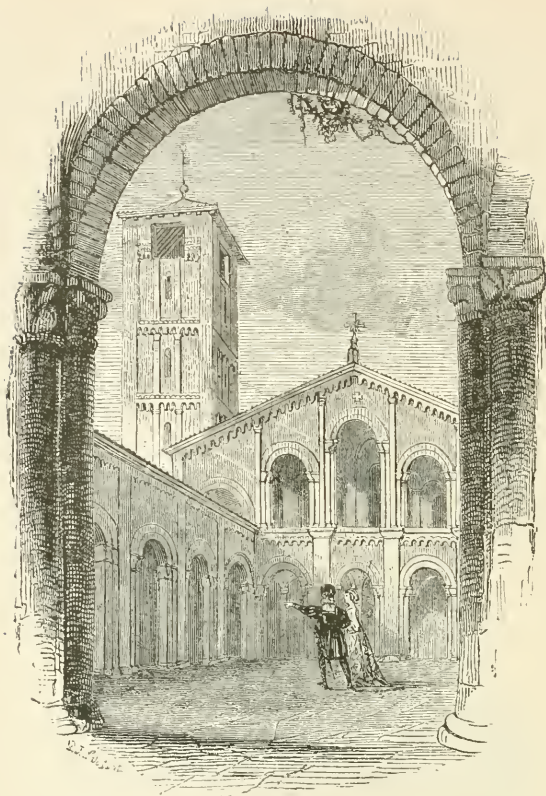
What should it be that he respects in her
 But I can make respective in myself,
 If this fond Love were not a blinded god ?

Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 't is thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd!
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That us'd me so ; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee!

[*Exit.*



ITALIAN LADIES (AFTER VECELLIO).



ABBEY OF SANT' AMBROGIO, MILAN.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Milan. An Abbey.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Eglamour. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.

She will not fail, for lovers break not hours,
 Unless it be to come before their time,
 So much they spur their expedition.
 See where she comes.—

Enter SILVIA.

Lady, a happy evening!

Silvia. Amen, amen! Go on, good Eglamour,
 Out at the postern by the abbey-wall.
 I fear I am attended by some spies.

Eglamour. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
 If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Same. The Duke's Palace.*

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA.

Thurio. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Proteus. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
 And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thurio. What, that my leg is too long?

Proteus. No; that it is too little.

Thurio. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

Julia. [*Aside*] But love will not be spurr'd to what it
 loathes.

Thurio. What says she to my face?

Proteus. She says it is a fair one.

Thurio. Nay, then, the wanton lies; my face is black. 10

Proteus. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
 Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Julia. [*Aside*] 'T is true, such pearls as put out ladies'
 eyes;
 For I had rather wink than look on them.

Thurio. How likes she my discourse?

Proteus. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thurio. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

Julia. [*Aside*] But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

Thurio. What says she to my valour?

Proteus. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that. 20

Julia. [*Aside*] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

Thurio. What says she to my birth?

Proteus. That you are well derived.

Julia. [*Aside*] True; from a gentleman to a fool.

Thurio. Considers she my possessions?

Proteus. O, ay; and pities them.

Thurio. Wherefore?

Julia. [*Aside*] That such an ass should owe them.

Proteus. That they are out by lease.

Julia. Here comes the duke. 30

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

Thurio. Not I.

Proteus. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Proteus. Neither.

Duke. Why then,
She 's fled unto that peasant Valentine,
And Eglamour is in her company.
'T is true; for Friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest.
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she,
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it; 40
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even, and there she was not.
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently and meet with me

Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled.
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [Exit.

Thurio. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her. 50
I 'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [Exit.

Proteus. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [Exit.

Julia. And I will follow, more to cross that love
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The Forest.**Enter Outlaws with SILVIA.*

1 *Outlaw.* Come, come,
Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.

Silvia. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Outlaw.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Outlaw.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 *Outlaw.* Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
But Moyses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain. We 'll follow him that 's fled; 10
The thicket is beset; he cannot scape.

1 *Outlaw.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave.
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Silvia. O Valentine, this I endure for thee! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Forest.**Enter VALENTINE.*

Valentine. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods,

I better brook than flourishing peopled towns :
 Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
 And to the nightingale's complaining notes
 Tune my distresses and record my woes.
 O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
 Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
 Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall
 And leave no memory of what it was !
 Repair me with thy presence, Silvia ;
 Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain ! —
 What halloing and what stir is this to-day ?
 'T is sure, my mates, that make their wills their law,
 Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
 They love me well ; yet I have much to do
 To keep them from uncivil outrages.
 Withdraw thee, Valentine ; who 's this comes here ?

19

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.

Proteus. Madam, this service I have done for you,
 Though you respect not aught your servant doth,
 To hazard life and rescue you from him
 That would have forc'd your honour and your love.
 Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look ;
 A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
 And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

20

Valentine. [*Aside*] How like a dream is this I see and hear !
 Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.

Silvia. O miserable, unhappy that I am !

Proteus. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came ;
 But by my coming I have made you happy.

30

Silvia. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Julia. [*Aside*] And me, when he approacheth to your
 presence.

Silvia. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
 I would have been a breakfast to the beast,

Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
 O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
 Whose life 's as tender to me as my soul!
 And full as much, for more there cannot be,
 I do detest false perjur'd Proteus.
 Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

40

Proteus. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
 Would I not undergo for one calm look!
 O, 't is the curse in love, and still approv'd,
 When women cannot love where they 're belov'd!

Silvia. When Proteus cannot love where he 's belov'd.
 Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
 For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
 Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
 Descended into perjury, to love me.
 Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou 'dst two;
 And that 's far worse than none: better have none
 Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
 Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

50

Proteus. In love
 Who respects friend?

Silvia. All men but Proteus.

Proteus. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
 Can no way change you to a milder form,
 I 'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
 And love you 'gainst the nature of love,—force ye.

Silvia. O heaven!

Proteus. I 'll force thee yield to my desire.

Valentine. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
 Thou friend of an ill fashion!

60

Proteus. Valentine!

Valentine. Thou common friend, that 's without faith or
 love,—
 For such is a friend now,—treacherous man!
 Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye

Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say
 I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
 Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand
 Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
 I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
 But count the world a stranger for thy sake. 70
 The private wound is deep'st. O time most accurst,
 'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

Proteus. My shame and guilt confounds me.—
 Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow
 Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
 I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer
 As e'er I did commit.

Valentine. Then I am paid;
 And once again I do receive thee honest.
 Who by repentance is not satisfied
 Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are pleas'd. 80
 By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd;
 And, that my love may appear plain and free,
 All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Julia. O me unhappy! [*Swoons.*]

Proteus. Look to the boy.

Valentine. Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what's the matter? Look up; speak.

Julia. O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was never done. 90

Proteus. Where is that ring, boy?

Julia. Here 't is; this is it.

Proteus. How! let me see.—

Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Julia. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook:
 This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

Proteus. But how cam'st thou by this ring? At my depart
 I gave this unto Julia.

Julia. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Proteus. How! Julia!

106

Julia. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou asham'd that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment, if shame live
In a disguise of love.

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

Proteus. Than men their minds! 't is true. O heaven!
were man

110

But constant, he were perfect. That one error
Fills him with faults, makes him run through all the sins;
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Valentine. Come, come, a hand from either.

Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'T were pity two such friends should be long foes.

Proteus. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish for ever.

Julia. And I mine.

120

Enter Outlaws, with DUKE and THURIO.

Outlaws. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Valentine. Forbear, forbear, I say! it is my lord the duke.—
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thurio. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Valentine. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath.
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,

Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands:
 Take but possession of her with a touch;
 I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

130

Thurio. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I.
 I hold him but a fool that will endanger
 His body for a girl that loves him not;
 I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
 To make such means for her as thou hast done,
 And leave her on such slight conditions.—
 Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
 I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
 And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
 Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
 Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.
 Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
 To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,
 Thou art a gentleman and well deriv'd;
 Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

140

Valentine. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me
 happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
 To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

150

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Valentine. These banish'd men that I have kept withal
 Are men endued with worthy qualities.
 Forgive them what they have committed here
 And let them be recall'd from their exile:
 They are reformed, civil, full of good,
 And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them and thee:
 Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.
 Come, let us go; we will include all jars
 With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

160

Valentine. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold

With our discourse to make your grace to smile.
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him ; he blushes.

Valentine. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Valentine. Please you, I 'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.—

Come, Proteus ; 't is your penance but to hear

170

The story of your loves discovered.

That done, our day of marriage shall be yours ;

One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*



CUPID (AFTER FRANCESCO ALBANO).



VERONA.

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

- Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
 A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
 A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
 B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
 B. J., Ben Jonson.
 Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of Shakespeare, edited by Clark and Wright.
 Cf. (*confer*), compare.
 Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden-Clarke (London, n. d.).
 Coll., Collier (second edition).
 Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
 D., Dyce (second edition).
 H., Hudson ("Harvard" edition).
 Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
 Id. (*idem*), the same.
 K., Knight (second edition).
 Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
 Prol., Prologue.
 S., Shakespeare.
 Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
 Sr., Singer.
 St., Staunton.
 Theo., Theobald.
 V., Verplanck.
 W., R. Grant White.
 Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
 Warb., Warburton.
 Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
 Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V.* and *A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" ed.

NOTES.



ITALIAN NOBLEMAN (AFTER HOGHENBURG).

ACT I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—The 1st folio (cf. *Oth.* p. 153) has the following list at the end of the play:

The Names of all the Actors.

Duke: Father to Siluia.
 Valentine. } the two Gentlemen.
 Protheus. }
 Anthonio: father to Protheus.
 Thurio: a foolish riuall to Valentine.
 Eglamour: Agent for Siluia in her escape.

Host: where Iulia lodges.
 Out-larves with Valentine.
 Speed: a clownish seruant to Valentine.
 Iauance: the like to Protheus.
 Panthion: seruant to Antonio.
 Iulia: beloued of Protheus.
 Siluia: beloued of Valentine.
 Lucetta: waighting-woman to Iulia.

Protheus is the old way of spelling *Proteus*. Steevens quotes Gascoigne, *Princely Pleasures at Kenelworth Castle*, 1587: "*Protheus* appeared, sitting on a dolphyn's back;" and Barclay, *Eclogues*: "Like as *Protheus* oft chaungeth his nature." Clarke remarks: "To the fickle, unstable, changeable character thus designated, we have always felt a certain propriety in the poet's assigning the name of *Proteus*; a sea-deity, whose power of changing his shape has become proverbial as a type of changeableness."

On the spelling of the name, cf. *Anthonio* for *Antonio*; and on the pronunciation of *th*, cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 179 (note on *Goats*), *Much Ado*, p. 136 (on *Nothing*), and *L. L. L.* p. 128 (on *Dramatis Personæ*). Malone says that Lydgate has *Thelephus* and *Anthenor*; and in the old translation of the *Gesta Romanorum*, 1580, we find *Athalanta* for *Atalanta*.

Panthion occurs in the folio only in the list of "Actors" and in the stage-directions. In the text (i. 3. 1) it is "*Panthino*" or (i. 3. 76) "*Panthmo*," which is obviously a misprint for "*Panthino*." In the heading of i. 3 we also find "*Enter Antonio and Panthino*."

SCENE I.—2. *Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits*. Steevens quotes Milton, *Comus*, 748:

"It is for homely features to keep home;
 They had their name thence."

8. *Shapeless*. "The expression is fine, as implying that idleness prevents the giving any form or character to the manners" (Warb.).

18. *Beadsman*. One who prays in behalf of another; from the A. S. *bead*, prayer (see Wb.). Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 315:

"Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
 Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood."

22. *Leander*. Malone sees an allusion to the poem of Musæus on Hero and Leander, translated by Marlowe; but this was not printed till 1598, though entered on the Stationers' Registers in 1593. The story was doubtless familiar to the poet from his schooldays. For other allusions to it, cf. iii. 1. 120 below, *Much Ado*, v. 2. 30, *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 100, and *M. A.* D. v. 1. 198.

25. *For*. Changed in the Coll. MS. to "but," and by H. to "and." D. says: "The old text, if right, must be explained: 'Yes, it is certainly true; for you are not merely, as he was, over shoes in love, but even over

boots in love, and yet,' etc.—*for you are* corresponding to the former *For he was.*"

27. *Give me not the boots.* "A proverbial expression, though now dis-used, signifying, don't make a laughing-stock of me, don't play upon me. The French have a phrase, *Bailler join en corne*, which Cotgrave thus interprets: 'To give one the boots; to sell him a bargain'" (Theo.). Steevens is doubtful whether the expression took its origin from a Warwickshire sport, in which the victim was "laid on a bench and slapped on the breech with a pair of boots," or from the ancient engine of torture known as the *boots*.

34. *However.* However it may turn out, in any case.

37. *By your circumstance.* "*Circumstance* here means conduct; in the preceding line, circumstantial deduction" (Malone).

42. *As in the sweetest bud*, etc. Malone quotes *Sonn.* 70. 7: "For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love." On *canker*=canker-worm, cf. *M. N. D.* p. 150.

52. *Fond.* Doting. When the word is used in this sense, it often carries with it the more common old meaning of foolish. Cf. iv. 4. 189 below; and see *M. N. D.* p. 163, note on *Fond pageant*.

53. *Road.* Port, haven; as in ii. 4. 185 below.

57. *To Milan.* Changed in the 2d folio and some modern eds. to "At Milan;" but the meaning is *by letters to Milan*. Malone conjectured "To Milan!—let me hear," etc.

61. *Bechance.* Cf. *R. of L.* 976: "Let there bechance him pitiful mischances," etc.

65. *I leave myself.* The folios have "love" for *leave*; corrected by Pope.

71. *Embark for Milan.* According to Elze, Milan and Verona were actually connected by canals in the 16th century.

73. *Sheep.* For the play on *ship* and *sheep*, which seem to have been pronounced nearly alike, cf. *C. of E.* iv. 1. 93 and *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 219.

83. *It shall go hard but I'll*, etc. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 1. 75: "It shall go hard but I will better the instruction," etc.

95. *Laced mutton.* Schmidt says: "According to glossarists and commentators, a cant term for a prostitute; but probably only =woman's flesh, a petticoat, a smock." Cotgrave defines *laced mutton* by "une garse, putain, fille de joye;" and the quotations given by Steevens, Malone, and others show plainly enough that it commonly meant a loose woman rather than a "straight-laced" one. In the present passage, however, it may have the sense that Schmidt gives it; or, as W. better puts it, "a fine piece of woman's flesh." St., who takes it in the ordinary sense, says that "the only palliation for Speed's application of it is that in reality it was not the lady, but her waiting-maid, to whom he gave the letter."

99. *You were best.*⁴ It would be best for you. Cf. i. 3. 24 below. Gr. 230, 352.

101. *Astray.* Theo. has "a stray." The pointing is that of the folios. The Camb. ed. gives: "Nay; in that you are astray, 't were best," etc.

105. *Pinfold*. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 2. 9: "in Lipsbury pinfold;" and Milton, *Comus*, 7: "Confin'd and pester'd in this pinfold here."

110. *That's noddý*. For the quibble, Reed compares *Wit's Private Wealth*, 1612: "give her a nod, but follow her not, lest you prove a noddý." It does not seem necessary to follow the old eds. in printing "I" for *ay* (as they uniformly do), in order to make the joke obvious.

121. *Beshrew me*. A mild form of imprecation, often used, as here, merely to emphasize an assertion. Cf. ii. 4. 73 below.

133. *In telling your mind*. That is, when you tell her your mind, or make suit to her. The 2d folio changes *your* to "her," and the Coll. MS. to "you her."

135. *What, said she nothing?* The Camb. ed. reads "What said she? nothing?"

137. *Testerned me*. Given me a *tester*, *testern*, or sixpence. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 296: "there's a tester for you," etc. The 1st folio misprints "cester'n'd;" corrected in the 2d folio.

140. *Wrack*. The only spelling in the early eds. Cf. the rhymes in *V. and A.* 558, *R. of L.* 841, 965, *Sonn.* 126. 5, and *Macb.* v. 5. 51.

142. *Being destin'd to a drier death on shore*. That is, to be hanged. Cf. *Temp.* i. 1. 31 fol. and *Id.* v. 1. 217.

Clarke says: "It is worthy of remark that Speed's flippancy exceeds the licensed pertness of a jester, and degenerates into impertinence when speaking with Proteus; thus subtly conveying the dramatist's intention in the character itself. Had Proteus not been the mean, unworthy man he is, as gentleman and lover, Speed had not dared to twit him so broadly with his niggardly and reluctant recompense, or to speak in such free terms of the lady Proteus addresses."

SCENE II.—5. *Parle*. Parley, talk; elsewhere only (literally or figuratively) in the military sense of a parley, or conference with regard to terms of truce or peace. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 205, 226, *Hen. V.* iii. 3. 2, etc.

7. *Please you repeat their names*, etc. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 39: "I pray thee, overname them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them," etc. See also p. 37 above.

19. *Censure*. Pass judgment; not elsewhere followed by *on*. For the transitive use in this sense, cf. *Much Ado*, p. 139, or *Lear*, p. 225. Hamner changes *thus* to "pass." The Coll. MS. has

"That I, unworthy body, as I can,
Should censure thus a loving gentleman;"

but *censure thus on* is confirmed by the *on* in the next speech.

30. *Fire*. Pope reads "The fire;" and Johnson "that is" for *that's*; but *fire* is sometimes a dissyllable. See Gr. 480.

41. *Broker*. Go-between. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 582: "This bawd, this broker," etc. See also *Ham.* p. 191.

50. *O'erlook'd*. Looked over, perused; as in *M. & V. D.* ii. 2. 121:

"And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in love's richest book."

See also *Lear*, v. 1. 50, *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 90, etc.

53. *What fool is she.* The folios, except the 4th, print "what 'foole," and some modern eds. give "what a fool;" but the article was sometimes omitted in such cases. Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 42: "Cassius, what night is this!" For other examples, see Gr. 86.

62. *Angerly.* Cf. *K. John*, iv. 1. 82 and *Macb.* iii. 5. 1. See also Gr. 447.

68. *Stomach.* There is a play upon the senses of wrath (see *Lear*, p. 254) and hunger; also upon *meat* (pronounced *mate*) and *maid*. Cf. the quibble on *baits* and *beats* in *W. T.* ii. 3. 92, etc.

76, 77. The play on the two senses of *lie* is obvious.

81. *Set.* That is, set to music. Julia plays upon the word in her reply.

83. *Light o' love.* For another allusion to this popular old tune, see *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 44: "Clap's into 'Light o' love;" that goes without a burden."

94. *Descant.* Malone explains this as "variations," and Schmidt as "treble;" but W. shows that the word means the adding of other parts to the "ground" or theme. He quotes Phillips, *New World of Words*: "Descant (in Musick) signifies the Art of Composing in several parts," etc. Florio defines *Contrapunto* as "a counterpoint; also a descant in musicke or singing." Cf. the figurative use of the word in *Rich.* III. iii. 7. 49: "For on that ground I'll make a holy descant."

95. *Mean.* Tenor. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 46: "they are most of them means and bases;" and *L. L. L.* v. 2. 328:

"nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly," etc.

97. *I bid the base.* Alluding to the game of prison-base, in which the fastest runner wins. Cf. *V. and A.* 303: "To bid the wind a base he now prepares" (that is, challenges the wind to run a race); and *Cymb.* v. 3. 20:

"lads more like to run
The country base than to commit such slaughter."

See also Spenser, *Shep. Kal.* Oct. 5: "In rymes, in riddles, and in bydding base."

99. *Coil.* Ado, "fuss." Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 1. 48: "What a coil is there, Dromio?" See also *Much Ado*, p. 146, or *M. N. D.* p. 168.

Protestation is metrically five syllables. Gr. 479.

102. *Best pleas'd.* The Coll. MS. has "pleas'd better."

104. *Nay, would I,* etc. St. has little doubt that this line is part of Lucetta's side speech. It is inconsistent, he says, that Julia should reply to what is spoken *aside*, and the reply is moreover without meaning in her mouth. If it belongs to Julia, the meaning evidently must be that she would be glad to get another such letter. She has overheard what Lucetta has said, and the repetition of *anger'd* is ironical.

108. *Several.* Separate. Cf. *Temp.* p. 131.

115. *Thoroughly.* Used by S. interchangeably with *thoroughly*. See *M. of V.* p. 144, note on *Throughfares*.

121. *Fearful-hanging.* The hyphen was first inserted by Delius.

124. *Forlorn.* Accented on the first syllable (as in v. 4. 12 below) because preceding a noun so accented. Cf. *Sonn.* 33. 7: "And from the

forlorn world his visage hide." On the other hand, see *R. of L.* 1500: "And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament;" and *L. L. L.* v. 2. 805: "To some forlorn and naked hermitage." For many similar examples, see Schmidt, p. 1413 fol.

126. *Sith.* Since. Cf. *Cor.* p. 236 (note on *Sithence*), or *Gr.* 132.

134. *Respect them.* Care about them. Cf. *Rich.* III. i. 3. 296:

"*Gloster.* What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?
Buckingham. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord."

136. *For catching cold.* That is, for fear of catching cold. Cf. *Sonn.* 52. 4:

"So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
 The which he will not every hour survey,
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure;"

and 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 74:

"Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
 For swallowing the treasure of the realm."

137. *A month's mind.* An earnest wish or longing. The expression is said to have originated in the periodical celebration of mass for the souls of the dead. Grey quotes Strype, *Memorials*: "Was the month's mind of Sir William Laxton, who died the last month, his hearse burning with wax, and the morrow-mass celebrated," etc. Puttenham, in his *Arte of Poesie*, says that poetical lamentations were chiefly used "at the burials of the dead, also at month's minds, and longer times." Schmidt explains the phrase here as = "a woman's longing." Steevens suggests "monthes" for the measure, and W. reads "moneth's." The word is evidently dissyllabic, as Schmidt makes it in 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 38: "So minutes, hours, days, months, and years."

139. *Wink.* Shut my eyes; as often. Cf. *Cymb.* p. 182.

SCENE III.—I. *Sad.* Serious. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 185: "Speak you this with a sad brow?" and see our ed. p. 121.

6. *Of slender reputation.* "That is, who are thought slightly of, are of little consequence" (Steevens).

9. *Some to discover islands far away.* "In Shakespeare's time, voyages for the discovery of the islands of America were much in vogue; and we find, in the journals of the travellers of that time, that the sons of noble-men, and of others of the best families in England, went very frequently on these adventures" (Warb.). Gifford, in his *Memoirs of Ben Jonson*, prefixed to his edition of that dramatist, says: "The long reign of Elizabeth, though sufficiently agitated to keep the mind alert, was yet a season of comparative stability and peace. The nobility, who had been nursed in domestic turbulence, for which there was now no place, and the more active spirits among the gentry, for whom entertainment could no longer be found in feudal grandeur and hospitality, took advantage of the diversity of employment happily opened, and spread themselves in every direction. They put forth, in the language of Shakspeare,

'Some, to the wars, to try their fortunes there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities;'

and the effect of these various pursuits was speedily discernible. The feelings narrowed and embittered in household feuds, expanded and purified themselves in distant warfare, and a high sense of honour and generosity, and chivalrous valour, ran with electric speed from bosom to bosom, on the return of the first adventurers in the Flemish campaigns; while the wonderful reports of discoveries, by the intrepid mariners who opened the route since so successfully pursued, faithfully committed to writing, and acting at once upon the cupidity and curiosity of the times, produced an inconceivable effect in diffusing a thirst for novelties among a people who, no longer driven in hostile array to destroy one another, and combat for interests in which they took little concern, had leisure for looking around them, and consulting their own amusement."

13. *Importune*. Accented by S. on the second syllable. Cf. *Ham.* p. 190. Gr. 490.

15. *Impeachment*. Reproach, discredit. Cf. the verb in *M. A. D.* ii. 1. 214: "You do impeach your modesty too much," etc.

24. *Were I best*. Would it be best for me. See on i. 1. 99 above.

27. *The emperor*. "S. has been guilty of no mistake in placing the emperor's court at Milan. Several of the first German emperors held their courts there occasionally, it being at that time their immediate property, and the chief town of their Italian dominions. Some of them were crowned kings of Italy at Milan before they received the imperial crown at Rome. Nor has the poet fallen into any contradiction by giving a duke to Milan at the same time that the emperor held his court there. The first dukes of that and all the other great cities in Italy were not sovereign princes, as they afterwards became, but were merely governors, or viceroys, under the emperors, and removable at their pleasure" (Steevens).

30. *There shall he practise tilts and tournaments*. "St. Palaye, in his *Memoirs of Chivalry*, says that, in their private castles, the gentlemen practised the exercises which would prepare them for the public tournaments. This refers to the period which appears to have terminated some half-century before the time of Elizabeth, when real warfare was conducted with express reference to the laws of knighthood; and the tourney, with all its magnificent array,—its minstrels, its heralds, and its damosels in lofty towers,—had its hard blows, its wounds, and sometimes its deaths. There were the 'Joustes à outrance,' or the 'Joustes mortelles et à champ,' of Froissart. But the 'tournaments' that Shakspeare sends Proteus to 'practise' were the 'Joustes of Peace,' the 'Joustes à plaisance,' the tournaments of gay pennons and pointless lances. They had all the gorgeousness of the old knightly encounters, but they appear to have been regarded only as courtly pastimes, and not as serious preparations for 'a well-foughten field.' One or two instances from the annals of these times will at least amuse our readers, if they do not quite satisfy them that these combats were as harmless to the combatants as the fierce encounters between other less noble actors—the heroes of the stage.

"On Whitsun Monday, 1581, a most magnificent tournament was held in the Tilt-yard at Westminster, in honour of the Dauphin, and other noblemen and gentlemen of France, who had arrived as commissioners to the queen. Holinshed describes the proceedings respecting this 'Triumph' at great length. A magnificent gallery was erected for the queen and her court, which was called by the combatants the fortress of perfect beauty; 'and not without cause, forasmuch as her highness would be there included.' Four gentlemen—the Earl of Arundel, the Lord Windsor, Mr. Philip Sidney, and Mr. Fulke Greville—calling themselves the foster-children of Desire, laid claim to this fortress, and vowed to withstand all who should dare to oppose them. Their challenge being accepted by certain gentlemen of the court, they proceeded (in gorgeous apparel, and attended by squires and attendants richly dressed) forthwith to the tilt, and on the following day to the tourney, where they behaved nobly and bravely, but, at length, submitted to the queen, acknowledging that they ought not to have accompanied Desire by Violence, and concluding a long speech, full of the compliments of the day, by declaring themselves thenceforth slaves to the 'Fortress of Perfect Beautie.' These 'Courtlie triumphes' were arranged and conducted in the most costly manner. The queen's gallery was painted in imitation of stone and covered with ivy and garlands of flowers; cannons were fired with perfumed powder; the dresses of the knights and courtiers were of the richest stuffs, and covered with precious stones; and moving mounts, costly chariots, and many other devices were introduced to give effect to the scene.

"In the reign of Elizabeth there were annual exercises of arms, which were first commenced by Sir Henry Lee. This worthy knight made a vow to appear armed in the Tilt-yard at Westminster on the 27th November (the anniversary of the queen's accession) in every year, until disabled by age, where he offered to tilt with all comers, in honour of Her Majesty's accession. He continued the queen's champion until the thirty-third year of her reign, when, having arrived at the sixtieth year of his age, he resigned in favour of George, Earl of Cumberland, who was invested in the office with much form and solemnity in 1590. It was on the 27th November in that year, that Sir Henry Lee, having performed his devoirs in the lists for the last time, and with much applause, accompanied by the Earl of Cumberland, presented himself before the queen, who was seated in her gallery overlooking the lists, and, kneeling on one knee, humbly besought Her Majesty to accept the Earl of Cumberland for her knight, to continue the yearly exercises which he was compelled, from infirmities of age, himself to relinquish. The queen graciously accepting the offer, the old knight presented his armour at Her Majesty's feet, and then assisting in fastening the armour of the earl, he mounted him on his horse. This ceremony being performed, he put upon his own person a side coat of 'black velvet pointed under the arm, and covered his head (in lieu of a helmet) with a buttoned cap of the country fashion.' Then, whilst music was heard proceeding from a magnificent temple which had been erected for the occasion, he presented to the queen, through the hands of three beautiful maidens, a veil curiously wrought,

and richly adorned, and other gifts of great magnificence, and declared that, although his youth and strength had decayed, his duty, faith, and love remained perfect as ever; his hands, instead of wielding the lance, should now be held up in prayer for Her Majesty's welfare; and he trusted she would allow him to be her Beadsman, now that he had ceased to incur knightly perils in her service. But the queen complimented him upon his gallantry, and desired that he would attend the future annual jousts, and direct the knights in their proceedings; for indeed his virtue and valour in arms were declared by all to be deserving of command. In the course of the good old knight's career of 'virtue and valour in arms,' he was joined by many companions, anxious to distinguish themselves in all courtly and chivalrous exercises. One duke, nineteen earls, twenty-seven barons, four knights of the garter, and above one hundred and fifty other knights and esquires, are stated to have taken part in these annual feats of arms.

"If Shakspeare had not looked upon these 'Annual Exercises of Arms,' when he thought of the tournaments 'in the emperor's court,' he had probably been admitted to the Tilt-yard at Kenilworth, on some occasion of magnificent display by the proud Leicester" (K.).

44. *And—in good time!* And here he comes most opportunely! "*In good time* was the old expression when something happened which suited the thing in hand, as the French say, *à propos*" (Johnson). Cf. *Rich. III.* ii. 1. 45, iii. 1. 24, 95, iii. 4. 22, etc.

Break with him. Broach the matter to him. See *Much Ado*, p. 125. Cf. iii. 1. 59 below.

48. *Applaud.* Approve; as in v. 4. 140 below.

64. *Muse.* Wonder. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 317: "I muse your majesty doth seem so cold;" *Cor.* iii. 2. 7:

"I muse my mothei
Does not approve me further," etc.

See also *Mach.* p. 219.

67. *Valentinus.* The reading of the 1st folio. The later folios have "Valentino" (which Coll. claims for his MS.), and Warb. gives "Valentine."

69. *Exhibition.* Allowance; as in *Lear*, i. 2. 25, *Oth.* i. 3. 238, iv. 3. 75, *Cymb.* i. 6. 122, etc.

84. *Resembleth.* Here a quadrisyllable. So *dazzled* is a trisyllable in ii. 4. 208 below. Gr. 477. Pope reads "resembleth well," and Johnson suggests "resembleth right," with "light" in place of *sun* in 86 for the sake of the rhyme.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—2. *One.* There is a play on *one* and *ou*, which seem to have been sometimes pronounced alike; though elsewhere we find *one* rhyming to *bone* (*V. and A.* 293), *alone* (*Sonn.* 39. 6), *Scone* (*Mach.* v. 8. 74), and *thrown* (*Cymb.* v. 4. 61).

16. *By these special marks*, etc. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 392 fol.

17. *To wreathe your arms*. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 135 : "his wreathed arms," etc.

21. *Takes diet*. Is dieting for his health.

23. *Hallowmas*. All-Hallows or All-Saints Day, November 1st, when, as Tollet says, "the poor people in Staffordshire, and perhaps in other country places, go from parish to parish *a-souling*, as they call it ; that is, begging and *puling* (or singing small, as Bailey's *Dict.* explains *puling*) for *soul-cakes*, or any good thing to make them merry."

27. *With a mistress*. By a mistress. Gr. 193. *That*=so that ; as in 35 below. Gr. 283.

30. *Without*. The play on the word needs no explanation.

33. *None else would*. "None else would be so simple" (Johnson) ; or, perhaps, as Clarke explains it, "unless you were so simple as to let your love-tokens exteriorly appear, no one would perceive them but myself."

36. *To comment on your malady*. Like the doctors who used to judge of diseases by inspecting the patient's water. See *T. N.* p. 153 (note on *Water*), or 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 152 (on *What says the doctor*, etc.).

39. *She, I mean*. On *she*=her, see Gr. 211.

55. *Account of her beauty*. Appreciate her beauty.

66. *Going ungartered*. This is one of the marks of a lover in *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. See on 16 above.

70. *Put on your hose*. That is, to put them on properly. The Camb. editors believe that a rhyme was intended, and suggest "cannot see to beyond your nose" or "to put spectacles on your nose," or "to put on your shoes." H. adopts the first of these conjectures.

71. *Belike*. It is likely, probably.

74. *Swinged*. Whipped ; as in iii. 1. 369 below.

77. *Set*. Seated, as opposed to *stand*, with a play on the word.

85. *Motion*. The word meant a puppet-show, and sometimes a single puppet. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 103 : "a motion of the Prodigal Son ;" and see our ed. p. 186. *Interpret* alludes to the master of the puppet-show, or the *interpreter*, as he was called, who was the speaker for the inanimate actors. Cf. *R. of L.* 1326 :

"To see sad sights moves more than hear them told ;
For then the eye *interprets* to the ear
The heavy *motion* that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woe doth bear ;"

and *Ham.* iii. 2. 256 : "I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying." See *Ham.* p. 228.

88. *Give ye good even*. That is, God give you good even. Sometimes the verb is omitted ; as in *R. and J.* ii. 4. 115 : "God ye good morrow !" For other contractions, cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 42 : "God dig-you-den !" *R. and J.* i. 2. 58 : "God gi' good-den !" ("Godgidoden" in the folio), etc.

90. *Sir Valentine and servant*. "Sir J. Hawkins says, 'Here Silvia calls her lover *servant*, and again her *gentle servant*. This was the common language of ladies to their lovers, at the time when Shakspeare wrote.' Steevens gives several examples of this. Henry James Pye, in his 'Comments on the Commentators,' mentions that, 'in the *Noble Gentlemen* of

Beaumont and Fletcher, the lady's gallant has no other name in the *dramatis personæ* than servant,' and that 'mistress and servant are always used for lovers in Dryden's plays.' It is clear to us, however, that Shakspeare here uses the words in a much more general sense than that which expresses the relations between two lovers. At the very moment that Valentine calls Silvia mistress, he says that he has written for her a letter,—'some lines to one she loves,'—unto a 'secret nameless friend;' and what is still stronger evidence that the word 'servant' had not the full meaning of lover, but meant a much more general admirer, Valentine, introducing Proteus to Silvia, says,

'Sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship;'

and Silvia, consenting, says to Proteus,

'Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.'

"Now, when Silvia says this, which, according to the meaning which has been attached to the words servant and mistress, would be a speech of endearment, she had accepted Valentine really as her betrothed lover, and she had been told by Valentine that Proteus

'Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.'

"It appears, therefore, that we must receive these words in a very vague sense, and regard them as titles of courtesy, derived, perhaps, from the chivalric times, when many a harnessed knight and sportive troubadour described the lady whom they had gazed upon in the tilt-yard as their 'mistress,' and the same lady looked upon each of the gallant train as a 'servant' dedicated to the defence of her honour, or the praise of her beauty" (K.).

97. *Clerkly*. "Like a scholar" (Steevens); or, perhaps, like a good penman (Schmidt). It has the former sense in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 179: "With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd" (that is, adroitly put).

102. *Stead*. Be of use to, help; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 165, *M. of V.* i. 3. 7, etc. 'The folios have "stead."

111. *Quaintly*. Finely, elegantly. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 4. 6: "'T is vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd," etc. See also on the adjective in *Much Ado*, p. 149.

120. *So*. That is, so be it, well and good. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 4. 67: "If it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole!"

130. *Reasoning*. Saying, talking. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 145. For the combination of *rhyme* and *reason* in Speed's reply, cf. *M. W.* v. 5. 133, *C. of E.* ii. 2. 149, *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 418, etc.

136. *By a figure*. In the rhetorical sense.

144. *Earnest*. "Used in opposition to *jest*, and in the sense of pledge, or token of future and farther bestowal" (Clarke).

147. *And there an end*. And that is the end of it, there's no more to say; as in i. 3. 65 above.

153. *In print*. "With exactness" (Steevens); as if quoting the lines.

It is not necessary, however, to *print* the lines as a quotation, as some editors do; for of course they are really Speed's own.

156. *Chameleon*. For the old notion that the chameleon lived on air, cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 98: "of the chameleon's dish; I eat the air." See also ii. 4. 26 below.

159. *Be moved*. "Have compassion on me, though your mistress has none on you" (Malone).

SCENE II.—4. *Turn not*. That is, are not inconstant. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 35: "she is turning and inconstant," etc.

5. *Keep this remembrance*, etc. Here we have an instance of the formal *betrothal* of the olden times. Cf. *T. A.* p. 160, note on *Plight me*, etc.

SCENE III.—2. *Kind*. Kindred, race.

12. *Parting*. Departure. Cf. i. 1. 71 above.

13. *This left shoe*. Cf. *K. John*, p. 167, note on *Contrary feet*.

19. *I am the dog*, etc. This note of Johnson's is too good to be omitted: "This passage is much confused, and of confusion the present reading makes no end. Sir T. Hanmer reads, 'I am the dog, no, the dog is himself, and I am me, the dog is the dog, and I am myself.' This certainly is more reasonable, but I know not how much reason the author intended to bestow on Launce's soliloquy."

25. *Like an old woman*. The folios have "like a would woman." Theo. changed "would" to "wood" (=mad), and the Coll. MS. to "wild." Pope has "an ould woman." As W. remarks, "the words are probably written 'an ould woman,' which might be easily mistaken for 'a would woman;' much more easily than 'wood' for 'would.'" W. reads "O, that shoe could speak now," and takes the sentence to be, "not parenthetical, but the counterpart of the remark about that with the better sole;" that is, "the father-shoe 'should . . . *not* speak a word,' while the mother-shoe '*should*, or could, speak . . . like an old woman.'" But there is no need of changing *she* to "shoe," for Launce identifies the shoe with his mother. It is true that he has said *the shoe* in referring to his father just before; but if he had said *he* there, it would have been just as natural.

26. *Up and down*. Out and out, exactly. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 124: "here 's his dry hand up and down," etc.

45. *In thy tail!* Hanmer reads "In my tail?"

SCENE IV.—7. The *Exit* here is due to the Camb. editors, who say: "As Speed after line 7 does not say a word during the whole of this long scene, we have sent him off the stage. It is not likely that the clown would be kept on as a mute bystander, especially when he had to appear in the following scene."

18. *Quote*. Note, mark. The word was sometimes written and pronounced *cote*; hence the pun on *coat* in Valentine's reply. Cf. *Ham.* p. 201.

20. *My jerkin is a doublet*. K. remarks: "The *jerkin*, or jacket, was generally worn over the doublet; but occasionally the doublet was worn

alone, and, in many instances, is confounded with the jerkin. Either had sleeves or not, as the wearer fancied; for by the inventories and wardrobe accounts of the time, we find that the sleeves were frequently separate articles of dress, and attached to the doublet, jerkin, coat, or even woman's gown, by laces or ribbands, at the pleasure of the wearer. A 'doublet jaquet' and hose of blue velvet, cut upon cloth of gold, embroidered, and a 'doublet hose and jaquet' of purple velvet, embroidered, and cut upon cloth of gold, and lined with black satin, are entries in an inventory of the wardrobe of Henry VIII.

"In 1535, a jerkin of purple velvet, with purple satin sleeves, embroidered all over with Venice gold, was presented to the king by Sir Richard Cromwell; and another jerkin of crimson velvet, with wide sleeves of the same coloured satin, is mentioned in the same inventory."

26. *Than live in your air.* See on ii. 1. 156 above.

52. *Don.* Ritson was disposed to omit this, as the characters are Italians, not Spaniards; but cf. "Don Alphonso" in i. 3. 39 above.

54. *Worth.* Changed in the Coll. MS. to "wealth;" but the repetition in *worthy* is quite in Shakespeare's manner. H. compares 72 below.

60. *Know.* The folios have "knew;" corrected by Hanmer.

61. *Convers'd.* Associated; as in i. 3. 31 above.

63. *Omitting.* Neglecting; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 183, ii. 1. 194, *J. C.* iv. 3. 229, etc.

71. *Feature.* Person, form. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 50: "complete In mind and feature." See also *Ham.* p. 220.

73. *Beshrew me.* See on i. 1. 121 above.

83. *Cite.* Urge; not to be printed "cite," as by Malone and some other editors. It is a figurative use of *cite*=summon, not a contraction of *incite*.

96. *Wink.* Shut the eyes. See on i. 2. 139 above.

97. *Exit Thurio.* As the folios give 114 below to Thurio, it is evident that he must have left the stage, though his exit is not marked in the early eds. Coll. was the first to insert it here, and is followed by W. and the Camb. ed. Theo., followed by many editors, gives 114 to a servant. D. says that "Thurio, after what the Duke, in the presence of Silvia, had said to him about welcoming Proteus, would hardly run off the moment Proteus appeared." The Camb. editors reply: "But Thurio is not held up as a model of courtesy, and he might as well be off the stage as on it, for any welcome he gives to Proteus. Besides, in 102 Valentine ignores Thurio altogether, who, if he had been present, would not have remained silent under the slight." H. thinks that Thurio's coming in to do the message "is hardly consistent with what follows,—*Come, Sir Thurio;*" but we cannot imagine why. It seems natural enough that as he has brought the message from her father she should ask him to escort her to the Duke.

102. *Entertain him.* Take him into your service. Cf. iv. 4. 56, 63, 81 below.

135. *As I confess.* That I confess. Gr. 109.

136. *To.* In comparison with; as in 164 below. Gr. 187.

137. *No such.* Changed by Hanmer to "any."

144. *An earthly paragon.* Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 6. 44 :

"By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon."

149. *By her.* Of her. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 60 : "How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?" Gr. 145.

150. *A principality.* Johnson explained this as = "the first or *principal* of women ;" but *principality* was a term applied to one of the orders of angels, and that may be the sense here. Mason paraphrases the passage thus : "If you will not acknowledge her as divine, let her at least be considered as an angel of the first order, superior to everything on earth." Steevens cites *Romans*, viii. 38 ; and W. adds Milton. *P. L.* vi. 445 : "Nisroc, of principalities the prime."

157. *Lest the base earth,* etc. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 190 :

"Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee
To make the base earth proud with kissing it ;"

and *V. and A.* 721 :

"But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,—
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss."

160. *Summer-swelling.* The Coll. MS. has "summer-smelling ;" and Steevens was at first inclined to that reading, but rejected it on meeting with *summer-swelling* in Gorges's *Lucan*.

164. *Worthies.* W. changes this to "worth as," on the ground that in the time of S. *worthies* "was exclusively applied to warlike heroes ;" but he retains *worthies* in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 236, where it can hardly mean "warlike heroes," either literally or figuratively :

"Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek,
Where several worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek."

165. *Then.* Hanmer has "Why, then."

173. *Only for.* Only because. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 134, note on *For he is a Christian.* Gr. 151.

181. *Greed.* Not "'greed," as usually printed. See Wb.

184. *Inquire you forth.* Inquire you out. Cf. "chalked forth" (*Temp.* v. 1. 203), "find forth" (*C. of E.* i. 2. 37), "point forth" (*W. T.* iv. 4. 572), etc.

185. *Road.* Haven. See on i. 1. 53 above.

190. *Even as one heat,* etc. A proverbial expression. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 171 : "As fire drives out fire, so pity pity ;" *R. and J.* i. 2. 46 : "Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning ;" *K. John*, iii. 1. 277 :

"And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd ;"

and *Cor.* iv. 7. 54 : "One fire drives out one fire, one nail one nail."

194. *Is it mine eye,* etc. The 1st folio reads : "It is mine, or *Valentines* praise ;" the later folios : "Is it mine then, or Valentineans praise ?" Rowe and Pope give, "Is it mine then, or Valentino's praise ;" and Theo.

"Is it mine eye, or Valentino's praise." Hammer has the same, except "eyne" for "eye;" Capell, "Is it mine own, or Valentino's praise;" and Malone, "Is it her mien, or Valentinus' praise." *Mine eye*, as the Camb. editors remark, is supported by *C. of E.* iii. 2. 55: "It is a fault that springeth from your eye." W. follows Malone; H. reads as in the text.

199. *A waxen image*. "Alluding to the figures made by witches, as representatives of those whom they designed to torment or destroy" (Steevens). Cf. *K. John*, v. 4. 24:

"even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire."

See also *Macb.* p. 133.

203. *Too too*. Some print "too-too." See *M. of V.* p. 143, note on *Too-too light*.

205. *More advice*. "Further knowledge" (Steevens). Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 2. 6, *M. for M.* v. 1. 469, etc.

207. *'Tis but her picture*. Johnson, taking this literally, considered it "evidently a slip of attention;" but, as Steevens remarks, "Proteus means to say that, as yet, he had seen only her outside form, without having known her long enough to have any acquaintance with her mind." Cf. *Cymb.* i. 6. 15:

"All of her that is out of door most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird."

208. *Dazzled*. A trisyllable. The later folios add "so." See on *resembleth*, i. 3. 84 above.

The meaning of the passage is: "Her mere outside has *dazzled* me; when I am acquainted with the perfections of her mind, I shall be struck *blind*" (Malone).

SCENE V.—1. *Milan*. The folios have "Padua," as "Verona" in iii. 1. 81 and v. 4. 129. The Camb. editors believe that S. wrote the whole of the play before he had finally determined where the scene was to be laid. Halliwell suggests that "Padua" is perhaps a relic of some old Italian story, upon which the play may have been founded.

5. *Shot*. Cf. Falstaff's play upon the word in 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 31: "Though I could scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here."

16. *Are they broken?* Have they broken, or fallen out?

22. *My staff understands me*. Johnson notes that Milton has used the same quibble in *P. L.* vi. 625:

"To whom thus Belial, in like gamesome mood:
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home;
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And stumbled many: who receives them right
Had need from head to foot well understand;
Not understood, this gift they had besides,
They show us when our foes walk not upright."

35. *How sayest thou, that my master*, etc. "What sayest thou to this circumstance,—namely, that my master, etc." (Malone). Cf. *Macb.* p. 222, note on *How say'st thou*, etc.

44. *If thou wilt*, etc. In the folios there is no comma after *wilt*, and the 2d folio has "If thou wilt go with me to the alehouse, so." The pointing in the text is due to K.

49. *Go to the ale*. Launce plays upon *ale* as applied to a church-ale, or rural festival. Cf. *Per.* prol. 6: "On ember-eves and holy-ales."

SCENE VI.—1, 2. The folios have "forsworn?" in both lines. Theo. was the first to change the pointing. For the "indefinite use" of the infinitive in these lines, see Gr. 356. Cf. iii. 1. 185 below.

7. *Sweet-suggesting*. Sweetly tempting, seductive. For *suggest* = tempt, cf. iii. 1. 34 below. Warb. changed *If thou hast sinn'd* to "If I have sinn'd;" but the preceding line shows what is meant.

13. *Learn*. Teach; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 365; "learning me your language," etc. Cf. v. 3. 4 below.

17. *Leave to love*. Cf. iii. 1. 182 below: "leave to be," etc.

35. *Competitor*. Confederate, partner. Cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 82: "he and his competitors in oath," etc. See also *T. A.* p. 158.

37. *Pretended*. Johnson conjectured "intended;" but *pretend* is sometimes = intend. Cf. *R. of L.* 576:

*Quoth she, 'Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;'

Mach. ii. 4. 24: "What good could they pretend?" etc. So *pretence* = intention; as in *W. T.* iii. 2. 18, *Cor.* i. 2. 20, etc. See also iii. 1. 47 below.

41. *Blunt*. Dull in understanding; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* ind. 18: "the blunt monster with uncounted heads," etc.

SCENE VII.—2. *Conjure*. Accented by S. on either syllable, without regard to the meaning. See *M. A. D.* p. 164.

3. *Table*. Tablet; the "table-book" of *W. T.* iv. 4. 610 and *Ham.* ii. 2. 136. Cf. *Ham.* i. 5. 98: "the table of my memory," etc.

4. *Character'd*. Written. Cf. *Sonn.* 108. 1: "What 's in the brain that ink may character," etc. For the accent, cf. *R. of L.* 807: "The light will show, character'd in my brow," etc. Gr. 490.

5. *Mean*. For the singular, cf. iii. 1. 38 and iv. 4. 101 below. See also *R. and J.* p. 189.

9. *A true-devoted pilgrim*, etc. K. remarks: "The comparison which Julia makes between the ardour of her passion and the enthusiasm of the pilgrim is exceedingly beautiful. When travelling was a business of considerable danger and personal suffering, the pilgrim, who was not weary

'To traverse kingdoms with his feeble steps,'

to encounter the perils of a journey to Rome, or Loretto, or Compostella, or Jerusalem, was a person to be looked upon as thoroughly in earnest.

"In the time of Shakspeare the pilgrimages to the tomb of St. Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury, which Chaucer has rendered immortal, were discontinued; and few, perhaps, undertook the sea voyage to Jerusalem. But the pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James, or St. Jago, the patron-saint of Spain, at Compostella, was undertaken by all classes of Catho-

lics. The House of Our Lady at Loretto was, however, the great object of the devotee's vows; and, at particular seasons, there were not fewer than two hundred thousand pilgrims visiting it at once. The Holy House (the *Santa Casa*) is the house in which the Blessed Virgin is said to have been born, in which she was betrothed to Joseph, and where the annunciation of the Angel was made. It is pretended that it was carried, on the 9th of May, 1291, by supernatural means, from Galilee to Tersato, in Dalmatia; and from thence removed, on the 10th of December, 1294, to Italy, where it was deposited in a wood at midnight. The *Santa Casa* (which now stands within the large church of Loretto) consists of one room, the length of which is $31\frac{3}{4}$ feet, the breadth 13 feet, and the height 18 feet. On the ceiling is painted the Assumption of the Virgin Mary; and other paintings once adorned the walls of the apartment. On the west side is the window through which the Angel is said to have entered the house; and facing it, in a niche, is the image of the Virgin and Child, which was once enriched by the offerings of princes and devotees. The mantle, or robe, which she had on was covered with innumerable jewels of inestimable value, and she had a triple crown of gold enriched with pearls and diamonds, given her by Louis XIII. of France. The niche in which the figure stands was adorned with seventy-one large Bohemian topazes, and on the right side of the image is an angel of cast gold, profusely enriched with diamonds and other gems. A great part of these treasures was taken by Pope Pius VII., in order to pay to France the sum extorted by the treaty of Tolentino, in 1797. They have been partially replaced since by new contributors, among whom have been Murat, Eugène Beauharnais, and other members of the Bonaparte family. There are a few relics considered more valuable than the richest jewels that have been carried away. Notwithstanding the mean appearance of the walls within the *Santa Casa*, the outside is encased, and adorned with the finest Carrara marble. The work was begun in 1514, in the pontificate of Leo X., and the House of Our Lady was consecrated in 1538. The expense of this casing amounted to 50,000 crowns, and the most celebrated sculptors of the age were employed. Bramante was the architect, and Baccio Bandinelli assisted in the sculptures. The whole was completed in 1579, in the pontificate of Gregory XIII. The munificent expenditure upon the House of Our Lady at Loretto, had, probably, contributed greatly to make the pilgrimage the most attractive in Europe, when Shakspeare wrote."

18. *Inly*. Again used as an adjective in 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 171: "inly sorrow." We find it as an adverb in *Temp.* v. 1. 200 and *Hen. V.* iv. chor. 24.

Clarke remarks here: "S. uses the word *touch* with varied and powerful meaning. Here—joined with *inly* for inward, or rather innermost—it conveys the idea of that fine and subtle feeling which penetrates to the heart's core."

22. *Fire's*. A dissyllable; as in i. 2. 30 above. *Extreme* is accented on the first syllable by S. except in *Sonn.* 129. 4. 10. The superlative is always *extrémet*.

32. *Ocean*. A trisyllable; as in Milton, *Hymn on Nativity*, 66: "Whis-

pering new joys to the mild ocean." Gr. 479. The Coll. MS. changes *wild* to "wide."

42. *Weeds*. Garments. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 71: "Weeds of Athens he doth wear," etc. So also the singular; as in *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 256, *Cor.* ii. 3. 229, etc.

51. *Farthingale*. A hoop petticoat. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 3. 69: "a semi-circled farthingale." In *T. of S.* iv. 3. 56 we find "fardingales."

53. *Codpiece*. A portion of the male attire, made indelicately conspicuous in the time of S. Cf. *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 186, *M. for M.* iii. 2. 122, etc. Malone remarks that allusions to it, even in the mouth of a lady, were not considered indecorous in that day.

70. *Instances of infinite of love*. The reading of the 1st folio; the 2d has "as infinite." Malone reads "of the infinite," which is favoured by "the infinite of thought" in *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 106; but, as W. remarks, the text is sustained by other passages in old writers. *Infinite* of course = infinity.

85. *Longing*. Changed in the Coll. MS. to "loving." "But," as Clarke asks, "could there be a more Shakespearianly comprehensive word here than *longing*? Julia, who has just talked of having 'pined,' 'longing' for the sight of Proteus, now speaks of the journey that she longs to take, that she longs to reach the end of, and longingly hopes to crown by beholding him."

86. *Dispose*. For the noun, cf. iv. 1. 76 below. See also *C. of E.* i. 1. 21, *K. John*, i. 1. 263, etc.

87. *Reputation*. Metrically five syllables. See on 32 above.

90. *Tarriance*. We find the word again in *P. P.* 74: "a longing tarriance."

ACT III.

SCENE I.—1. *Give us leave*. A courteous form of dismissal. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 2. 165: "Give us leave, drawer;" *K. John*, i. 1. 230: "James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?" etc.

21. *Timeless*. Untimely; the only meaning in S. except perhaps in *R. of L.* 44. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 217. Pope changes *Being* to "If."

28. *Aim*. Guess, conjecture. Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 163: "What you would work me to, I have some aim," etc. Cf. also the verb in 45 below, and in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 237, *R. and J.* i. 1. 211, etc.

34. *Suggested*. Tempted. See on ii. 6. 7 above.

38. *Mean*. See on ii. 7. 5 above.

47. *Publisher*. One who exposes or brings to light; as in *R. of L.* 33, the only other instance of the word in S.

For *pretence* = intention, see on ii. 6. 37 above. Johnson makes *pretence* = "claim made to your daughter."

59. *Break with thee*. See on i. 3. 44 above.

65. *Full of virtue*, etc. "The way in which Valentine here belies his own dignity as a gentleman, and compromises that of his mistress as a lady worthy all excellence in the match she should make, by speaking

thus untruly of the husband proposed, affords one of the many evidences that this play was one of Shakespeare's earliest compositions" (Clarke).

68. *Peevish*. Foolishly or childish wayward; as in *T. of S.* v. 2. 157: "she is peevish, froward, sullen, sour," etc. Cf. *Hen. V.* p. 171.

73. *Upon advice*. On reflection, or consideration. Cf. ii. 4. 205 above. See also *M. of V.* p. 161.

74. *Where*. Whereas; as in *M. of V.* iv. 1. 22, *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 185, *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 53, etc. Gr. 134.

81. *Of Verona*. The folios have "in Verona," and "Verona" in v. 4. 129 below, where, as here, we should expect *Milan*. Pope reads "sir, in Milan," and the Coll. M.S. "in Milano." *Of Verona* is Halliwell's emendation, adopted by W. and others. W. suggests that "the Duke made his pretended mistress a Veronese, the better to justify his application to her townsman for advice." See on ii. 5. 1 above.

84. *To my tutor*. For *to*=for, see *Temp.* p. 124 (note on *A paragon to their queen*), or Gr. 189.

85. *Agone*. An earlier form of *ago*, used by S. only here.

87. *Bestow myself*. Deport myself; but only reflexively in this sense. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 186: "How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?" See also *A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 87, *K. John*, iii. 1. 225, etc.

88. *Sun-bright*. Cf. *silver-bright* in *K. John*, ii. 1. 315.

89. *Respect not*. Regard not, take no notice of. Cf. i. 2. 134 above, and iv. 4. 174, v. 4. 20, 54 below.

93. *Contents*. Pleases, gratifies; as often in S. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 3. 180, *W. T.* ii. 1. 159, *Ham.* iii. 1. 24, etc. For the noun (=happiness, joy), see *Oth.* p. 174.

99. *For why*. W. prints "For why!—the fools," etc., and the Camb. ed. and others, "For why, the fools," etc. H. says that both are "evidently wrong," and that there should be no point after *why*, as *for why*=because. There is no doubt that *for why* in some instances (cf. *Rich. II.* p. 208 and *C. of E.* p. 129) became practically =because, or, as Abbott gives it (Gr. 75), "wherefore? (because);" but this is merely a modification of the ordinary interrogative construction, and the comma may well be used to distinguish it from the regular use of *for* and *for that*=because (Gr. 151).

109. *That*. So that; as in 112 and 129 below. See also on ii. 1. 27 above.

113. *Lets*. Hinders; as in *Ham.* i. 4. 85: "I'll make a ghost of him that lets me," etc. Cf. *Exod.* v. 4, *Isa.* xliii. 13, *Rom.* i. 13, etc. For the noun (=hindrance), see *Hen. V.* p. 185.

116. *Apparent*. Evident, manifest. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 2. 144:

"Duke. It is now apparent?

Provost. Most manifest, and not denied by himself."

See also *Rich. II.* p. 150, or *J. C.* p. 147.

117. *Quaintly*. Defily, skilfully. See on ii. 1. 111 above.

120. *Adventure*. Venture. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 38: "I'll adventure The borrow of a week;" *Id.* ii. 3. 162:

"what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?" etc.

138. *Engine*. Used by S. for any instrument or device. Cf. *V. and A.* 367: "the engine of her thoughts" (her tongue); *A. W.* iii. 5. 21: "promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust;" *Oth.* iii. 3. 355: "mortal engines" (cannon), etc.

144. *In thy pure bosom*. Cf. 250 below. In the poet's time ladies had a small pocket in the front of their stays, in which they carried letters, love-tokens, etc. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 113: "In her excellent white bosom, these," etc. Malone quotes one of Lord Surrey's *Sonnets*, in which he says to the "song" he sends his mistress: "Between her breasts she shall thee put, there shall she thee reserve."

145. *Importune*. For the accent, see on i. 3. 13 above.

148. *For*. Because. See on 99 and ii. 4. 173 above.

153. *Why, Phaethon*, etc. "Thou art Phaethon in thy rashness, but without his pretensions; thou art not the son of a divinity, but a *terræ filius*, a low-born wretch: Merops is thy true father, with whom Phaethon was falsely reproached" (Johnson). It will be remembered that in the old fable, Phaethon was the son of Phæbus by Clymene, the wife of Merops.

154. *Car*. Both the 3d and the 4th folio misprint "cat."

156. *Wilt thou reach stars*, etc. Coll. notes that, in Greene's *Pandosto* (on which *W. T.* is founded), Fawnia exclaims, in reference to her love for the prince, "Stars are to be looked at with the eye, not reached at with the hand."

182. *Leave to be*. Cf. ii. 6. 17 above.

185. *To fly*. In flying. See on ii. 6. 1 above. The folios have "his" for *this*, which is due to D. Sr. conjectures "is deadly doom."

189. *So ho, so ho!* The cry of the hunter on starting a hare. Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 4. 136. This will explain the play on *hair* in Launce's next speech.

200. *Who wouldst thou strike?* Cf. *Cor.* ii. 1. 8: "Who does the wolf love?" Gr. 274. The 2d folio has "Whom."

234. *Repeal*. Recall. See *J. C.* p. 157, note on *The repealing of my banish'd brother*. Cf. the verb in v. 4. 143 below.

247. *Manage*. Handle, wield; often used of implements or weapons. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 118, 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 292, 301, *R. and J.* i. 1. 76, etc.

263. *But one knave*. This probably means a *single* knave, and not a *double one* (cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 88: "thou double villain!" and *Oth.* i. 3. 400: "double knavery"), as Johnson, Farmer, W., and others explain it. Capell paraphrases the passage thus: "My master is a kind of knave; but that were no great matter, if he were but *one* knave; but he is *two*—a knave to his friend, and a knave to his mistress." Clarke thinks the meaning may possibly be "a single knave, that is, an unmarried one;" to make his friend's intended wife his own would crown his knavery. Hanmer reads "one kind of knave," Warb. "one kind," and H. "one in love" (the conjecture of St.).

267. *She hath had gossips*. "*Gossips* not only signify those who answer for a child in baptism, but the tattling women who attend lyings-in. The

quibble between these is evident" (Steevens). Cf. *Hen. VIII.* p. 205, note on *Gossip*.

270. *Bare*. "The word has two senses; *mere* and *naked*. Launce uses it in both, and opposes the *naked* female to the water-spaniel *covered with hair*" (Steevens).

Cate-log. Launce's blunder for *catalogue*. For *condition* the 4th folio and some modern eds. have "conditions."

273. *Fade*. Launce plays upon the word as applied to a worthless or vicious horse.

278. *Master's ship*. The folios have "Mastership;" corrected by Theo.

285. *Jolt-head*. Blockhead. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. i. 169: "You heedless jolt-heads and unmanner'd slaves!"

292. *Saint Nicholas be thy speed!* Saint Nicholas help thee! Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 222: "Hercules be thy speed!" etc. K. remarks: "When Speed is about to read Launce's paper, Launce, who has previously said, 'Thou canst not read,' invokes Saint Nicholas to assist him. Saint Nicholas was the patron-saint of scholars. There is a story in Douce how the saint attained this distinction, by discovering that a wicked host had murdered three scholars on their way to school, and by his prayers restored their souls to their bodies. This legend is told in the *Life of Saint Nicholas*, composed in French verse by *Maitre Wace*, chaplain to Henry II., and which remains in manuscript. By the statutes of St. Paul's School, the scholars are required to attend divine service at the cathedral on the anniversary of this saint. The parish clerks of London were incorporated into a guild, with Saint Nicholas for their patron. These worthy persons were, probably, at the period of their incorporation, more worthy of the name of *clerks* (scholars) than we have been wont in modern times to consider. But why are thieves called Saint Nicholas' clerks in *Henry IV.*? Warburton says, by a quibble between Nicholas and old Nick. This we doubt. Scholars appear, from the ancient statutes against vagrancy, to have been great travellers about the country. These statutes generally recognize the right of poor scholars to beg; but they were also liable to the penalties of the gaol and the stocks, unless they could produce letters testimonial from the chancellor of their respective universities. It is not unlikely that in the journeys of these hundreds of poor scholars they should have occasionally 'taken a purse' as well as begged 'an almesse,' and that some of 'Saint Nicholas's clerks' should have become as celebrated for the same accomplishments which distinguished Bardolph and Peto at Gadshill, as for the learned poverty which entitled them to travel with a chancellor's license."

302. *Stock*. For the sense (stocking) on which Launce plays, see *T. N.* p. 126.

307. *Set the world on wheels*. This was a proverbial expression. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 7. 99:

"*Enobarbus*. A' bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?
Menas. The third part, then, is drunk; would it were all,
 That it might go on wheels."

See our ed. p. 190.

312. *Here follow her vices.* Some take this to be Speed's comment, not a part of the paper.

314. *Kissed.* Omitted in the folios; supplied by Rowe. W. adheres to the old text.

318. *A sweet mouth.* "What is now vulgarly called a *sweet tooth*, a luxurious desire of dainties and sweetmeats" (Johnson). Launce pretends to understand it as a compliment to her beauty.

321. *Sleep not in her talk.* The Coll. MS. changes *sleep* to "slip."

332. *Curst.* Shrewish. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 1. 185: "Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd;" *Id.* i. 2. 128: "Katherine the curst," etc. See also *M. N. D.* p. 167.

334. *She will often praise her liquor.* "That is, show how well she likes it by drinking often" (Johnson).

337. *Liberal.* That is, too free, or wanton. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 154, or *Ham.* p. 258.

342. *More hair than wit.* An old proverb, found in Ray's Collection. Steevens quotes Dekker, *Satiromastix*:

"Hair! 't is the basest stubble; in scorn of it
This proverb sprung,—He has more hair than wit."

349. *The cover of the salt.* "The ancient English salt-cellar was very different from the modern, being a large piece of plate generally much ornamented, with a cover, to keep the salt clean. There was but one salt-cellar on the dinner-table, which was placed near the top of the table; and those who sat below the salt were, for the most part, of an inferior condition to those who sat above it" (Malone).

369. *Swinged.* Whipped. Cf. ii. 1. 74 above.

SCENE II.—3. *Exile.* S. accents both noun and verb on either syllable, according to the measure.

5. *That.* So that. See on ii. 1. 27 and iii. 1. 109 above.

6. *Impress.* Regularly accented on the last syllable by S.

7. *Trenched.* Cut. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 4. 27: "trenched gashes;" and *V. and A.* 1052:

"the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank."

Hour's is a dissyllable. Cf. *fire* in i. 2. 30 above.

8. *His.* Its. Gr. 228.

14. *Grievously.* According to Malone, some copies of the 1st folio have "heavily," which is the reading of the later folios.

17. *Conceit.* Conception, opinion. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 3. 74:

"I shall not fail t' approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you," etc.

28. *Persevers.* The only form of the verb in the folios. The quartos have "persevere" in *Lear*, iii. 5. 23. We find the word rhyming with *ever* in *A. W.* iv. 2. 36, 37. So *perseverance* is accented on the second syllable. Gr. 492.

36. *With circumstance.* "With the addition of such incidental particulars as may induce belief" (Johnson). Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 16: "With circumstance and oaths;" and *R. and J.* v. 3. 181:

"But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry"

(that is, without further particulars).

41. *His very friend.* Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 226: "my very friends," etc.

49. *Weed.* Rowe reads "wean."

53. *Bottom it.* Wind it. Cf. the noun *bottom* (=ball of thread) in *T. of S.* iv. 3. 138: "a bottom of brown thread." See our ed. p. 164. Steevens quotes John Grange's *Garden*, 1557:

"A bottome for your silke it seems
My letters are become,
Which oit with winding off and on
Are wasted whole and some."

64. *Where.* The Coll. MS. has "When."

68. *Lime.* That is, bird-lime. Cf. *Macb.* p. 236.

76. *Moist.* For the verb, cf. *A. and C.* v. 2. 285: "The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip."

77. *Such integrity.* Malone suspected that a line had been lost after this; but, as Steevens remarks, the meaning may be "such ardour and sincerity as would be manifested by practising the directions given in the four preceding lines."

84. *Consort.* The folio reading, changed by Hanmer and most of the modern editors to "concert," a word not found in the folio. Cf. *2 Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 327: "And boding screech-owls make the consort full" ("concert" in most modern eds.). With the accent on the last syllable *consort* meant a company (as in iv. 1. 64 below); with the accent on the first syllable, a band of musicians. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 1. 48:

"*Tybalt.* Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo.

Mercutio. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? au thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords;"

where Mercutio evidently plays upon *consort*=band of *minstrels*. Milton, who never uses *concert*, has *consort* repeatedly in the sense of choir or musical band; as in the *Ode at a Solemn Music*, 27:

"O may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
To his celestial consort us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light!"

Hymn on Nativity, 130:

"And, with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony;"

and *Il Pens.* 145:

"And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep."

Cf. also B. and F., *Captain*, 1. 3:

"Or be of some good consort;
You had a pleasant touch of the cittern once;"

and *Night-Walker*, iii. 3:

"And tune our instrument till the consort comes
To make up the full noise"

(where *noise* = band of musicians, as in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 13, etc.).

85. *Dump*. "A mournful elegy" (Steevens). See *Much Ado*, p. 137.

86. *Grievance*. Grief; as in *Sonn.* 30. 9, *L. C.* 67, *R. and J.* i. 1. 163, etc. So *grief* sometimes = *grievance*; as in v. 4. 142 below. See also 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 192.

87. *Inherit her*. Win her, gain possession of her. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 2. 30:

"even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you to-night
Inherit at my house."

See also *Temp.* iv. 1. 154, *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 83, *Cymb.* iii. 2. 63, etc.

92. *Sort*. Sort out, select. Cf. *R. and J.* iv. 2. 34:

"To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to turnish me to-morrow."

94. *Onset*. Beginning.

98. *Pardon you*. "Excuse you from waiting" (Johnson), or your attendance upon me.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Forest near Milan*. Most of the editors place the scene "near Mantua" or "on the frontiers of Mantua" (so also v. 3 and v. 4); but we are satisfied that W. is right in placing it near Milan, though he is probably wrong in assuming that the serenade in iv. 2 is the one proposed in iii. 2 (cf. Mr. Daniel's "time-analysis," p. 154 below). The forest, however, as he says, is evidently the one which Sir Eglamour tells Silvia (v. 1. 11) is "not three leagues off" from Milan. Coll. places the scene "between Milan and Verona;" but we do not understand what W. means by saying that he (Coll.) forgets that "the road from Milan to Verona lay through Mantua." That would not be the direct route.

1. *Passenger*. Passer-by, wayfarer; as in v. 4. 15 below.

10. *Proper*. Comely. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 132, note on *A proper man's picture*.

33. *Have you the tongues?* Can you speak foreign languages? Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 167: "'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues.'"

35. *Often had been*. The 1st folio repeats *often* after *been*; corrected in the 2d. Coll. reads "had been often."

36. *Robin Hood's fat friar*. "The jolly Friar Tuck, of the old Robin Hood ballads—the almost equally famous Friar Tuck of *Ivanhoe*—is the personage whom the outlaws here invoke. It is unnecessary to enter upon the legends—

'Of Tuck, the merry friar, who many a sermon made,
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and his trade.'

"Shakespeare has two other allusions to Robin Hood. The old duke, in *As You Like It*, 'is already in the forest of Arden, and many merry

men with him, and there they live, like the old Robin Hood of England.' Master Silence, that 'merry heart,' that 'man of mettle,' sings, 'in the sweet of the night,' of—

'Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.'

The honourable conditions of Robin's lawless rule over his followers were evidently in our poet's mind when he makes Valentine say—

'I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.'

46. *Awful*. "Full of awe and respect for the laws of society and the duties of life" (Malone). Schmidt compares *Per.* ii. prol. 4 :

"A better prince and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word."

See also *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 76 :

"how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?"

The word, however, seems a strange one here, and there is much plausibility in Heath's conjecture of "lawful," which is approved by Sir J. Hawkins, Steevens, and others. Johnson explained *awful* as "reverend, worshipful, such as magistrates, and other principal members of civil communities."

48. *Practising*. Plotting; as often. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 140. For *practice* = plotting, trickery, see *Much Ado*, p. 156, or *Ham.* p. 255.

49. *An heir, and near allied*. The 1st and 2d folios have "And heire and Neece, allide;" the 3d folio "An heir, and Neice allide." Theo. made the correction, which has been adopted by the editors generally.

51. *Mood*. Rage, wrath. Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 172: "Abetting him to thwart me in my mood." See also *A. W.* v. 2. 5, *Oth.* ii. 3. 274, etc.

58. *Quality*. Profession, vocation. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 146: "What is thy name? I know thy quality," etc.

64. *Consort*. See on iii. 2. 84 above.

72. *Silly*. Often used as a term of pity = poor, harmless, helpless. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 5. 25: "silly beggars;" *V.* and *A.* 1098: "the silly lamb," etc. As Trench remarks (*Select Glossary*, s. v.), the word (identical with the German *selig*) "has successively meant (1) blessed, (2) innocent, (3) harmless, (4) weakly foolish."

74. *Crews*. All the early eds. have "crewes" or "crews," for which the Coll. MS. substituted "cave" and Sr. "caves." The emendation is plausible, and derives some little support from the next line, and perhaps also from v. 3. 12 below; but no change seems really called for. As K. remarks, "it was not necessary that all the outlaws should be on the stage, leaving the treasure unguarded." W. retains *crews*, H. has "cave." Delius conjectures "crew."

76. *Dispose*. See on ii. 7. 86 above.

SCENE II.—I. Pope reads "I've."

12. *Sudden quips*. Sharp taunts or sarcasms. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 249: "Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour?"

20. *Will creep in service*, etc. Reed notes that "Kindness will creep where it cannot gang" is found in Kelly's *Scottish Proverbs*.

Clarke remarks here: "It is curious to note how, in slight touches, in mere passing words, as in broad painting, the poet contrives to fill up and keep perpetually before us the distinctive marks of his characters. In that little monosyllable *crept* here introduced—no less than by the preceding soliloquy and the more manifest passages throughout the play—the essential meanness that characterizes Proteus is delineated. Through the impression produced upon other persons in the drama, S. often thus subtly conveys the impression he desires to produce on his audience; and in Thurio's expression *crept* we seem to see Proteus as even the obtuse Thurio instinctively sees him,—a cringing, stealthy-stepped, base-souled man."

23. *Who?* The later folios have "Whom?" See on iii. 1. 200 above.

26. *Allicholly*. Cf. *M. W.* i. 4. 164 (Mrs. Quickly's speech): "given too much to allicholly." Pope makes it "melancholy."

41. *The heaven such grace did lend her*. Douce cites *Per.* prol. 24: "As heaven had lent her all his grace."

44. *Beauty lives with kindness*. "Beauty without kindness *dies* unenjoyed and undelighting" (Johnson).

54. *Likes*. Pleases. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 276: "This likes me well," etc. So impersonally; as in *M. for M.* ii. 1. 33: "if it like your honour," etc.

70. *Talk on*. For *on*=*of*, see Gr. 181.

73. *Out of all nick*. Beyond all reckoning; alluding to the keeping of accounts by *nicks*, or notches, on a stick, or wooden tally. Here the expression is in keeping with the character, as inn-keepers used these tallies. Steevens quotes *A Woman Never Vexed*, 1532:

"I have carried
The tallies at my girdle seven years together,
For I did ever love to deal honestly in the nick."

80. *St. Gregory's well*. The only mention in S. of the holy wells which were the resort of pilgrims in the olden time. The town of Holywell in North Wales takes its name from the famous well of Saint Winifred, which was enclosed in a beautiful Gothic temple, erected by the mother of Henry VII. and still standing.

92. *Conceitless*. Void of understanding, stupid. For *conceit*=intellect, understanding, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 263: "his wit's as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet," etc.

93. *To be seduced*. For the ellipsis of *as*, see Gr. 281.

103. *Buried*. A trisyllable. Gr. 474.

107. *Importunacy*. Accented on third syllable; as in *T. of A.* ii. 2. 42: "Your importunacy cease till after dinner." S. uses the word only twice.

109. *His grave*. The first folio has "her" for *his*; corrected in the 2d.

113. *Sepulchre*. Accented on second syllable. Cf. *Lear*, p. 210.

131. *By my halidom*. By my faith as a Christian. See Wb. s. v. S. uses the phrase only here. Cf. Spenser, *Mother Hubberds Tale*, 545: "Now sure, and by my hallidome, (quoth he)," etc.

132. *Lies*. Lodges. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 299: "when I lay at Clement's Inn;" and see our ed. pp. 179, 185.

136. *Most heaviest*. For double comparatives and superlatives in S., see Gr. 11.

SCENE III.—D. and H. make this scene and the next a continuation of the preceding. The latter remarks: "As there is confessedly no change of place, but only of persons, there is plainly no cause for marking a new scene." But there *is* a change of *time*—to the next day, in fact—which is surely a sufficient reason for a new scene. The preceding scene is at night, and Julia has just denied that it is "almost day;" the present scene is early the next morning, but we must assume an interval of at least several hours. Scene iv. is evidently later in the day when Launce is returning from Silvia with his dog which she has refused to accept. In the meantime Julia in disguise has entered the service of Proteus, and he now sends her to Silvia to claim the picture the latter had promised him *the night before*. It is absurd to crowd into a single scene all these events distributed through a night and the following day, and separated by other events occurring off the stage but essential to the plot.

9. *Impose*. Injunction, command; the only instance of the noun in S. Cf. *dispose* in ii. 7. 86 and iv. 1. 76 above.

14. *Valiant, wise*, etc. The verse limps, and Pope reads "Valiant and wise," etc. "Wise, valiant" has been suggested, making *valiant* a trisyllable (Gr. 479), which it could not well be at the beginning of the line.

Remorseful. Pitiful, compassionate; the only meaning in S. Cf. *Rich. III.* p. 185; and for *remorse* = pity, *Id.* p. 221, or *Mach.* p. 171.

17. *Enforce me marry*. Force me to marry. For the ellipsis of *to*, see Gr. 349.

18. *Abhors*. The folios have "abhor'd" or "abhorr'd;" corrected by Hammer.

22. *Thou vow'dst pure chastity*. It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chastity in honour of their deceased wives or husbands; and this seems sometimes to have been done as a tribute to one merely betrothed, which was probably Sir Eglamour's case.

25. *And for*. And because. See on ii. 4. 173 above.

32. *Rewards*. Changed by Pope to "reward;" but the singular verb is often found with two singular subjects. Cf. v. 4. 73 below. See also Gr. 336.

38. *Grievances*. Explained by Johnson as = "sorrows, sorrowful affections." The word sometimes had this sense (as in iii. 2. 86 above), but here, as Clarke remarks, "the enforced marriage with a man whom her soul abhors, the most unholy match from which she would fly, seem to give support to the word being taken in its usual meaning of injuries menaced or inflicted, grounds for complaint."

The Coll. MS. adds here (after 38) the line, "And the most true affections that you bear." As W. says, this is not only unnecessary and wanton, but it makes Sir Eglamour pity Silvia's *affections* as well as her grievances, though he admits that they are "virtuously placed."

41. *Recking*. Caring. The folios have "Wreaking;" as in some other passages. So *reckless* sometimes appears as "wreakless."

42. *Befortune*. Betide; used by S. only here.

SCENE IV.—*Enter LAUNCE with his Dog.* The poet Campbell asks : “What shall we say to Launce and his dog? Is it probable that even such a fool as Launce should have put his feet into the stocks for the puddings which his dog had stolen, or poked his head through the pillory for the murder of geese which the same dog had killed?—yet the ungrateful cur never denies one item of the facts with which Launce so tenderly reproaches him. Nay, what is more wonderful, this enormous outrage on the probable excites our common risibility. What an unconscionable empire over our fanciful faith is assumed by those comic geniuses! They despise the very word probability. Only think of Smollett making us laugh at the unlikely speech of Pipes, spoken to Commodore Trunnion down a chimney—‘Commodore Trunnion, get up and be spliced, or lie still and be damned!’ And think also of Swift amusing us with contrasted descriptions of men six inches and sixty feet high—how very improbable!”

“At the same time, something may be urged on the opposite side of the question. A fastidious sense of the improbable would be sometimes a nuisance in comic fiction. One sees dramatic critics often trying the probabilities of incidents in a play, as if they were testing the evidence of facts at the Old-Bailey. Now, unquestionably, at that august court, when it is a question whether a culprit shall be spared, or whipped and transported for life, probabilities should be sitted with a merciful leaning towards the side of doubt. But the theatre is not the Old-Bailey, and as we go to the former place for amusement, we open our hearts to whatever may most amuse us; nor do we thank the critic who, by his Old-Bailey-like pleadings, would disenchant our belief. The imagination is a liberal creditor of its faith as to incidents, when the poet can either touch our affections, or tickle our ridicule.

“Nay, we must not overlook an important truth in this subject. The poet or the fictionist—and every great fictionist is a true poet—gives us an image of life at large, and not of the narrow and stinted probabilities of every-day life. But real life teems with events which, unless we knew them to have actually happened, would seem to be next to impossibilities. So that if you chain down the poet from representing every thing that may seem in dry reasoning to be improbable, you will make his fiction cease to be a probable picture of Nature.”

8. *Steps me.* For the expletive *me*, see Gr. 220. Cf. 24 below, where Rowe omits the word.

Trencher. Wooden platter. K. remarks: “That the daughter of a Duke of Milan should eat her capon from a trencher, may appear somewhat strange. It may be noted, however, that the fifth Earl of Northumberland, in 1512, was ordinarily served on wooden trenchers, and that plates of pewter, mean as we may now think them, were reserved in his family for great holidays. The Northumberland Household Book, edited by Bishop Percy, furnishes several entries which establish this. In the privy-purse expenses of Henry VIII. there are also entries regarding trenchers; as, for example, in 1530,—‘Item, paid to the s’geant of the pantrye for certen trenchors for the king, xxiij*s.* iiij*d.*’”

9. *Keep himself.* Restrain himself.

23. *Wot.* Know. Used only in the present tense and the participle *wotting*, for which see *W. T.* p. 175.

25. *His servant.* Pope (followed by H.) changes *his* to "their;" but, as Malone remarks, the words could never have been confounded either by the eye or ear. The inaccuracy is, moreover, in perfect keeping with the character.

47. *Offer her this.* The Coll. MS. adds "cur."

48. *The other squirrel.* Launce evidently compares the little dog to a squirrel; but Hamner reads "the other, Squirrel," as if *Squirrel* were the name of the pup.

49. *Hangman boys.* The 1st folio has "hangmans boyes," and the later folios "hangmans boy;" but *hangman* was often used as a term of contempt, and Sr. is probably right in taking it so here. The Coll. MS. has "a hangman boy."

55. *Still an end.* Perpetually; thought by Schmidt to be corrupted from "still and anon."

56. *Entertained.* Taken into service. See on ii. 4. 102 above.

66. *She lov'd me well deliver'd it to me.* For the ellipsis of the relative, see Gr. 244.

67. *To leave.* In parting with. For the infinitive, see on ii. 6. 1 above. Cf. 137 below.

86. *Poor fool!* "An expression used by S. more in the sense of compassionate tenderness than in that of describing folly; though here there is also a spice of the latter indicated, as Julia thinks of her weakness in still loving Proteus" (Clarke). Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 151.

100. *Speed.* Prosper, succeed. Cf. *W. T.* p. 161, note on *Sped*.

101. *Mean.* See on ii. 7. 5 above.

115. *Unadvise'd.* Inadvertently. Cf. *R. of L.* 1488: "And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds."

133. *Tender.* Have regard for. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 1. 44: "Tendering my person's safety;" *Id.* ii. 4. 72:

"and so betide to me
As well I tender you and all of yours!"

Ham. i. 3. 107: "Tender yourself more dearly," etc.

146. *Sun-expelling mask.* In the poet's time ladies wore masks to protect their complexion. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 2. 286: "my mask, to defend my beauty;" *Cymb.* v. 3. 21:

"With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame;"

W. T. iv. 4. 223: "Masks for faces and for noses," etc. Silvia wears a mask when she is met in the forest (v. 2. 40 below).

148. *Lily-tincture.* The lily colour. Cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 206:

"if you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye," etc.

149. *That.* So that. Cf. ii. 1. 27 and iii. 1. 109 above.

152. *Pageants.* Dramatic exhibitions. Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 163, note on *Fond pageant*. See also on v. 4. 161 below.

153. *The woman's part.* All the female parts on the stage were played by boys or young men in the time of S. See *A. Y. L.* p. 201, note on *If I were a woman*.

158. *Agood*. In good earnest; used by S. only here. Malone quotes Marlowe, *Jew of Malta*: "I have laugh'd a-good;" and Turbervile, *Tragicall Tales*: "Whereat she waylde and wept a-good."

160. *Passioning*. Sorrowing; as in *V. and A.* 1059: "Dumbly she passions," etc. We find another allusion to the desertion of Ariadne by Theseus in *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 80.

166. *Beholding*. "Beholden," which Pope substituted, but which is not found in S. Gr. 372.

174. *Cold*. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 7. 73: "Fare you well; your suit is cold," etc.

175. Coll. remarks here: "It has been objected by Sir T. Hanmer that after Silvia has gone out, and Julia is left alone, she still keeps up her character of servant to Proteus, and talks of her *master* and *mistress*; but nothing could surely be more natural, and in the very next line S. makes Julia excuse it: 'Alas! how love can trifle with itself!'"

178. *Tire*. Head-dress. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 148.

181. *Flatter with*. Cf. *T. N.* i. 5. 322: "to flatter with his lord," etc.

182. *Auburn*. Flaxen. Florio refers to "that whitish colour of women's hair which we call an Alburne or Aburne colour." The folios have "Aburne" here.

184. *Periwig*. False hair was much worn by women in the time of S. On his antipathy to the fashion, see *M. of V.* p. 149.

185. *Grey as glass*. The later folios have "grass" for *glass*, and the Coll. MS. "green as grass." On grey eyes in S. see *R. and J.* pp. 169, 172; and for green eyes, *Id.* p. 198.

186. *Mine's as high*. Pope reads "mine is high."

188. *Respective*. Worthy of being *respected*, or cared for. Elsewhere in S. the word is active in meaning (=caring for, regardful), as in *M. of V.* v. 1. 156: "You should have been respective and have kept it;" *R. and J.* iii. 1. 128: "Away to heaven, respective lenity!" etc. For *unrespective*, see *Rich. III.* p. 224. Cf. Gr. 3.

189. *Fond*. See on i. 1. 52 above.

194. *Statue*. Image, embodied shape. The word appears to have been sometimes used interchangeably with *picture*, but it is not necessary to explain it so here. Julia means, as she says, that Proteus might have her *substance* as a *statue*—a *substantial* image—in place of the mere *shadow*, or *superficial* image, in the painting. Hanmer reads "sainted," and Warb. "statued."

ACT V.

SCENE I.—3. *Friar*. Omitted by Steevens (ed. of 1793).

6. *Expedition*. Metrically five syllables. Gr. 476.

SCENE II.—7. *But love*, etc. The folios assign this to Proteus; but, as Boswell conjectured, it belongs to Julia, to whom the recent editors generally give it.

10. *Black*. Of a dark complexion; often opposed to *fair*. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 63, *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 253, etc.

"A black man is a jewel in a fair woman's eye" is found in Ray's *Proverbs*.

13. 'Tis true, etc. The folios give this to Thurio; corrected by Rowe.

14. *Wink*. Shut my eyes. See on i. 2. 139 above.

28. *Owe*. "Own" (Pope's reading); as often. Gr. 290.

29. *Out by lease*. That is, let to others, and not under his own control. Steevens quotes *Edin. Rev.* Nov. 1786: "By Thurio's *possessions* he himself understands his lands and estate. But Proteus chooses to take the word likewise in a figurative sense, as signifying his *mental endowments*; and when he says they are *out by lease*, he means that they are no longer enjoyed by their master (who is a fool), but are leased out to another."

32. *Sir Eglamour*. The 1st folio omits *Sir*, and the 2d and 3d folios have "say saw Sir."

41. *Confession*. A quadrisyllable. See on v. 1. 6 above.

49. *Peevish*. Silly, wayward. See on iii. 1. 68 above.

SCENE III.—4. *Learn'd*. Taught. See on ii. 6. 13 above.

8. *Moses*. The folio reading, for which most eds. substitute Capell's "Moses." May it not have been intended for *Moise*, the Italian form of *Moses*?

11. *Scape*. Not to be printed "'scape," being found also in prose. Cf. Wb. s. v.

SCENE IV.—2. *These shadowy, desert*, etc. The folios have "This shadowy desart, unfrequented woods;" corrected in the Coll. MS.

6. *Record*. Sing; as in *Per.* iv. prol. 27:

"She sung, and made the night-bird mute
That still records with moan."

Steevens cites, among other instances of the word in this sense, B. and F., *Pilgrim*: "O sweet, sweet! how the birds record too!"

12. *Forlorn*. For the accent, see on i. 2. 124 above.

14. 'Tis sure, my mates. The folios have "These are my mates," and the Coll. MS. "These my rude mates." 'Tis sure is due to Sr.

20. *Respect not*. Care not for. Cf. i. 2. 134 and iii. 1. 89 above. See also 54 below.

37. *Tender to me*. Dear to me; perhaps the only instance of this passive sense of the word in S.

43. *Still approv'd*. Ever proved so by experience. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 2. 167: "approve the common saw," etc. For *still*=ever, constantly, cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 42: "Thou still hast been the father of good news," etc. Gr. 69.

49. *To love me*. In loving me. See on ii. 6. 1 above. The later folios read "to deceive me."

55. *Spirit*. Often monosyllabic (=sprite). Gr. 463.

58. *And love you*, etc. The measure is not unlike that of many lines in S., but the critics cannot let it alone. H. reads "And love you 'gainst love's nature,—I will force ye." Walker says that "one of these *forces* [in 58 and 59] must be wrong;" but neither he nor H. can "suggest a

remedy." To us the repetition seems perfectly natural, if the preceding line is left as S. doubtless wrote it.

67. *When one's own right hand.* The 1st folio omits *own*, which Johnson supplied. The later folios have "trusted now."

71. *Accurst.* Changed by Johnson to "curst." For *deep'st* (not contracted in the folios), see Gr. 473.

73. *Confounds.* Changed by some editors to "confound;" but see on iv. 3. 32 above. The Coll. MS. fills out the measure thus: "My shame and desperate guilt at once confound me." In 72 it has "Mongst all my foes a friend," etc.

78. *Receive.* Acknowledge, believe; as in *Much.* i. 7. 77: "Who dares receive it other?" etc.

83. *All that was mine,* etc. This is a startling piece of generosity, to say the least, and Blackstone proposed to get rid of it by transferring lines 82 and 83 to the end of Thurio's speech, 132-135 below. Hanmer considered the passage as "one great proof that the main parts of this play did not proceed from S." Malone and others ascribe the improbability to the poet's youth. Cf. pp. 19, 38 above. Clarke remarks: "This line—the overstrained generosity of which startles most sedate readers—is precisely in keeping with the previous speech, and with Valentine's character. He is a man of impulse, of warm, quick feelings, full of romance and enthusiasm; he is willing to make a heroic sacrifice to show his suddenly restored faith in his repentant friend, and works himself up to the requisite pitch of superhuman courage by the emulative reference to Divine mercy; but we see by his subsequent speech to Thurio how strongly his love for Silvia maintains itself within his bosom, though he fancies for the moment that he could make it ancillary to friendship. The generous ardour of Valentine's character is again visible in his appeal to the Duke on behalf of 'these banished men,' his companions; and the moral effect which his own virtuous principle, precept, and example have wrought upon them in their reform is of a piece with Shakespeare's noble philosophy of good in evil, thus early visible in this his certainly youthful production." W. says: "Valentine displays a similar overstrained generosity when, on the arrival of Proteus (ii. 4), he twice earnestly requests Silvia to receive his friend as her lover, on equal terms with him—as his 'fellow-servant' to her." See, however, on ii. 1. 90. It is to be noted that Silvia does not speak again in the play.

94. *Cry you mercy.* Beg your pardon. Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 159.

96. *Depart.* Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 2: "At my depart for France," etc.

101. *Gave aim to all thy oaths.* Was the object to which they were directed.

103. *Cleft the root.* That is, of her heart. The allusion to archery is kept up. Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 4. 15: "the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft;" the *pin* being the centre of the *clout*, or mark, at which the arrow was aimed. Hanmer reads "root on't."

105. *Have took.* S. uses *took*, *taken*, and *ta'en* for the participle. Cf. *mistook* in 94 above.

106. *If shame live,* etc. "That is, if it be any shame to wear a disguise for the purposes of love" (Johnson).

117. *Close*. Union; as in *T. N.* v. 1. 161: "Attested by the holy close of lips" (that is, a kiss), etc.

127. *The measure of my wrath*. "The length of my sword, the reach of my anger" (Johnson).

129. *Verona shall not hold thee*. However we may explain this (see on iii. 1. 81 above), it is probably what S. wrote. W. says: "To Valentine's apprehension, the whole party were on their way from Milan to Verona, as he was when the outlaws stayed him; and therefore his threat to Thurio that he shall never reach his destination." Theo. reads: "Milan shall not behold thee;" Hanmer: "And Milan shall not hold thee;" the Coll. MS.: "Milano shall not hold thee."

137. *Make such means*. Make such efforts, take such pains. Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 40: "Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him;" *Cymb.* ii. 4. 3: "What means do you make to him?" etc.

138. *Conditions*. A quadrisyllable. See on v. 1. 6 above.

141. *Worthy of an empress' love*. Cf. ii. 4. 74 above.

142. *Griefs*. Grievances. See *1 Hen. IV.* p. 192.

143. *Repeal*. Recall. See on iii. 1. 234 above.

144. *Plead a new state*, etc. The Camb. editors, V., and W. follow the pointing of the folios, which makes *plead* in the same construction as *forget*, *cancel*, and *repeal*. We prefer, on the whole (with Steevens, K., Sr., St., D., Clarke, and H.), to take *Plead* as imperative. The Duke bids Valentine set up the plea of a new state on the score of his unrivalled merit, to which he himself will subscribe by allowing that he is a gentleman of good birth and therefore worthy of Silvia.

152. *Kept withal*. Kept company with, dwelt with. See *Ham.* p. 199.

160. *Include*. Hanmer reads "conclude," to which the word seems here to be equivalent. Schmidt gives it the same sense in *T. and C.* i. 3. 119: "Then every thing includes itself in power."

161. *With triumphs*, etc. "Malone, in a note on this passage, says: '*Triumphs*, in this and many other passages of Shakspeare, signify masques and revels.' This assertion appears to us to have been hastily made. We have referred to all the passages of Shakspeare in which the plural noun *triumphs* is used; and it appears to us to have a signification perfectly distinct from that of masques and revels. And first of *Julius Cæsar*. Antony says:

'O, mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?'

In *Titus Andronicus*, Tamora, addressing her conqueror, exclaims:

'We are brought to Rome
To beautify thy triumphs.'

In these two quotations we have the original meaning of *triumphs*—namely, the solemn processions of a conqueror with his captives and spoils of victory. The triumphs of modern times were gorgeous shows, in imitation of those pomps of antiquity. When Columbus, returning from his first voyage, presented to the sovereigns of Castile and Arragon the productions of the countries which he had discovered, the solemn procession on that memorable occasion was a real *triumph*. But when

Edward IV., in Shakspeare (*Henry VI., Part III.*), exclaims, after his final conquest,

'And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasures of the court,'

he refers to those ceremonials which the genius of chivalry had adopted from the mightier pomps of antiquity, imitating something of their splendour, but laying aside their stern demonstrations of outward exultation over their vanquished foes. There were no human captives in massive chains—no lions and elephants led along to the amphitheatre, for the gratification of a turbulent populace. Edward exclaims of his prisoner Margaret:

'Away with her, and waite her hence to France.'

The dread of Cleopatra was that of exposure in the triumph:

'Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varlety
Of censuring Rome?'

Here, then, was the difference of the Roman and the feudal manners. The triumphs of the Middle Ages were shows of peace, decorated with the pomp of arms; but altogether mere scenic representations, deriving their name from the more solemn triumphs of antiquity. But they were not masques, as Malone has stated. The Duke of York, in *Richard II.*, asks:

'What news from Oxford? hold these justs and triumphs?'

and for these 'justs and triumphs' Aumerle has prepared his 'gay apparel.' There is one more passage which appears to us conclusive as to the use of the word *triumphs*. The passage is in *Pericles*: Simonides asks:

'Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?'

And when answered that they are, he says:

'Return then, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child.'

The triumph, then, meant the 'joustes of peace' which we have noticed in a previous illustration [see on i. 3. 30 above]; and the great tournament there mentioned, when Elizabeth sat in her 'fortress of perfect beauty,' was expressly called a triumph. In the triumph were, of course, included the processions and other 'stately' shows that accompanied the sports of the tilt-yard. . . .

"The Duke of Milan, in this play, desires to 'include all jars,' not only with 'triumphs,' but with 'mirth and rare solemnity.' The 'mirth' and the 'solemnity' would include the 'pageant'—the favourite show of the days of Elizabeth. The 'masque' (in its highest signification) was a more refined and elaborate device than the pageant; and, therefore, we shall confine the remainder of this illustration to some few general observations on the subject of 'pageants.'

"We may infer, from the expression of Julia in the fourth act,

'At Pentecost,
When ail our pageants of delight were play'd,'

that the pageant was a religious ceremonial, connected with the festivals

of the church. And so it originally was. The 'pageants' performed at Coventry were, for the most part, 'dramatic mysteries;' and the city, according to Dugdale, was famous, before the suppression of the monasteries, for the pageants that were played there on Corpus Christi day. 'These pageants,' says the fine old topographer, 'were acted with mighty state and reverence by the fryers of this house, and contained the story of the New Testament, which was composed into old English rhyme. The theatres for the several scenes were very large and high, and being placed upon wheels, were drawn to all the eminent places of the city, for the better advantage of the spectators.' It appears, from Mr. Sharp's *Dissertation on the Coventry Pageants*, that the trading companies were accustomed to perform these plays; and it will be remembered that when Elizabeth was entertained by Leicester at Kenilworth, the 'old Coventry play of *Hock Tuesday*' formed a principal feature of the amusements. The play of *Hock Tuesday* commemorates the great victory over the Danes, A.D. 1002, and it was exhibited before the queen by Captain Cox and many others from Coventry. The Whitsun plays at Chester, called the Chester Pageants, or Chester Mysteries, were also performed by the trading companies of that ancient city. Archdeacon Rogers, who died in 1569, has left an account of the Whitsun plays, which he saw in Chester, which shows that the pageant-vehicles there, like those of Coventry, were scaffolds upon wheels. Mr. Collier, in his valuable *History of the Stage*, mentions a fact, given by Hall the historian, that in 1511, at the revels at Whitehall, Henry VIII. and his lords 'entered the hall in a pageant on wheels.'

"It is clear from the passage in which Julia describes her own part in the 'pageants of delight,'—

'Ariadne passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight,'—

that the pageant had begun to assume something of the classical character of the masque. But it had certainly not become the gorgeous entertainment which Johnson has so glowingly described, as 'of power to surprise with delight, and steal away the spectators from themselves.' The pageant in which Julia acted at Pentecost was probably such as Shakspere had seen in the streets of Coventry, or in some stately baronial hall of his rich county" (K.).

169. *That*. So that. See on ii. i. 27 above.

Fortuned. Happened. In *A. and C.* i. 2. 77, it means to tell or fix the fortune of. S. uses the verb but twice.

171. *Loves discovered*. Pope reads "love" for *loves*, and the Coll. MS. "love's discoverer."

172. *That done*. Omitted in the Coll. MS., which adds "no less" at the end of the line.



ADDENDA.

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—We give below the summing-up of Mr. P. A. Daniel's "time-analysis" in his elaborate paper "On the Times or Durations of the Action of Shakspeare's Plays" (*Trans. of New Shakspeare Soc.* 1877-79, p. 123), with some explanatory extracts from the preceding pages appended as foot-notes:

"The time of this play comprises seven days, represented on the stage, and intervals.

"Day I. Act. I. sc. i. and ii.

Interval: a month, perhaps; perhaps sixteen months.*

" 2. Act I. sc. iii. and Act II. sc. i.†

" 3. Act II. sc. ii. and iii.

Interval: Proteus's journey to Milan.

" 4. Act II. sc. iv. and v.

Interval of a few days, to allow Proteus to settle at court.

" 5. Act II. sc. vi. and vii., Act III., and Act IV. sc. i.

Interval, including Julia's journey to Milan.

" 6. Act IV. sc. ii.‡

" 7. Act IV. sc. iii. and iv., and Act V."§

* "Time to hear of Valentine's arrival at Milan and of his success at court; time for Julia to acknowledge her love to Proteus. For a month past Antonio has been hammering on the question of sending Proteus abroad. We may perhaps allow a month for this interval. In Act IV. sc. i., however, Valentine, interrogated by the outlaws, says that he has sojourned in Milan 'some sixteen months;' and he also says that he was banished for killing a man. Some motive for the self-accusation of murder may be conceived: it would impress the outlaws with the belief that he was a man of desperate fortunes, and therefore fit for their purpose; but why he should deceive them as to the time of his sojourn in Milan is not so clear. The *sixteen months* is not wanted for the plot of the play; but if accepted, its place must be in the first 'interval.'

† "I place this scene in day No. 2, though it might equally well come in the following day. It must from its position be coincident in point of time either with Act I. sc. iii. or with Act II. sc. ii. and iii.

‡ "At night. Thurio serenades Silvia. This fact would at first sight seem to connect the scene with day No. 5, and lead us to suppose that Thurio was now putting in practice his resolution of Act III. sc. ii. There are, however, so many separating incidents in the scene, that one is fairly driven to the conclusion that this serenade is one of a later date than that resolved on in Act III. sc. ii. In the first place we find Proteus, at the beginning of the scene, speaking as though he had been for some time—days at least—urging his suit to Silvia, since, by the Duke's permission, he had obtained access to her. He tells her, too, he has heard that Valentine is dead; it is a lie, of course, but one he could not have ventured on if this were only the night of the day on which Valentine was banished: it implies a lapse of time. His courtship of Silvia has, in fact, become notorious, and mine host brings Julia (as Sebastian)—who has apparently arrived in Milan within the last few hours—to this serenade under Silvia's window, as to a place to which it is well known Proteus often resorts. The presence of Julia, too, whose resolution to follow Proteus is only made known in Act II. sc. vii. (day No. 5), would be a glaring impossibility if this scene were taken to be the night of that same day. Time for her journey must be allowed, and an interval supposed between this scene and those preceding it.

§ "It may perhaps be questioned whether the two last scenes should not be placed in a separate day; but taking into consideration the extreme rapidity of the action of the play generally, it seems probable that they were intended to end the day commencing with Act IV. sc. iii."

LIST OF CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY, WITH THE SCENES IN WHICH THEY APPEAR.—The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

Duke of Milan: iii. 4(18); iv. 1(102), 2(42); v. 2(18), 4(20) Whole no. 200.

Valentine: i. 1(43); ii. 1(65), 4(112); iii. 1(77); iv. 1(23); v. 4(73). Whole no. 393.

Proteus: i. 1(68), 3(29); ii. 2(17), 4(49), 6(43); iii. 1(75), 2(42); iv. 2(57), 4(30); v. 2(15), 4(40). Whole no. 465.

Antonio: i. 3(35). Whole no. 35.

Thurio: ii. 4(14); iii. 2(14); iv. 2(7); v. 2(16), 4(5). Whole no. 56.

Eglamour: iv. 3(19); v. 1(10). Whole no. 29.

Host: iv. 2(26). Whole no. 26.

1st Outlaw: iv. 1(15); v. 3(6), 4(1). Whole no. 22.

2d Outlaw: iv. 1(14); v. 3(1), 4(1). Whole no. 16.

3d Outlaw: iv. 1(20); v. 3(5), 4(1). Whole no. 26.

Speed: i. 1(51); ii. 1(100), 4(3), 5(28); iii. 1(40); iv. 1(4). Whole no. 226.

Launce: ii. 3(48), 5(35); iii. 1(104); iv. 4(55). Whole no. 242.

Panthino: i. 3(28); ii. 2(1), 3(17). Whole no. 46.

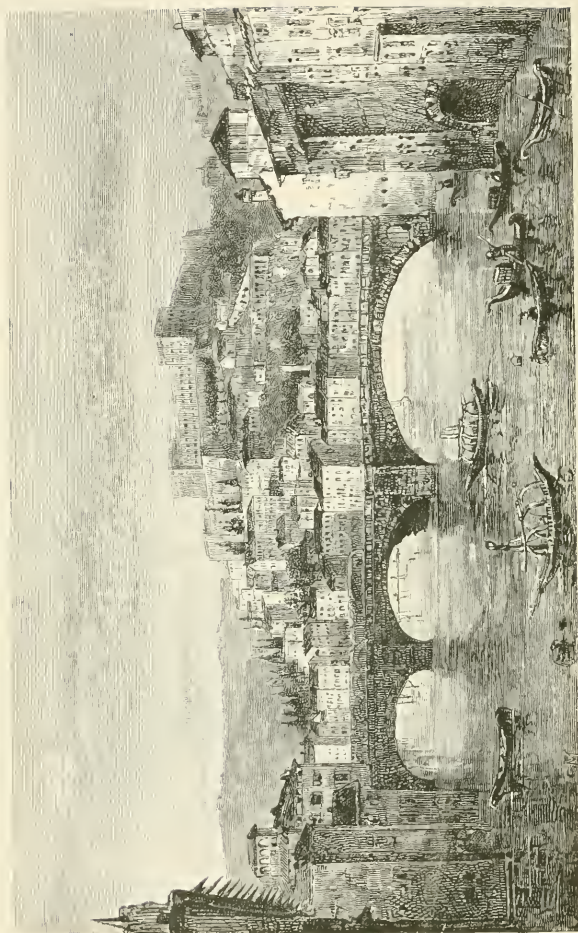
Julia: i. 2(91); ii. 2(4), 7(72); iv. 2(27), 4(99); v. 2(10), 4(20). Whole no. 323.

Silvia: ii. 1(18), 4(24); iv. 2(29), 3(32), 4(29); v. 1(3), 5(3), 4(21). Whole no. 159.

Lucetta: i. 2(54); ii. 7(18). Whole no. 72.

In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene (Globe edition numbering) is as follows: i. 1(161), 2(140), 3(91); ii. 1(182), 2(21), 3(65), 4(214), 5(63), 6(43), 7(90); iii. 1(397), 2(98); iv. 1(76), 2(140), 3(47), 4(210); v. 1(12), 2(56), 3(15), 4(173). Whole no. in the play, 2294.





VIEW FROM PONTE NUOVO, VERONA

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